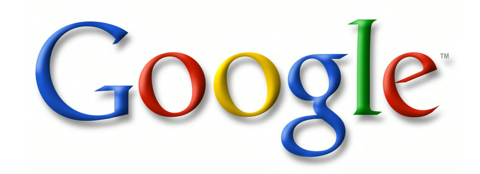


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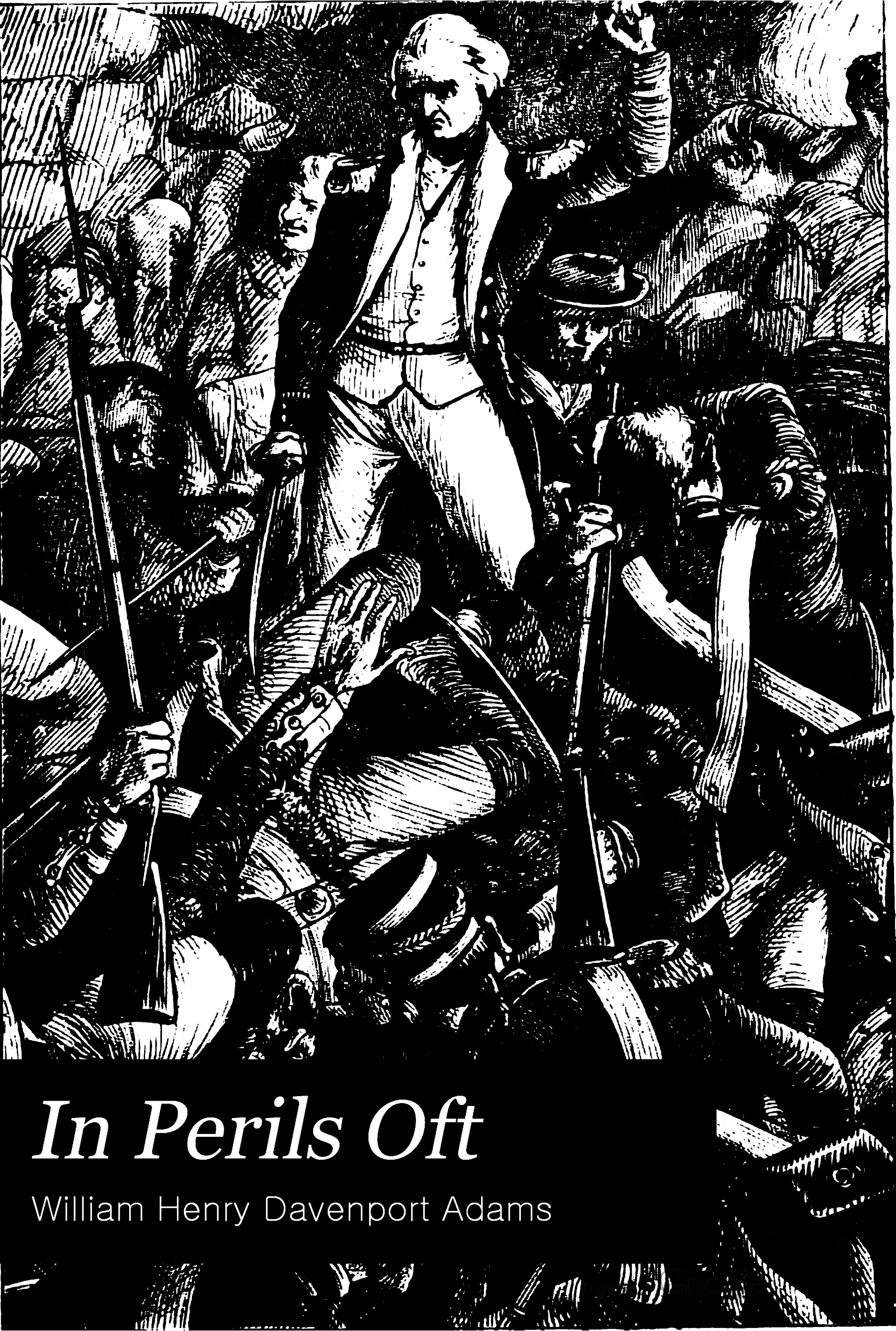
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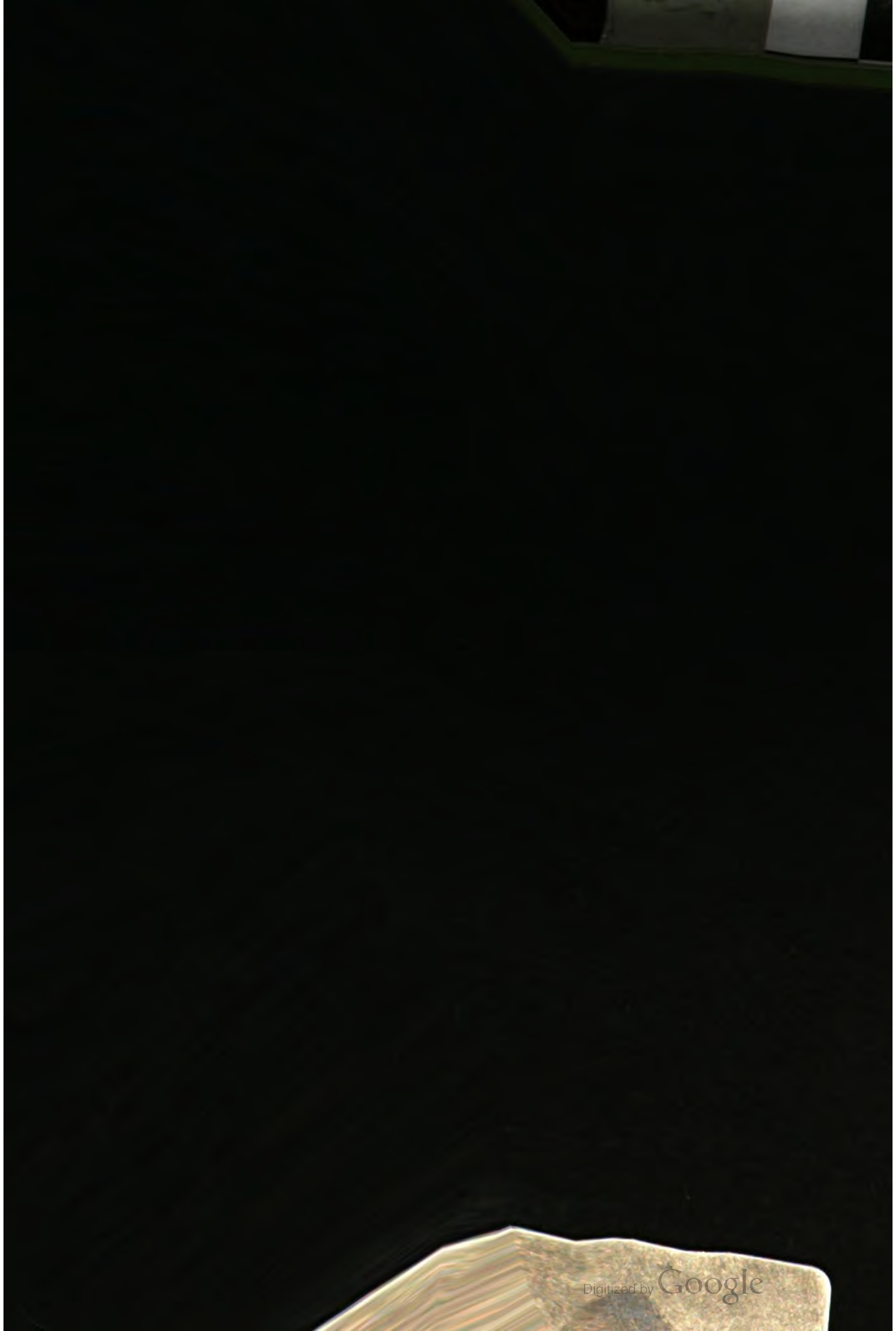
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In Perils Oft
William Henry Davenport Adams



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LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA.

Frontispiece. *See page 216.*

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"IN PERILS OFT:"

Romantic Biographies

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING," "WOMAN'S WORK AND WORTH," "SECRET OF SUCCESS," ETC.

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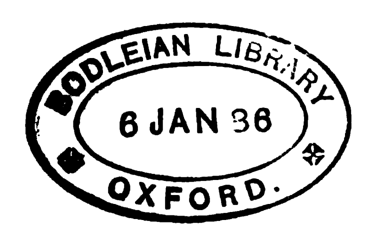


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TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART., *G.C.S.I.*, *&c. &c.*

LATE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY,

These Illustrations of the Adventurous Life

ARE BY PERMISSION

Inscribed,

WITH SINCERE EXPRESSIONS OF RESPECT FOR HIS PRIVATE

CHARACTER, AND OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS

PUBLIC CAREER,

BY

HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE attempted in the present volume to tell the Story of some Adventurous Lives, which show that, even in our prosaic and materialistic Nineteenth Century, the Romantic is not very far from our path, and is easily to be found by those who seek it.

Such lives, as they unfold before us, help to lift us out of the consideration of ourselves, out of the commonplace which entangles and fetters us, and plunge us into a clearer, healthier atmosphere. We cannot look upon so much self-sacrifice, such heroic endeavour, such noble effort, without a more or less conscious yearning to make these virtues part of our existence. They shame us into a sense of the pettiness of the aims and the meanness of the motives which govern society. They awaken us to a

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knowledge of the possibilities and potentialities that rest in our human nature. The splendid courage of Sidney Smith, the strenuous resolve of Lieutenant Schwatka, the tenacious perseverance of Sir Samuel Baker, the gallant spirit of O'Donovan and Professor Palmer, the Christian magnanimity of General Gordon,—can we not take up something of their gracious endowments, make them to some extent our own, and use them for the good of our fellows in the quiet ways of the everyday world?

Every book—even the humblest—should have, I think, its moral, and this is the plain and simple moral inferred by and in the following pages. But apart from their serious teaching, they hold, I venture to believe, an interest which the reader will deeply feel, because they bring before him those scenes and incidents which send the blood more swiftly through the veins, and stir the heart and flush the cheek—the scenes and incidents of that life adventurous which, as I have said, is never very far from our path, and yet to most of us is absolutely unknown. Not the most fertile romancist, in his most daring dreams, has ever conceived of stranger events or more wonderful escapes or deeds of "higher emprise" than are here recorded with the stamp of *actuality* upon them.

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"IN PERILS OFT."

THE HERO OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE:—

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

IN Park Lane, Westminster, towards the end of 1764, was born to Captain John Smith, at one time gentleman-usher to Queen Charlotte, by his wife Mary, the daughter of Mr. Pinkney Wilkinson, a wealthy London merchant, a son, who received the names of William Sidney.

At an early age William Sidney Smith was sent to Tunbridge Grammar School, then under the celebrated essayist and scholar, Dr. Vicesimus Knox; whence he was removed to a boarding-school at Bath. But as at the age of twelve he entered the Royal Navy, and as a midshipman walked the deck of H.M.S. *Sandwich*, it may readily be inferred that his education was of the scantiest. It is known, however, that he had already given proof of the possession of more than ordinary abilities and of an exceptionally strong character. He had shown a singular readiness to run into danger, and great fertility of resource in extricating himself from it; much aptitude for invention, and absolute fearless-

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ness. And it may be added that, though below the average stature, he was eminently handsome, with abundant curling black hair, a dark but clear complexion, and a high colour.

From the *Sandwich* he passed into the *Greyhound*, and on both ships earned the good opinion of his officers. Having served with credit the time required by the then existing rules of the navy, he obtained his lieutenant's commission on the 22d of May 1781, and was appointed to the *Alcide*, a 74-gun ship, commanded by Captain C. Thompson. The *Alcide* was attached to the squadron of Rear-Admiral Graves on the North American station, and took part in the engagement off the mouth of the Chesapeake with the French fleet. She also shared in Lord Rodney's famous victory over the Comte de Grasse on the 1st of April 1782; and her lieutenant's conspicuous gallantry on this occasion procured his immediate promotion as a commander to the *Fury* sloop of war,—a post probably never before held by a youth of eighteen. In the following year, while he was still much below the regulation age, he was made post-captain. A preferment so rapid might be justified by his merits, but was certainly due to his father's interest at court. Let us not depreciate his good-luck, however; it is an indispensable attribute in a great man.

As captain of the *Alcmene* frigate, Sidney Smith remained in the West Indies until the 21st of January 1784, when the conclusion of peace with France called him home. To his warm and daring temperament a life of inaction was impossible; and in order to occupy his mind and further qualify himself for his country's service, he proceeded on a Continental tour. At Caen, in Normandy, he lingered for a couple of years, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the French lan-

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guage and French manners. Afterwards he visited Cherbourg, and thence, by way of Gibraltar, journeyed into Gallicia. The prospect of a rupture between Sweden and Russia attracted him to Stockholm, and his generous sympathy with the weaker party induced him to enter the Swedish naval service, though the British Admiralty ostensibly refused him permission. He accompanied the king as naval adviser in his expedition against the Russian fleet at Cronstadt (June 1790), and was afterwards commissioned to attack the Russian coasting fleet in Wiborg harbour. In this operation his vivacity of spirit was conspicuously exhibited. With a flotilla of galleys, tourommes (light frigates), and large gunboats, he dashed into the harbour, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived off a point called Actislapet, where the Russians were erecting a battery. In deep silence the Swedes approached the shore. Suddenly the Russians unmasked their guns and opened fire, singling out Sidney Smith's yacht, as the vessel which evidently carried the commander, and pouring upon it a storm of shot. The contention grew very desperate, until an explosion occurring in the Russian battery, the Swedes leaped into the water, waded ashore, charged the battery, and by sheer fighting carried it.

Until the peace of Riechenback, Sidney Smith continued to serve the king of Sweden, who rewarded him with the exceptional distinction of the grand cross of the Order of the Sword. On his return to England he received the honour of knighthood; whence it is to be presumed that his king and the Government approved of his conduct in taking part in a quarrel which did not in any way affect his country's interests,—nay, in which she openly proclaimed herself a neutral.

The adventurous temper and splendid abilities of the

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man marked him out as fitted for any important and confidential service; and in 1793 he was dispatched on a secret mission to Constantinople, to inquire into the nature of the French intrigues at the Turkish court, and examine the defensive capabilities of the Turkish seas and islands. He was at Smyrna when news arrived of the outbreak of war between England and France. Without a moment's delay, he hastened to take his place among the defenders of his country. At his own risk he purchased one of the swift-sailing, lateen-rigged craft of the Levant, manned her with English seamen, hoisted the British flag and pennant, and sped down the Mediterranean in search of the British fleet, which he found at Toulon under the command of Lord Hood. Toulon had been for some time occupied by a British garrison, in conjunction with a motley force of Spaniards, Neapolitans, and French Royalists. Besieged by a superior French army well provided with heavy artillery, it had become untenable, and its evacuation was determined upon. But, in the first place, Lord Hood resolved to destroy the French men-of-war, powder-vessels, arsenal, and storehouses, at the suggestion, it is said, of Sir Sidney Smith. For seeing everybody busily engaged in saving himself and his property, he inquired, "What do you mean to do with all those fine ships of the enemy? Do you mean to leave them behind?" Some one responded, "What would you propose to do with them?" Short and sharp was the rejoinder,—"Burn them, to be sure." When this was reported to Lord Hood, he immediately sent for Sir Sidney, and charged him with the execution of the design, which, to most of the officers of the fleet, seemed an impossibility with the inadequate means that could then be placed at his disposal.

But to genius and daring, and the good fortune

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which waits upon them, the impossible becomes possible. With the *Swallow* tender, three English and three Spanish gunboats, Sir Sidney proceeded to the arsenal, and quickly completed his preparations for the work of destruction. The galley-slaves, some six hundred in number, looked on with fiercely jealous eyes; but the resolute bearing of the English commander and his small force held them in check. From the hills around the town a heavy fire was kept up by the Republican troops, which, however, as it terrified the galley-slaves, was welcome enough to Sir Sidney. With unwavering steadiness and unshaken coolness the English seamen prepared and placed the combustible matter in the different storehouses and on board the ships. Meanwhile large numbers of the enemy drew down towards the dockyard wall, and, as night closed in, advanced near enough to pour in a rapid though irregular fire. By volleys of gunshot Sir Sidney held them at bay, and prevented them from pushing onward to a point whence they might have discovered the smallness of his force and its inability to repel a close attack.

About eight o'clock the *Vulcan* fireship arrived, and dropped anchor across the line of men-of-war. This addition to his strength diminished Sir Sidney's apprehensions of the rising of the galley-slaves, who ceased their fierce tumultuary yells when she took up her position. No further noise was heard among them save the clash of the hammer knocking off their fetters, a movement which Sir Sidney was too humane to oppose. He felt that it was only right they should be able to escape from the conflagration that was rising on every side, in obedience to a given signal. Simultaneously the general magazine and lamp-magazine were fired, the mast-house, the pitch, tar, tallow, and

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oil houses; so that for miles around the heavens were lurid with the reflected blaze. To the crackling, rushing, sweeping noise of the spreading flames was added the roar of the guns of the burning fireship; and with the infernal din mingled the shouts and Republican songs of the enemy, until they, as well as the English, were hushed to silence by the explosion of many thousands of barrels of gunpowder on board the *Iris* frigate, which lay in the inner road, and had been set on fire, instead of being sunk as ordered. The solid ground seemed to reel with the shock; the waves swelled into angry billows that threatened to inundate the trembling shore. Above spread one vast canopy of fire, from which descended showers of bombs and burning spars, and all kinds of hellish missiles, menacing Sir Sidney Smith's party with instant destruction. A lieutenant of the *Terrible*, with his boat's crew, nearly perished; the boat was blown to pieces, but the men were picked up alive. Another gunboat, which lay nearer to the frigate, suffered considerably; ten officers and three men were killed, and the vessel was shaken to pieces.

An attempt was made to reach the vessels lying in the basin before the town; but the Republicans had stretched a boom across the entrance, and from two of the ships-of-war kept up so crushing a fire of musketry that Sir Sidney was forced to recall his men.

"We now proceeded," says Sir Sidney, "to burn the *Hero* and *Themistocles*, two 74-gun ships, lying in the inner road. Our approach to them had hitherto been impracticable in boats, as the French prisoners who had been left in the latter ship were still in possession of her, and had shown a determination to resist our attempt to come on board. The scene of conflagration around them, heightened by the late tremendous

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explosion, had, however, awakened their fears for their lives. Thinking this to be the case, I addressed them, expressing my readiness to land them in a place of safety, if they would submit; and they thankfully accepted the offer, showing themselves to be completely intimidated, and very grateful for our humane intentions towards them in not attempting to burn them with the ship. It was necessary to proceed with precaution, as they were more numerous than ourselves. We at length completed their disembarkation, and then set her on fire. . . .

"The explosion of a second powder-vessel, equally unexpected, and with a shock even greater than the first, again put us in the most imminent danger of perishing; and when it is considered that we were within the sphere of the falling timber, it is next to miraculous that no one piece of the many which made the water foam around us happened to touch either the *Swallow* or the three boats with me."

Having set fire to everything within his reach, exhausted all his combustible preparations, and so drawn upon the strength of his men that they absolutely dropped on their oars, Sir Sidney directed his course towards the fleet, which he reached without the loss of a single life. Never was daring adventure more successfully accomplished.

On his return to England Sir Sidney received an enthusiastic welcome from the court and the people, and early in the following year, in recognition of his bold and original genius, was appointed to the command of the *Diamond* frigate for service in the British Channel. His first care was to establish on board a thoroughly efficient discipline, and to imbue his officers and men with something of his own ardour. They were soon fit for any work they might be called upon to do;

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and we may be sure that Sir Sidney did not suffer them to rust in inglorious idleness. The *Diamond* seemed suddenly endowed with the gift of ubiquity, and might have hoisted Van Tromp's traditional besom at her mainmast-head, so thoroughly did she sweep the Channel clear of the French privateers and cruisers. At the beginning of January 1795, Commodore Warren was dispatched with a squadron of frigates to reconnoitre Brest, and ascertain whether the French fleet had ventured out upon the open seas. He ordered Sir Sidney with the *Diamond* to penetrate into the mouth of the harbour for this purpose. Sir Sidney immediately set to work to trim and deck out his frigate like a French war-vessel, and then, with amazing audacity, sailed right into the harbour, lay there all night, and did not leave until the following morning, when, as he made his way out, he actually passed within hail of a line-of-battle ship.

A corvette, which was steering out on a parallel course, took alarm, brought-to, made signals energetically, and with such effect that two other vessels hoisted their topsail-yards immediately and got under weigh. Sir Sidney's position then became critical. He saw, by the sudden movements of the line-of-battle ship, that she intended to lay right athwart his track, and came to the conclusion that his only safe course was to endeavour to disarm suspicion by a bold assumption of indifference. Accordingly he dropped down within hail, when he discovered that she was a disabled vessel, pumping from leaks, with jury topmasts, and that some of her upper-deck ports were without guns. To avoid any embarrassing questions, Sir Sidney began to converse in French with her captain, who stood in the stern-gallery, and he accounted for his change of course by professing to have observed his disabled condition,

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at the same time offering assistance. This the Frenchman declined, saying that he had men enough, which, indeed, Sir Sidney could plainly perceive, as they crowded the gunwale and quarter, looking at the disguised English frigate.

From the disabled condition of the line-of-battle ship, Sir Sidney at first thought it might be possible to retain his position under her stern, so as to rake her decks destructively, and thus begin an action with an advantage which would compensate for his inferiority of strength. His guns were ready pointed; but, with a touch of chivalrous generosity, he reflected that such an action would be useless; he could not hope to secure the ship and carry her off in the teeth of two others; while to fight the three would have been a Quixotic folly, which could but have resulted in defeat and disaster. The utmost he could hope to do was to pour in a destructive raking fire and sail away. For this his men were ready and eager, but Sir Sidney knew that the carnage would be awful, and it seemed to him that to cause so much slaughter while speaking in friendly terms and tendering assistance would be treacherous and unmanly. His country might indirectly have derived some small benefit from the act, but only at the expense of the national reputation for honesty and honour. After a long conversation, the two captains parted with mutual compliments; and the other vessels, observing that the stranger had spoken with the line-of-battle ship, made no further movements.

Our limited space precludes us from dwelling upon the notable achievements by which, during the next two years, Sir Sidney established his character for brilliant daring and chivalrous enterprise, and made his name the terror of the French coast. Here is an

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example:—On the 17th of March 1796, having learned that a small squadron of armed vessels, consisting of one corvette, four brigs, two sloops, and three luggers, had taken refuge in the small port of Herqui, near Cape Trehel, he immediately hastened thither. The channel forming the entrance to this port is narrow and intricate, and on either side was lined by strong batteries. Indifferent to their double array of heavy guns, Sir Sidney stood boldly in, cannonading them with great activity, while, under cover of his fire, a body of seamen and marines landed, and with a fierce rush carried them. The French vessels were then all burned, with the exception of one lugger; and with a loss of only two men killed and five wounded, Sir Sidney weighed and stood out to sea again.

His career of astonishing activity and success was, however, doomed to be interrupted by an unfortunate event. A certain French piratical lugger had so repeatedly evaded pursuit by her wonderful sailing qualities, and had committed such serious depredations among our traders in the Channel, that Sir Sidney resolved to capture her at all costs in the first port in which he could find her. After a long search, she was found at anchor under a ten-gun battery near Havre. Thereupon he ordered his boats to be manned and armed; and as his lieutenant, from various causes, was unable to take the command, he determined to lead them in person. The lugger was surrounded and captured; but meanwhile a strong flood-tide had carried her and the English boats up the Seine to a point considerably above Havre; while his frigate, lying at the mouth of the harbour becalmed, could render him no assistance. The dawn of day revealed his position to the enemy, who immediately sent out four gunboats, a large lugger, and a number of small craft, all armed,

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to attack him. Sir Sidney and his men fought with characteristic intrepidity; but the contest was too unequal; and after about half his little force had been killed or wounded, Sir Sidney was compelled to strike his colours (March 9, 1796).

Writing to his father afterwards, he says: "You, who know me, will not wonder when I tell you that I am in better health than usual from having nothing to fatigue one, and in excellent spirits, finding amusement in the novelty of my situation; the whole is so like a very interesting play, 'the characters, dresses, and scenery entirely new;' but whether tragedy or comedy, I cannot yet pronounce, as we are only at the third act. The first and second, although 'not without the clash of arms and din of war,' could not be called tragic, while there were so many tragic faces on the stage; no lives were lost on either side, which is always a good thing in the round reckoning of humanity. I wish I could say there was no bloodshed, but the grapeshot flew too thick for that to be possible. Those you know most of are not among the wounded. . . .

"The end of the second act, when my brave fellows collected round me on the enemy's closing on us, swearing to die fighting by me, was the most affecting and interesting scene I ever saw of the many which have passed under my eye; the servants behaved admirably, and the boys acted like men. In this disposition were we when the enemy, far superior in number, prepared to board us sword in hand, refusing us quarter with insults and imprecations. Our firm posture checked them, and my harangue to their chief relented their fury and turned their resentment into admiration. It was acknowledged that we could not get away, and that further resistance would not avail;

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but we were determined to die with arms in our hands if they would not give us quarter; and this determination saved us. The menacing attitude of our enemy was instantly changed into that of cordial salutation; we met shaking hands, and I have since had every reason to thank the military part of those into whose power we are fallen for very generous treatment. Separation and confinement is all we have to complain of, but the fortune of war is imperious, and I learn patience every day by the practice."

The British Government, on being apprised of his capture, immediately proposed to exchange him for a French officer of equal rank; but the French authorities, mindful of the work he had done at Toulon, and of his more recent exploits, refused the proposal. He was removed to Paris, and imprisoned in the Abbaye, along with his clerk and a Royalist *emigré*, who had been on board the *Diamond*. From the Abbaye the three prisoners were soon transferred to the Temple, where Sir Sidney gained the confidence and goodwill of the governor, and received at his hands very kindly treatment. As soon as it became clear that the French Government had no intention of releasing him, his restless ingenuity began to devise plans of escape. In these he was assisted by some Royalist friends whose acquaintance he had formed; but for many weary months no opportunity offered of attempting their realisation. On one occasion a tunnel was excavated from the cellar of a house adjoining the prison, and was carried through successfully as far as the garden wall. The workmen then began to sap this wall at its foundation, removing every stone with the greatest care; but just when success seemed ensured, an unfortunate mishap occurred; the last stones rolled outwards into the Temple garden, and fell at the sentinel's feet.

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An alarm was given, the guard turned out, and in a moment all was discovered. Fortunately Sir Sidney's friends had time to escape, and not one of them was taken.

Sir Sidney's long imprisonment was not free from anxious alarms. One day he heard his gaoler shouting to him to come downstairs, "On vous demande en bas." On reaching the bottom of the staircase, he found him standing with a pistol in each hand. "Monsieur," he cried, "voilà tout ce que je puis vous faire; c'est pour vous defendre la vie" (This is all I can do for you, sir; you must defend your own life). Sir Sidney asked him what he meant. "Voilà la garde en insurrection," he replied. The National Guard had risen; and their first object, he said, would be to release the criminals; while he, as a state official, would be sure to fall a victim to their fury. "Well, then," exclaimed Sir Sidney, "I must defend your life as well as mine." And looking round, he added, "This is an ancient fortress of the Templars. There must be a well within the walls as well as without them, and we have a supply of bread. Take care not to open the gate, and we can defend ourselves against all attacks but that of artillery; and that can come only from a constituted authority, to which we shall be bound to yield."

Advancing to the gate, the insurgents shouted to the gaoler, "Ouvrez la porte!" The gaoler answered gruffly, "Ferez-vous le dehors; je répondrai pour l'intérieur." A voice was heard to say, "Ah, s'il ouvre je répondrai bien pour lui."

No attempt was made, however, to storm the prison; after awhile the tumult subsided, and the ringleaders being arrested, order was restored. The gaoler next day reported Sir Sidney's loyal conduct to the Direc-

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tory, who were pleased to signify their gracious approval.

Between this gaoler and Sir Sidney the most cordial understanding subsisted, and a strain of the old chivalrous feeling marked their intercourse. One day when Sir Sidney was dining with him, the keeper observed that he kept his gaze fixed on an open window, and as the window looked out upon the street, he manifested some uneasiness. Sir Sidney broke into a hearty laugh. "I know," he said, "what you are thinking of; but fear not. It is now three o'clock. I will make a truce with you till midnight; and I give you my word of honour that, until that time, even were the doors open, I would not escape. When that time is passed, my promise is at an end, and we are enemies again."

"Sir," replied the Frenchman, "your word is a safer bond than any bolts or bars; till midnight, therefore, I am perfectly easy."

On rising from table he added, "Commodore, the Boulevard is not far off. If you are inclined to take the air, I will conduct you thither." At this proposal Sir Sidney's surprise was great, coming as it did from a man who had shown so much recent uneasiness. He accepted it, however, and they sauntered forth together in the evening. Thenceforward a kind of pact prevailed: whenever Sir Sidney desired a more than ordinary measure of liberty, a suspension of hostilities was offered for a certain time, and never refused by his generous enemy. But the moment it terminated, the keeper resumed his vigilance and enforced the orders which he received from his superiors with the most scrupulous severity. In September 1797, however, this admirable man was removed, and his successor would have nothing to do with his prisoner's romantic code of honour. Denied the brief intervals of liberty which had hitherto

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refreshed his active mind, Sir Sidney found his confinement insupportable, and was prepared to adopt the wildest project of escape. That on which his friends and himself ultimately determined was to obtain a forged order for his removal to another prison, and then arrange for his being privately carried off. The order was manufactured with dexterous accuracy, and by means of a bribe the Minister's signature was actually obtained. The next step was to find men bold enough and faithful enough to put the scheme into execution. These were found in two gentlemen of Royalist sympathies, well known for their fearless gallantry. Dressed, the one as an adjutant, and the other as an officer of the army, they presented themselves at the prison gate, where the forged order was closely scrutinised without any suspicion being excited. The keeper then summoned Sir Sidney, who, on being requested to prepare for his removal, professed the utmost astonishment and concern, exclaiming against it as a fresh persecution on the part of the Directory.* Whereupon the adjutant gravely informed him that the Government had no intention of aggravating his misfortunes, and that he would be very comfortable in the place to which he was ordered to conduct him. Sir

* "When the day of Sir Sidney's escape was fixed, at eight in the evening the turnkey entered with his hat on, which he had never been in the habit of keeping on his head. He appeared much embarrassed and affected, and said, 'Monsieur, on vous demande en bas.' Sir Sidney Smith was reading his Spanish edition of 'Gil Blas,' and, looking up, he said, 'Mais qu'est ce que c'est donc?' The turnkey said, 'On vous dira cela en bas.' The poor man had a fearful misgiving about the fate of his prisoner, as few of those ordered to be transferred had again been heard of. He asked him where he was to be transferred. The turnkey replied, 'To Fontainebleau;' and then Sir Sidney Smith said, 'Oh, that is not far! You will come and see me there, won't you? and my things, books, &c., you can send after me; there is no occasion to take them with me to-night.' The turnkey promised to go and see him, and to have his things safely conveyed to his new prison." See the narrative in the "The Naval Chronicle."

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Sidney then expressed his gratitude to all the prison officials and attendants, and began to pack up his clothes with due dispatch.

On his reappearance, the greffier or registrar, who was present, remarked that at least six men from the guard must accompany the prisoner. The adjutant agreed that it was necessary, and ordered them to be called out. But he had no sooner given the order than he recalled it, saying, with a fine chivalrous flourish, "Commodore, you are an officer. I am an officer also. Your parole will be sufficient. Give me *that*, and I can dispense with an escort." "Sir," replied Sir Sidney, with commendable gravity, "if that be sufficient, I swear, on the faith of an officer, to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me."

Such an imposing parade of sentimentality was quite enough for the Frenchmen. No more was said about the escort; the keeper asked for a formal discharge; and the greffier handing the book to the pretended adjutant, he boldly signed it, with an impressive flourish —"L'Oyer, Adjutant-General." Meanwhile Sir Sidney kept the turnkeys employed by loading them with thanks for their kind attentions and making them liberal presents. The greffier and the keeper accompanied him to the second court, and at length the last gate was open, and the parties separated with a theatric exhibition of ceremonial politeness.

In a fiacre, driven by one of Sir Sidney's friends, he started from the Temple. At a very short distance the vehicle came into collision with a post, breaking a wheel and injuring a passer-by. In the confusion that ensued Sir Sidney and his companion, M. Phélypeaux, got out, and slipping through the excited crowd, made their way afoot to the house of a member of the Clermont-Tonnerre family, where they spent the night. Early

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next morning they took their departure. It had been arranged that two travellers should arrive at the house from Nanterre, and that the return horses should take Sir Sidney and Phélypeaux the first stage. In turning out of the courtyard the pole of the carriage was broken, and a delay ensued by which the two friends profited to get out and walk till they were beyond the barrier. A fortunate idea! for on arriving at the barrier the carriage was stopped and examined by the police; but they finding it empty, and driven by Nanterre post-boys, believed it to be a return carriage, and allowed it to pass.

Having parted from their friends, Sir Sidney and M. Phélypeaux proceeded with all possible haste to Rouen, where they were obliged to wait several days for their passports. In company with his friend, Captain Wright, whom he met here, Sir Sidney one day had occasion to pass the barrier, where some sentinels were stationed; and the expedient he adopted, if it did not savour of discretion, bore witness to his astonishing promptitude and coolness. Neither he nor his friend had a passport, and the difficulty was to pass the sentinels without being questioned or examined. Sir Sidney, who was well accustomed to the usages at the barrier, arranged that Wright should go first, and that if he were stopped by the guard, Sir Sidney should step forward and silence him by a bold assumption of authority. Wright did as he was instructed, and when he was asked for his passport, Sir Sidney advanced, and with a dignified and impressive air exclaimed, "Je réponds pour le citoyen; je le connais." Fully satisfied, the sentinel answered, "C'est bien, citoyen," and the two friends passed on their way.

At length all their preparations were made for attempting the passage of the Channel. By a circuitous

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route they slowly and cautiously approached Honfleur. Obtaining at one point of their route a view of Havre and of the mouth of the Seine, their postilion turned round and said to Phélypeaux, "Ah, voilà, citoyen, où nous avons pris l'Amiral Smith" (It was yonder, citizen, where we caught Admiral Smith); adding, in a significant style, "Mais nous le tenons a present" (But now we hold him fast).

While waiting in a fisherman's hut at Honfleur till the tide served, our hero overheard a person saying, "Je connais celui-là; c'est l'Amiral Schmit." Sir Sidney could not but be alarmed at the recognition; and beginning to think that he had been betrayed, he kept a vigilant lookout as he went down to the boat, lest he should be seized from behind. He embarked on board a fishing-lugger. As they crept past a line of gunboats at anchor his anxiety increased; but on their answering to the challenge, "Pêcheur, No. —," no further notice was taken of them. As they stood out to sea, one of the men recognised our hero, having often been on board the *Diamond* and received hospitable entertainment. "Monsieur l'Amiral," said the friendly Frenchman, "c'est inutile de vous cacher de nous; nous vous connaissons bien; nous avons été souvent abord votre frégate le *Diamant*, et vous nous avez toujours bien traité; vous nous avez souvent donné un verre d'eau de vie et encore des biscuits, et nous avons toujours tenus compte de ces bons offices" (Monsieur Admiral, it is useless for you to hide yourself from us; we have frequently been on board your frigate, the *Diamond*, and have always been well treated. You have often given us brandy and biscuits, and we have never forgotten those good offices). Soon afterwards they were picked up by the *Argo*, a 44-gun ship, and conveyed to Portsmouth, where Sir Sidney was received with an outburst

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of popular enthusiasm, the national mind having been excited by the romance of his career (May 8). No people in the world, we may add, are more sentimental at heart, more quickly responsive to anything heroic, picturesque, or pathetic, than those British Philistines whom some of our later writers so contemptuously depreciate. Give them an instance of generous courage like Grace Darling's, of unselfish and resolute devotion like Florence Nightingale's, or of chivalrous daring like Sidney Smith's, and all their sympathies are at once aflame.

Sir Sidney, as a matter of course, was "lionised" in society; at court he was the observed of all observers; and his sovereign honoured him with a private interview. But none of these distinctions, we may be sure, was half so grateful to him as his immediate appointment to the command of a fine 80-gun ship, the *Tigre*, commissioned for service in the Mediterranean fleet under the flag of the Earl of St. Vincent. At the same time he was associated with his brother, Mr. Spencer Smith, as joint Minister Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Porte, occupying a somewhat similar position to a naval charge d'affaires in our present diplomatic organisation. He sailed from Portsmouth on the 29th of October. At Constantinople he was received with the courtesy and special attention due to his fame, his services, and his official character; and the palace of Baiho, in which the Venetian envoys had formerly lived, was assigned to him as a residence.

This extraordinary mark of ministerial confidence gave umbrage to Lord St. Vincent,—a man whose arbitrary and haughty temper was hardly less conspicuous than his great ability as a commander,—nor was it less offensive to his famous lieutenant, Lord Nelson. It taxed all the skill and urbanity of Earl

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Spencer, then First Lord of the Admiralty, to smoothe the ruffled plumage of the two great chiefs; but he eventually explained matters to their satisfaction; and at all events, Lord Nelson thenceforward exhibited towards Sir Sidney a feeling of cordial goodwill. Sir Sidney at this period was only thirty-four, and it is possible that something of the arrogance of youth was visible in his bearing; but this was soon forgotten when his high qualities found a free field for their display. No one could be long in his company and not own the impression made by his enthusiastic spirit, his geniality, his frank and cordial manner, his intellectual activity. Nor was the effect less powerful of his ardent love of fame and thirst for adventure. It was clear that, like Arnauld, he felt we had "eternity" to rest in.

Into the administration of the Turkish marine our hero quickly infused something of his own energy, and in less than a year two line-of-battle ships were built and launched and fully equipped for service. But the rapid victories of Napoleon in Palestine and Syria rendered it essential to take immediate measures for the defence of the Syrian coast; and for a service of so adventurous a character all men felt that Sir Sidney was eminently fitted. Leaving the Turkish capital in the *Tigre* on the 19th of February 1799, he arrived off Alexandria on the 3d of March. Here he took the command of a small squadron under Captain Troubridge, and dispatched his friend, Lieutenant Wright, to concoct measures for the defence of St. Jean d'Acre, against which the French army was rapidly advancing. In the hope of arresting Napoleon's march, he bombarded Alexandria; and when he found that this measure was of no avail, directed his course to Acre, off which he anchored on the 15th of March. He immediately landed and inspected the fortifications;

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they were in a ruinous state and almost destitute of artillery. Making the best arrangements he could for their repair and extension, he again put to sea in the *Tigre's* boats, and hastened to the small port of Khaiffa, in order to intercept a division of the French army, which, unaware of his arrival, was advancing along the coast. At ten o'clock on the night of the 17th it made its appearance, marching along very leisurely, with most of the soldiers and the heavy guns mounted on camels and dromedaries. The boats suddenly opened fire, and with such effect, that in a few minutes the whole force in great confusion retreated rapidly to the green slopes of Mount Carmel. To avoid attack from the sea, the main body took the Nazareth road, and driving in the Turkish outposts, encamped upon a commanding eminence to the east. The investment of the town by land was soon completed, and Napoleon pushed forward his trenches with such activity and to such good purpose, that on the 20th he was able to begin the siege at no greater distance than one hundred and fifty toises.

In Sir Sidney Smith he had an opponent as swift and decisive in his movements as himself. Off Cape Carmel, the English commander intercepted the French flotilla having on board Napoleon's heavy siege-train, and captured, besides the cannon, large stores of ammunition, which he immediately landed for the use of the Acre garrison. The seven gunboats which surrendered were manned with picked crews, and employed in molesting the French posts established along the coast, harassing their communications and intercepting their convoys. Under his direction the defences of the town were rapidly strengthened and armed with heavy guns. Colonel Phélypeaux, his faithful friend, and his companion in the escape from

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the Temple, was sent ashore to assist the Turkish governor, Djezzar Pasha, as military adviser. The Turkish garrison were greatly inspirited by this exhibition of vigour, and made a gallant sortie on the 7th of April. Four desperate attempts on the part of the French to escalade the walls they repulsed with great courage, the enemy on each occasion suffering heavily from the flanking fire of Sidney Smith's two men-of-war. If the defence was obstinately gallant, it must be admitted that the attack was pressed with unusual daring; and that never have the French displayed a more strenuous perseverance or a more brilliant valour. They marched up to the breach under a deadly fire with as much coolness as if they were performing some ordinary evolution on parade.

Though hostilities were carried on with such relentless determination, yet frequent suspensions of operations took place, when the French generals in command derived much gratification from visiting Sir Sidney Smith on board the *Tigre*. In the popular interest which it excited, the name of our dashing sailor seems to have been second only to that of the hero of the Nile. On one of these occasions, it is said Generals Kléber and Junot were, with Sir Sidney, pacing the quarter-deck of the English flagship in friendly converse. Junot, looking towards the shore, and contemplating the shattered defences of the besieged town, observed, with a confident smile, "Commodore, mark my words! At this hour three days hence the French tricolour will be flying from those ruined walls." Sir Sidney quickly replied, "My good general, before you shall have yonder town, I will blow it and you to Jericho!" "*Bien obligé*," rejoined Kléber; "it will be all in our way to India." "With all my heart," said Sir Sidney; "I shall be most happy to assist you and Bonaparte

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and your whole army forward in *that* style, and we will begin as soon as you please!" We need hardly say that the offer was not accepted.

The siege had been actively carried on for fifty days when a fleet of corvettes and transports with reinforcements and supplies on board for the hard-pressed garrison hove in sight, and Napoleon resolved on a general assault before they could have time to disembark. His artillery opened a tremendous and incessant fire, under cover of which the attacking column advanced with unfaltering resolution, though large gaps were torn in its solid ranks. Foot by foot the garrison, bravely resisting, were driven back by this mass of determined men, and on the fifty-second morning of the siege the tricolour was planted on the north-east tower.

The fire of the besieged now slackened notably in comparison with that of the besiegers, while the flanking fire of the ships was deprived of much of its effect, the enemy having covered themselves in their new position and its approaches by two traverses thrown across the ditch, which they had constructed of dead bodies intermingled with sandbags. Sir Sidney saw that to hold the town while the reinforcements disembarked a desperate effort was needed. Hastily manning all his boats, he pushed off to the shore, where he landed his men, and led them, pike in hand, up to the breach. The arrival of these gallant fellows at so critical a moment restored the enthusiasm of the Turks. Many fugitives turned back with them to the breach, and a hand-to-hand fight began—the heap of ruins between defenders and assailants serving as a breastwork for both; the muzzles of their muskets touching, and the spearheads of their standards being locked.

What followed shall be told in Sir Sidney Smith's own manly, simple language.

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"Djezzar Pasha [the Turkish governor], hearing the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to the ancient Turkish fashion, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket-cartridges with his own hands. The energetic old man, coming behind us, pulled us down with violence, saying if any harm happened to his English friends all was lost. This amicable contest as to who should defend the breach occasioned a rush of Turks to the spot; and thus time was gained for the arrival of the first body of Hassan Bey's troops. I had now to combat the Pasha's repugnance to admitting any troops but his Albanians into the garden of his seraglio, which had become a very important post. . . . There were about two hundred of the original one thousand Albanians left alive. This was no time for debate, and I overruled his objections by introducing the Chifflick regiment, of one thousand men, armed with bayonets, disciplined after the European method. . . . The garrison, animated by the appearance of such a reinforcement, was now all on foot; and there being consequently enough to defend the breach, I proposed to the Pasha to get rid of the object of his jealousy by opening his gates to let them make a sally, and take the assailants in flank. He readily complied, and I gave directions to the colonel to get possession of the enemy's third parallel or nearest trench, and there fortify himself by shifting the parapet outwards. . . .

"The enemy began a new breach by an incessant fire directed to the southward of the lodgment, every shot knocking down whole sheets of a wall much less solid than that of the tower, on which they had expended so much time and ammunition. The group of generals and aides-de-camp, which the shells from

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THE DEFENCE OF ACRE.

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the 68-pounders had frequently dispersed, was now reassembled on Richard Cœur-de-Lion's Mount. Bonaparte was distinguishable in the centre of a semicircle: his gesticulations indicated a renewal of attack, and his dispatching an aide-de-camp showed that he waited only for a reinforcement. I gave directions for Hassan Bey's ships to take their station in the shoal-water to the southward, and made the *Tigre's* signal to weigh and join the *Theseus* to the westward. A little before sunset a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with a solemn step. The Pasha's idea was not to defend the breach this time, but rather to let a certain number of the enemy in, and then close with them according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pasha's garden, when, in a very few minutes, the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. The rest retreated precipitately; and the commanding officer, who was seen manfully encouraging his men to mount the breach, and who(m) we had since learnt to be General Lannes, was carried off, wounded by a musket-shot. General Rombaud was killed. . . .

"Bonaparte," says Sir Sidney, in concluding his dispatch, "will no doubt renew the attack, the breach being, as above described, perfectly practicable for fifty men abreast; indeed, the town is not, nor ever has been, defensible according to the rules of art, but according to every other rule it must and shall be defended; not that it is in itself worth defending, but we feel that it is by this breach Bonaparte means to march to further conquests. It is on the issue of this conflict that depends the opinion of the multitude of

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spectators on the surrounding hills, who wait only to see how it ends to join the victors; and, with such a reinforcement for the execution of his known projects, Constantinople, and even Vienna, must feel the shock."

That Sir Sidney did not overrate the importance of the defence of Acre we know from Napoleon's own confession at St. Helena:—"The fate of the East," he said, "lay in that small town. Had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world."

In addition to the active hostilities which he so perseveringly conducted against Napoleon, Sir Sidney distributed proclamations among the French troops in order to shake their faith in their commander. Thereupon Napoleon issued "an order of the day" which implied that, owing to the heat of the climate and the excitement of war, the British commander had gone *mad*, and prohibited, therefore, all communication with him. Some days afterwards, it is said,—though we can find no authentic evidence of the fact,*—a midshipman, or lieutenant, with a flag of truce, carried a challenge from Sir Sidney Smith to the French general, appointing a place of meeting to fight a duel. "I laughed at this," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me I would meet him. Notwithstanding, I like the character of the man."

Sir Sidney, with more sagacious policy, addressed a circular letter to the princes and chiefs of Mount Lebanon, and to the sheikhs of the Druses, in which he exhorted them to do their duty to the Sultan by intercepting the supplies of the enemy on their way to the French camp. This communication had all the effect desired. Two ambassadors were sent to the

* Indeed the statement was flatly contradicted by Sir Sidney.

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Commodore to inform him that, in obedience to his mandates, measures had been taken to stop the supply of provisions to the invaders, who were speedily reduced to extreme straits by this unexpected failure. Napoleon, with this scarcity of food, his army weakened by its heavy losses and the plague raging in his hospitals, was compelled to make a final effort to gain possession of the town, and for this purpose ordered up General Kléber's division from the fords of the river Jordan. But the spirit of the French soldiers was completely broken. They absolutely refused to mount the breach any more over the putrid bodies of their unburied comrades; and, deeply mortified at the ruin of his hopes, Napoleon, on the night of the 20th of May, began his retreat in the direction of Jaffa. With that retreat disappeared all his visions of an Oriental empire—of a career of conquest in the East which should have rivalled that of Alexander the Great.

The French army left a horrible line of conflagration in its track. The glow of the Eastern sunshine was obscured by the smoke of burning towns and villages, with all their rich crops destroyed, to prevent or delay pursuit. A stifling and smouldering atmosphere increased the intensity of the almost unendurable heat. At intervals the scorching soil was strewn with the dead or dying who had fallen, hopeless and exhausted, out of the ranks. The survivors, as they lay in their agonies perishing with thirst, implored assistance from their passing comrades. "I am not plague-smitten," they would cry; "I am only wounded;" and they tore aside their ragged habiliments to expose their wounds. But misery had brought out the natural selfishness of humanity, and the tramping battalions passed on with some careless remark, such as "It is all over with him!"

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Such is the story of the successful defence of St. Jean d'Acre, as sustained for sixty days by a young naval officer of no higher rank than captain,* at the head of the seamen and marines of a couple of British line-of-battle ships, and of a Turkish garrison chiefly composed of newly levied and undisciplined troops. Our records of war, crowded as they are with splendid achievements, scarcely commemorate a more notable exploit, or one in which some of the highest qualities of a military commander were more strikingly manifested. Courage is not everything in warfare; conduct is not less necessary nor less admirable; and while everybody was prepared to admit Sir Sidney's courage, few had been prepared for the exhibition of so much conduct—of such skill in tactic, such fertility of resource, such power of influencing and inspiring men. The hero's services received the unusual reward (for one of his rank) of the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and were acknowledged in the speech from the throne. Earl Spencer, in the Lords, characterised their value in pithy language:—"The merit of all actions," he said, "depended on the means for effecting them. In no case were they ever so disproportionate; the means of Sir Sidney Smith were very small, while the service performed was of the greatest magnitude. St. Jean d'Acre, the theatre of this brilliant scene, was not a regular fortress. The garrison was dispirited by the renown of the enemy, and unacquainted with the mode of defence; and yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, by the energy and intrepidity of that gallant officer, the French army, which had conquered a great part of Europe, overrun

* Credit must be given to the exertions and the capacity of M. Phélypeaux; but it still remains true that Sir Sidney was the heart and brain of the defence.

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the east of Africa, and made a considerable impression on Asia, was arrested in its progress for two months, and afterwards forced to retreat in a disgraceful manner."

The Sultan, who owed a larger debt than anybody else to our adventurer, sent him a rich pelisse and an aigrette, together with the diamond plume of triumph, worth about 25,000 piastres; afterwards he bestowed upon him the Order of the Crescent. The British House of Commons, in response to a message from the Crown, granted him a pension of £1000 per annum. And, lastly, the homage of the poet (or versifier) was laid at his feet, as in the following couplets from Heber's prize-poem of "Palestine," in which, be it said, the patriotic spirit is more noticeable than any great faculty of poetic expression:—

"When he from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile—
Th' apostate chief—from Misraim's ancient shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale desert marked his proud array,
And desolation hoped an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismayed?
What arm repelled the victor renegade?
Britannia's champion! Bathed in hostile blood,
High on the beach the dauntless seaman stood:
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale Crescent blessed the Christian's might.
Oh, day of death! Oh, thirst beyond control
Of crimson conquest in the invader's soul!
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly vampire grew;
While proudly glowed above the rescued tower
The wavy Cross that marked Britannia's power."

It was on board Sir Sidney's ship, the *Tigre*, that the conferences took place between General Kléber,—who,

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on Napoleon's departure from Egypt, had been left in command of the French forces,—and the Turkish ambassadors, which resulted in an agreement on the part of the Powers to evacuate Egypt. The convention embodying the conditions of agreement was signed on the 24th of January 1800. Unfortunately, Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, then commander-in-chief on the Mediterranean station, took upon himself to disown it, unless the French troops in Egypt and Syria should lay down their arms, surrender themselves prisoners of war, and deliver up all the ships and stores of the port of Alexandria to the Allied Powers. Hostilities were therefore renewed; and at home some undeserved censure was thrown upon Sir Sidney for acceding to the convention. The assassination of General Kléber by a Turkish fanatic added to the complexity of the situation; and at length the British Government determined on expelling the French from Egypt by force of arms. Sir Sidney was thereupon instructed to make preparations for the landing at or near Alexandria of a British expedition under Sir Ralph Abercrombie; and he accomplished the work with a vivacity and an energy strikingly characteristic of the man. On the 2d of March 1801, the fleet anchored in the Bay of Aboukir, the scene of Nelson's famous victory; and on the morning of the 8th the troops landed, after a sharp struggle with the French advanced guard, under Sir Sidney's immediate direction.

The first business of the British was to find water, and here Sir Sidney's local knowledge proved useful, as he was able to assure the soldiers that wherever dates grew water must be near. On the 20th an Arab chief sent word to Sir Sidney Smith that General Menou with the French army was close at hand, and intended to surprise and attack the British camp on the

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following morning. But though Sir Sidney asserted the truth of this information, Sir Ralph and his staff were not disposed to place much reliance upon it. Next day convinced them of their mistake; and it was with difficulty the British line of battle was formed in time to resist the French advance. Finding that the attack bore hardly on his right, Sir Ralph Abercrombie hastened thither. Halting at some ruins close to the scene of action, he dispatched his aide-de-camp with orders to the different brigades; but while thus left alone, some French dragoons rode up and attacked him; he was unhorsed, and was on the point of being sabred, when he seized the sword and wrested it from the hand of his assailant, who at the same moment was bayoneted by a soldier of the 42d.

In the mêlée Sir Ralph received a wound in the thigh from a musket-ball; but of this he took no notice, complaining, however, of a severe contusion on the breast, which was supposed to have proceeded from the hilt of the French officer's sword. Sir Sidney was the first officer who rode up to Sir Ralph's assistance; and as he had accidentally broken his own blade, the commander-in-chief presented him with the one he had so gloriously acquired. Almost immediately afterwards, an aide-de-camp, whose horse had been killed under him, asked Sir Sidney's permission to remount himself upon his orderly's horse. Sir Sidney turned round to give the necessary order, when at that very moment a cannon-ball took off the dragoon's head. "This is destiny!" exclaimed Sir Sidney; "the horse, Major Hall, is yours."

In the course of the battle, which, as everybody knows, resulted in the complete defeat of the French, Sir Sidney received a violent contusion on the right shoulder from a musket-ball.

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After the victory his wonderful activity found abundant opportunities for its exercise. He approached the French outposts with a flag of truce; at the head of a squadron of dragoons he reconnoitred the enemy's position; he ascended the Nile with an armed flotilla as far as El-Arish; with four hastily-equipped flat-bottomed boats he cannonaded Rosetta. But he could not infuse into General Hutchinson, who on the death of Abercrombie succeeded to the command, any portion of his own quick spirit; and the British army occupied forty-two days in moving from El Hamed to invest Cairo. Disagreements arose between General Hutchinson and Sir Sidney, and the latter was ordered to resume the command of his ship. Hutchinson, however, selected him in September to carry home the dispatches which announced the capitulation of the French army; an honour which his services had justly earned.

"Sir Sidney," says Sir Robert Wilson, "was endeared to officers and men by his conduct, courage, and affability. With pride they beheld the hero of Acre; with admiration they reflected on the convention of El-Arish: they had witnessed his exertions and calculated on his enterprise. The Arabs regarded him as a superior being. To be the friend of Smith was the highest honour they courted, and his word the only pledge they required. No trouble, no exertions, no expense had been spared by him to obtain their friendship, and to elevate in their opinions the national character. But the order was given, and remonstrance would have been unworthy. It is true, as a seaman, he could not complain of being ordered to reassume the command of his ship; but the high power he had been invested with, the ability he had displayed as a soldier and a statesman, entitled him to a superior situation in this

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expedition, and the interest of the service seemed to require that the connection he had formed with the Mamelukes should, through him, be maintained."

On his return to England he was received with a truly national welcome. From all quarters addresses and congratulations poured in upon him; and he was the honoured guest at innumerable public and private banquets. The Corporation of London bestowed upon him the freedom of the City and a valuable sword; the East India Company gave him its thanks and a gratuity of £3000; the Levant Company, its thanks and a gratuity of £1500; and in November 1802 Rochester returned him to Parliament as its representative.

Sir Sidney Smith, however, was more at home, and was better fitted to make a conspicuous figure, on the quarter-deck of one of His Majesty's warships than on the floor of St. Stephen's; and we can well believe that he was heartily glad when, in the spring of 1803, he was recalled to active service, and placed in command of a squadron intended to watch the operations of the French along the Dutch and Flemish coasts, where they were believed to be making preparations for the invasion of England. On the 12th of March he hoisted his broad pennant as commodore on board the *Antelope* of 50 guns. We have no doubt it is true enough that "of the fatigue, the irksomeness, and the danger of this service a landsman can form no adequate opinion." We are told that the very seas in which the vessel is forced to remain, sailing hither and thither within a very circumscribed compass, are replete with dangers. The pilot and the master have no longer to encounter the obvious and well-known chances of the wide ocean, but to navigate in waters where the soundings are various and the innumerable sandbanks are continually shifting their positions. Moreover, they have to take

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account of the impetuosity of the tides, as they rush through the narrow races, and sweep in foam and spray round the low points and headlands.

Sir Sidney's flag-ship was always "on duty," either lying off the Texel, Ostend, or the French coast opposite England; always on the watch; sometimes at sea, sometimes at single anchor, excepting on the rare occasions when she was compelled to repair to Yarmouth Roads for the necessary refits. Scarcely a day passed but some "brush" with the enemy occurred, the ship herself being engaged in it, or her boats. The prizes made were numerous, but not of sufficient importance to call for separate notice.

The service was not one to call forth Sir Sidney's special qualifications, and to a man of his adventurous temper its want of excitement and monotonous character must have been most distasteful; but he executed it with great watchfulness and perseverance, and ensured the safe passage of England's merchant-vessels through the Channel. On the 17th of May 1804 he made a dashing attempt in his own old line, by attacking the French flotilla off Ostend, with a view to prevent the junction of the Flushing flotilla. He was not wholly successful, for some fifty sail of the Flushing division reached Ostend in safety; but he captured or destroyed several vessels, inflicted severe loss on the enemy, and impressed them with a salutary conviction of the superior skill and prowess of English seamen.

While thus engaged, he found occupation for his inventive talent in the construction of a vessel or raft for the conveyance of large bodies of troops over shallow waters to attack forts, or land them on shores inaccessible to large vessels. He also devised a couple of gunboats on a novel pattern, for use under similar circumstances.

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In May 1804, on striking his broad pennant and retiring from his command, he was promoted to a colonelcy of the Royal Marines. In November in the following year he was made a Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and in January 1806 hoisted his flag on board the *Pompée*, of 82 guns, to join the Mediterranean fleet under Lord Collingwood. Thence he was detached on a special service—to operate against the French on the Italian coast and superintend the defence of Sicily. The force under his command consisted of five ships of the line, besides frigates, transports, and gunboats, and his first proceeding was to throw into Gaeta, which a French army was besieging, large supplies of stores and ammunition, which enabled its garrison to carry on a vigorous resistance. Then he sailed into the Bay of Naples, harassing the French posts all along the shore, and creating so much alarm that the French withdrew the greatest part of their artillery from Gaeta in order to protect Naples against a possible attack. Next he arrived off the island of Capri, where, landing a body of marines and seamen, he compelled the French garrison to surrender, and hoisted the British flag. In the operations of the British army under Sir John Stewart for the expulsion of the French from Calabria he took an active part, and was present at the battle of Maida on the 4th of July. From point to point along the Calabrian coast he moved with extraordinary swiftness, fomenting the insurrection of the peasantry against the French Government, and assisting the insurgents with arms, ammunition, and provisions. It has been said that his exploits were more like the adventurous outbreaks of knight-errantry than the well-considered enterprises of modern warfare; but, at all events, they kept the enemy in a constant state of alarm and apprehension, and along the whole

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sweep of the Calabrian coast the French durst not flaunt their flag within reach of Sir Sidney's guns.

In January 1807 he was suddenly ordered to place himself under the flag of Admiral Sir John Duckworth, who had been appointed to the command of an expedition against Constantinople. If promotion had gone by merit, Sir Sidney would have occupied Sir John's position, for which he was eminently fitted by his daring, his promptitude, and his strength of purpose.

With seven sail of the line and some smaller vessels Duckworth forced the passage of the Dardanelles in the teeth of the Turkish batteries. The fortifications along the coast were in a ruinous condition, and when the British fleet arrived off Constantinople, the Sultan in his alarm was prepared to concede every demand that its admiral had been instructed to make. But Sebastiani, the French ambassador, encouraged him to gain time by means of the delays so familiar to Turkish diplomacy; and Duckworth, a man entirely deficient in resolution, hesitated between alternate menaces and persuasions, "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike." The Turks profited by the interval to repair and strengthen the defences of their shores,—the whole population enthusiastically labouring at the work both day and night. New and powerful batteries were erected, and reinforcements of fresh troops hurried to every important point. Thus the passage of the Dardanelles came to mean a very different thing from that which it meant when the British first effected it; and Duckworth was forced to the conviction that if he lingered much longer before Constantinople he would run the risk of being shut up within a *cul de sac*. On the 1st of March he weighed anchor, and ran the whole course of thirty miles under a heavy continuous fire, which our ships returned with great spirit. The British loss, however,

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was very severe. From the twin forts of Sestos and Abydos, which guard the mouth of Helle's "stormy water," enormous granite shots was hurled at the retreating vessels, crushing in their decks and snapping their spars, and, on board the *Windsor Castle*, cutting the mainmast in two.

The only officer who won distinction in this fruitless and untoward expedition was Sir Sidney Smith, who, with his division, attacked and destroyed a Turkish squadron lying off Point Perquies, consisting of a 64-gun ship, four frigates, three corvettes, one brig, and a couple of gunboats. Had he been in command of the fleet, instead of Sir John Duckworth, there can be no doubt that the issue would have been very different. It has justly been asserted that his very name would have operated as a charm with the Turks, by whom he was both respected and beloved. The moral influence which he possessed over them to an extraordinary degree might have advantageously been exercised. Had it been otherwise, offensive measures would have been adopted with promptitude and carried out with energy.

In November 1807 Sir Sidney was appointed to the command of a squadron intended to blockade the mouth of the Tagus. Portugal had been invaded and overrun by Napoleon's armies; and its ruler, the Prince Regent, resolved to retire from a kingdom which he could no longer hold except as a vassal of France. After some negotiation through Lord Strangford, the British ambassador, Sir Sidney agreed to escort him to Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the Brazils, which he had chosen as his place of refuge until the clouds should break and brighter prospects dawn upon his native country. Accordingly, on the 27th of November the British fleet sailed from the Tagus, convoying the

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Portuguese squadron, with the Prince Regent, the whole of the royal family of Braganza, and many of their principal councillors and adherents on board.

"This fleet of eight sail of the line," says Sir Sidney, "four frigates, three brigs, and one schooner, with a crowd of large armed merchant-ships, arranged itself under the protection of that of his Majesty's, ... the scene impressing every beholder, except the French army on the hills, with the most lively emotions of gratitude to Providence that there yet existed a Power in the world able as well as willing to protect the oppressed, inclined to pardon the misguided, and capable by its fostering care to found new empires and alliances from the wreck of the old ones, destroyed by the ephemeral power of the day, on the lasting basis of mutual interests."

Sir Sidney escorted the royal squadron until it was well out upon the Atlantic, and then detaching four of his men-of-war to attend it to Rio de Janeiro, he returned with the rest of his fleet to his position off the Tagus. He remained there until the beginning of 1808, when he was succeeded by Sir Charles Cotton, and dispatched to take command of the British and Portuguese naval forces on the Brazil coast. This appointment he held until the spring of 1809, but no incident worthy of record distinguished it, except the unfortunate differences of opinion that arose between the British ambassador, Lord Strangford, and himself, for which, we fear, Sir Sidney's impetuosity of temper was largely responsible. It must be confessed that he was not a man who acted well with colleagues of his own standing. While he insisted most rigorously upon implicit obedience and punctilious deference from his inferiors, towards his own superiors he by no means exhibited these admirable qualities. Between him and

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Sir Charles Napier many points of comparison may, I think, be taken. Both were men of original mind and great force of character, abundant in resource, tenacious of purpose, fearless, just, generous, and with high capacities for command; but in both men these fine gifts were seriously impaired by a painful infirmity of temper and impatience of control. I have not thought it necessary, however, to refer to the various contentions in which Sir Sidney was involved. In some he was not in the right; in all he was not in the wrong; but their importance ceased with their day, and for the present reader they have as little interest as the vulgar scandal which connected his name with the Princess Caroline, the unhappy wife of the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.)

His professional career terminated on the 1st of July 1814, when he struck his flag in the *Hibernia*, after having served for a couple of years as second in command of the Mediterranean fleet under Sir Edward Pellew (Lord Exmouth). Rest, however, was impossible to such a man; and since there were no more opportunities for adventure afloat, he addressed himself with much vigour and vehemence to the formation of the "Knights-Liberators and Anti-Piratical Society," which was composed of knights of the various European orders and other dignified personages, and the object of which was to be the abolition of white or Christian slavery in the Barbary States. From the manifesto which he put forth may be extracted a characteristic passage or two:—

"Animated by the remembrance of his oaths as a knight," he says, "and desiring to excite the same ardour in other Christian knights, he proposes to the nations most interested in the success of this noble enterprise to engage themselves by treaty to furnish

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each their contingent of a maritime, or, more properly speaking, amphibious force, which, without compromising any flag, and without depending on the wars or the political events of the nations, should constantly guard the shores of the Mediterranean, and take upon itself the important office of watching, pursuing, and capturing all pirates by land and by sea. This power, owned and protected by all Europe, would not only give perfect security to commerce, but would finish by civilising the African coasts, by preventing their inhabitants from continuing their piracy, to the prejudice of productive industry and legitimate commerce.

"This protective and imposing force would commence its operations by the vigorous blockade of the barbarian naval forces, wherever they might be found; at the same time that ambassadors from all the sovereigns and states of Christianity ought mutually to support each other in representing to the Sublime Porte that she cannot be otherwise than herself responsible for the hostile acts of her subjects, if she continues to permit the African garrisons to recruit in her territories, which are of no utility to her, whilst these forces would be better employed against her enemies than against European and armed powers; and in requiring from her a formal disavowal, and even an authentic interdiction, against the wars that these rebel chiefs declare against Europe."

In his recent history, "The Scourge of Christendom," Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair has put on record the remarkable apathy of the European Powers in suffering the long depredations of the corsairs of North Africa upon their subjects and commerce to proceed almost without check or punishment. It is not surprising, therefore, that Sir Sidney's somewhat Quixotic philanthropy elicited no practical response; but his object

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was achieved in 1816, when the British fleet under Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers, and compelled the Dey to liberate his Christian slaves.

When, in 1815, on Napoleon's return from Elba, the Hundred Days' War broke out, Sir Sidney hastened to the scene of conflict, was present as a non-combatant at the battle of Waterloo, and afterwards laboured with unselfish energy in the relief of the wounded, assisting in their removal to Brussels. Here is a characteristic incident described by himself:—

"Meeting Sir George Berkeley returning from the field wounded, and thinking his sword a better one to meet my old antagonist *on horseback*, I borrowed it. Things went ill, and looked worse at that time in the afternoon of the 18th of June 1815. I stemmed the torrent of the disabled and *givers-in* the best way I could, was now and then jammed among broken waggons by a *drove* of disabled Napoleonist janissaries, and finally reached the Duke of Wellington's person, and rode in with him from St. Jean to Waterloo; thus, though I was not allowed to have any of the fun, not to be one too many (*vulgo*, a fifth wheel in a coach), I had the heartfelt qualification of being the first Englishman, that was not in the battle, who shook hands with him before he got off his horse, and of drinking his health at his table—a supper I shall no more forget than I can the dinner at Neuilly, when Fouché came out to arrange the quiet entrance into Paris *without more bloodshed*, or the banquet the Duke considerately and kindly gave to the Knights of the Bath when I received at his hands the second rank of the Order of the Bath." This banquet took place on the 29th of December 1815, in celebration of Sir Sidney's investiture as Knight Commander of that distinguished Order.

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Our story is nearly told. We have dealt with the adventurous portion of Sir Sidney's career; in its later years it was comparatively uneventful, and passed by without incidents of an interesting character. Owing to his great thoughtlessness in pecuniary matters, and an apparently insuperable inability to live within his income, he was compelled to escape the pressure of his creditors by retiring to Paris. There he became a member of the "Order of the Temple," of which he was made Regent in 1838, when he was seventy-four years old. In the same year that he received this nebulous distinction, of the full purport of which I confess myself ignorant, he received the more real and distinct honour of the Grand Cross of the Bath. In the early part of 1840, his faculties, both mental and physical, showed symptoms of rapid decline, and a fit of apoplexy on the 9th of May was followed by a stroke of paralysis. He lingered on, half-unconscious, until the 21st, when he passed away in peace, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Bishop Luscombe, in preaching his funeral sermon, alluded to his career and character in terms of well-deserved eulogy. He spoke of his "long life of glorious and hardy enterprise," through every scene of which he was distinguished not more by deeds of heroism than by mercy and forbearance to the vanquished. He referred to the many amiable qualities which in private life had endeared him to all, to the warmth and sincerity of his friendship, his entire freedom from coldness and selfishness, his ardent zeal in the promotion of every movement of humanity or charity, his singleness of heart, his activity, and his genius. No doubt there were blots upon the picture, stains upon the shield; yet certainly these were not numerous enough to influence us unfavourably against the man of

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daring, adventure, and intelligence whom we are proud to commemorate in our history as "the hero of Acre."

[AUTHORITIES:—E. Howard (Capt. Marryatt), *Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith*; Sir J. Barrow, *Life of Sir Sidney Smith*; W. James, *History of the British Navy*; Dr. Campbell's *Lives of British Admirals*, edit. by Stevenson; Sir A. Alison, *History of Europe*, &c.]



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THE LAST OF THE SEA-KINGS:—

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

AT Amisfield, a small village in the south of Scotland, was born, on the 14th of December 1775, Thomas, eldest son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Dundonald. He came of one of the oldest and poorest families in Scotland, and a family which had given many gallant men to their country's service. If he did little to relieve it of its poverty, he certainly added to its reputation for courage. He received a very imperfect education, and even this was due to the thoughtful kindness of his maternal grandmother. At the age of twelve he was nominated to an ensigncy in the 104th regiment,* but his own decided bias was towards "a

* In his "Autobiography of a Seaman" (pp. 29, 30), he gives an amusing description of his brief military experience. "By way of initiation," he writes, "into the mysteries of the military profession, I was placed under the tuition of an old sergeant, whose first lessons well accorded with his instructions, not to pay attention to my foibles. My hair, cherished with boyish pride, was formally cut, and plastered back with a vile composition of candle-grease and flour, to which was added the torture incident to the cultivation of an incipient *queue*. My neck, from childhood open to the Lowland breeze, was encased in an inflexible leathern collar or stock, selected according to my preceptor's notions of military propriety; these almost verging on strangulation. A blue semi-military tunic, with red collar and cuffs, in imitation of the Windsor uniform, was provided, and to complete the *tout ensemble*, my father, who was a determined Whig partisan, insisted on my wearing yellow waistcoat

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LORD COCHRANE (EARL OF DUNDONALD).

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life on the ocean-wave;" and his father's reluctance being eventually overcome, he entered the Royal Navy in June 1793, as a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Hind.* On first presenting himself, he had with him a sea-chest better suited to a lord than to a young middy, and the first lieutenant accordingly ordered it to be sawn in half by way of reducing it to proper dimensions. It was soon seen, however, that there was nothing of the *petit maître* about the tall, gaunt, Scotch youth, with the high cheek-bones, intelligent eyes, firm chin, and high smooth forehead; he was ready for any duty, and soon became a favourite with his officers. From the *Hind* he was transferred to the 32-gun frigate *Thetis*, on board of which he was conspicuous by his anxiety to master every detail of a seaman's work. Towards the end of 1794 he was appointed third lieutenant —an unfortunate promotion, perhaps, as it placed him in a position to command before he had thoroughly learned to obey—and served for four years on the

and breeches; yellow being the Whig colour, of which I was admonished never to be ashamed. A more certain mode of calling into action the dormant obstinacy of a sensitive, high-spirited lad could not have been devised than that of converting him into a caricature, hateful to himself and ridiculous to others.

"As may be imagined, my costume was calculated to attract attention, the more so from being accompanied by a stature beyond my years. Passing one day near the Duke of Northumberland's palace at Charing Cross, I was beset by a troop of ragged boys, evidently bent on amusing themselves at the expense of my personal appearance, and, in their peculiar slang, indulging in comments thereon far more critical than complimentary.

"Stung to the quick, I made my escape from them, and rushing home, begged my father to let me go to sea with my uncle, in order to save me from the degradation of floured head, pigtails, and yellow breeches. This burst of despair aroused the indignation of the parent and the Whig, and the reply was a sound cuffing. Remonstrance was useless; but my dislike to everything military became confirmed, and the events of that day certainly cost his Majesty's 104th regiment an officer, notwithstanding that my military training proceeded with redoubled severity."

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North American station. In December 1798 he was appointed to the *Barfleur*, Lord Keith's flagship in the Mediterranean; and he accompanied the admiral in June 1799 on board the *Queen Charlotte*. In the following December he took part in a gallant affair in the Straits of Gibraltar. Off Cabreta Point, near Gibraltar, a flotilla of French privateers and gunboats captured the hired cutter *Lady Nelson*, of ten guns. This was witnessed from the *Queen Charlotte*, whose boats were accordingly manned and dispatched to recapture the British ship,—a service which they speedily effected. Lord Cochrane made a dash at one of the privateers, and jumped on board; but to his great surprise not a man of his boat's crew ventured to follow him, and he was compelled to fall back. "This was the only time," he says, "I ever saw British seamen betray symptoms of hesitation." Early in the following spring he was dispatched in charge of a French prize to Port Mahon, and showed so much skill in carrying her thither safely under very adverse circumstances, that he was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to the command of the *Speedy*, a brig of fourteen guns. It is now that the romantic story of his adventurous career really begins. He was a man of so much originality and self-reliance that in a subordinate position his best qualities could not be revealed. To do justice to himself he required to be his own master, so that he could act of his own volition and untrammelled by superior authority. In a man gifted with great powers this independence is justifiable enough, but it cannot be conceded to ordinary minds, and it is well for us to remember that we are not all Cochranes, and that nothing is more pitiful than Cochrane's egotism without Cochrane's genius.

The *Speedy* carried fourteen 4-pounder guns, and a

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complement of eighty officers and men—almost too large a number for a brig of 158 tons. Her between-decks accommodation was not very luxurious: when her commander wished to shave, he removed the skylight over his cabin, and pushing his head and shoulders through the opening, made the deck his toilet-table.

On the 10th of May 1800 the *Speedy* sailed for Leghorn, convoying a fleet of merchant-ships. A strange sail soon hove in sight, and boarded and took possession of a Danish brig, one of the convoy. Cochrane immediately gave chase to the marauder, and not only retook the brig, but captured her captor, which proved to be a French privateer. Four days afterwards, during a calm, five armed boats stole out from Monte Christo and pounced down on two of the sternmost merchant-ships. They probably presumed on the absence of wind; but if the *Speedy* could not use her canvas, she could use her sweeps, and she was soon alongside of the captured vessels, regaining them, and making prisoners of the prize-crews which had been put on board. The convoy arrived safely at Leghorn.

Cruising off the Spanish coast, the *Speedy* in eighteen days fought three actions and made three prizes. Putting to sea again (in July), when off Cape Sebastian she cut out a vessel which lay at anchor under the guns of the forts. Soon afterwards she captured a small French privateer, and retook a prize which had been taken by another privateer. All these services, it should be noted, without any loss or casualty: a proof that Lord Cochrane's dash and daring were duly tempered with discretion. He laid his plans with consummate skill and prudence; it was in executing them that he gave the reins to his "high-mettled" spirit.

The Spaniards were indignant at the successes won by the little *Speedy*, and prepared to punish Cochrane

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for his audacity. Information of their designs reached him, and to assist in foiling them he caused his brig to be rigged and painted like a Danish man-of-war brig, well known on the station, called the *Cloma;* he also shipped a Danish quartermaster, and procured a suit of Danish naval uniform. The precaution eventually proved his safety. For on the 21st of December, when off Plane Island, seeing a large ship inshore—to all appearance a well-laden trader—he made sail to cut her off; but on coming up she opened her ports, and displayed a grim row of heavy guns, one broadside from which could easily have sunk the *Speedy.* The lion's skin had to be eked out with the fox's. Lord Cochrane hastened to hoist the Danish colours, and called up his Danish quartermaster to answer any questions that might be put by the Spaniard. As a further stratagem, he hung at the fore the ominous yellow flag, assured that this would effectually prevent the Spanish boat from coming alongside. And so it turned out. The boat lay on her oars when within hailing distance; and the Danish quartermaster having informed her officer, through a speaking-trumpet, that they had just come from Algiers where the plague was raging, she pulled back hastily to the Spanish frigate, and left the supposed Danish brig to pursue her voyage in peace. Fresh successes attended this new cruise; and the *Speedy* made so many captures that her prisoners outnumbered her crew, and twenty-five had to be put on board a launch and allowed to depart.

In March 1806 the brig had another narrow escape. A large frigate bore down upon her, and although the *Speedy* crowded on all her canvas, the pursuer gained rapidly. To add to her danger, the brig sprung her main-topsail yard, and while it was lowered and "fished" lost a good deal of ground. Her capture

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seemed certain; when Lord Cochrane resorted to an ingenious, though not a novel expedient. A tub was properly ballasted, and, with a lighted candle in a lantern set within it, was gently lowered over the side, while all the lights on board the *Speedy* were extinguished. The *Speedy* then put about in a totally different direction, and the Spanish frigate was left to pursue the tub.

In order to get rid of this scourge of the waters, the merchants of Barcelona and of other seaports fitted out a smart frigate-built ship called *El Gamo*, which they sent to sea to effect her capture. A number of gunboats were dispatched "as a bait to the trap the Spaniards had laid for her," with orders to decoy her well in shore, and also to shoot away some of her spars and cripple her sailing powers. As was expected, the *Speedy* soon attacked them and drove them into port; but while she was under the land, on the morning of the 6th of May, the Spanish frigate suddenly bore down upon her. Whether Cochrane could have escaped her was, owing to his position, very doubtful; but what is certain is, that he never thought of making the attempt. It was the case of David and Goliath over again. To ordinary men, the disparity of force would have been a sufficient and satisfactory excuse for flight or surrender; but Lord Cochrane, in the prospect of battle, forgot his arithmetic, and his officers and crew did not presume to be better arithmeticians than their commander. Yet the disparity was really formidable, as the following little table shows:—

	Speedy.	*Gamo.*
Broadside guns	7	16
Do. weight of metal .	28	188
Crew	54	319
Tonnage	158	600

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The heavy metal of the frigate, at long distances, would have crushed the feeble fire of the *Speedy;* and Cochrane, therefore, like Drake and his compeers in their long wrestle with the Armada, resolved on coming to close quarters. As the guns of the *Gamo* were nearly six feet out of water, and the top of the *Speedy's* bulwarks not more than five, it was clear that by closing with the enemy she would avoid his broadsides, while her own four-pounders, loaded with round-shot and grape, would not fail to tell.

Hoisting American colours, the *Speedy* shot across the frigate's bows and passed to windward, hoping to induce her to reserve her fire until she could weather round. But the *Gamo* was not to be deceived, and poured in a broadside, which, however, as the guns were ill-directed, did little damage. The *Speedy* then hove about, and bearing up, ran close under the side of the frigate, so that the yards of both vessels were interlocked. She immediately opened fire, and with great effect, both the Spanish captain and one of his chief officers falling at the first discharge. Discovering that their shot swept harmlessly over their little assailant, the Spaniards resolved to settle the contest by boarding. This manœuvre Lord Cochrane had anticipated, and he foiled it by sheering off some twenty or thirty feet, while he hurled a withering fire of musketry and grape-shot at the throng of boarders. The discomfited Spaniards returned to their guns, and the *Speedy* was again laid alongside.

This phase of the action was twice or thrice repeated; but meanwhile the *Speedy* was suffering severely. Her sails and rigging were cut to pieces, and Cochrane began to tremble for his masts. He therefore, in his turn, determined on boarding, and called on his whole crew to make the desperate attempt. A division under

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Lieutenant Parker was ordered to board forward, and to render their onset as terrible as might be, the men had their faces blackened; the other division, under Lord Cochrane himself, was to board abaft; and both were to work their way towards a junction amidships. Lieutenant Parker's warriors, looking to the amazed Spaniards like so many devils, soon effected a clearance of the bows and fore-quarter; nor was Cochrane less successful in driving the enemy before him. Thus the *Gamo's* crew was huddled up in a confused disorderly mass in the waist of the ship, and a fierce mêlée ensued, a hand-to-hand fight, which might have been dangerously protracted, had not a Jack-tar, by Lord Cochrane's orders, fought his way to the ensign-staff and hauled down the Spanish colours. The Spaniards, supposing that their officers had surrendered, immediately laid down their arms. They were then driven down into the main-hold of the frigate, the ladders removed, and two guns, heavily loaded, brought to bear upon them,—a man standing with a lighted match ready to fire at any sign of an attempt to recover the vessel. Nor was this precaution needless, when fifty men had to guard three hundred prisoners and navigate two ships.

In this strangely unequal action the *Speedy* had three men killed and eight wounded; the *Gamo*, fifteen men killed and forty-one wounded.

Shortly after his return to Port Mahon with his prize, Lord Cochrane went on a mission to Algiers respecting the illegal capture of an English vessel, and obtained her release. But the brilliant career of the *Speedy* was approaching a termination. On the 3d of July she was unfortunate enough to come within sight of three French men-of-war; and though every exertion was used to effect her escape, she was overtaken and

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compelled to surrender. In the thirteen or fourteen months that she had carried Lord Cochrane's flag she had done good service, having captured or retaken no fewer than fifty vessels, mounting 122 guns.

Lord Cochrane was not long detained a prisoner, being exchanged in less than a fortnight for a French officer. As a matter of form, he stood a court-martial for the loss of the *Speedy*, and was honourably acquitted, and in the month of August was promoted to post rank. His capture of the *Gamo* was so brilliant an action that it deserved a much prompter reward; but he had plunged into an angry correspondence with Lord St. Vincent, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and that great seaman never overlooked a breach of etiquette or an offence against his dignity. He not only delayed his promotion, but, if Lord Cochrane's biographer may be credited, punished him by appointing him, in 1803, to the command of the *Arab*, one of the slowest sailers in the British navy, and ordering him to cruise to the north-east of the Orkneys for the protection of the fisheries, where he could gain neither honour nor profit. But in November 1804, Lord St. Vincent was succeeded by Lord Melville, who at once appointed his daring countryman to a ship worthier of his powers—the new fir-built frigate *Pallas*, of 667 tons and 32 guns. She put to sea with all possible speed, and in ten days captured four rich Spanish merchant ships, loaded with diamonds, dollars, and bars of the precious metals; so that Cochrane's share of the prize-money amounted to a tolerable fortune. He carried them safely into Plymouth, the "golden *Pallas*," as she was thenceforward called, entering the harbour, to the admiration of all beholders, with a golden candlestick five feet long at each masthead. These costly ornaments had been intended for the cathedral at Madrid.

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While cruising off the French coast in April 1806, the boats of the *Pallas* cut out the *Tapageuse*, a corvette of 14 guns, which lay at anchor in the Garonne. While the *Pallas*, with only forty men on board, waited for the return of her boats, three ships bore down towards her; and Lord Cochrane resorted to a trick to make them believe that he was fully manned. He sent men aloft to cast loose the gaskets and stop the sails with single rope-yarns, so that he was able to let fall the sails together, just as if they had been worked by a numerous crew. He then weighed anchor and stood towards the largest vessel, which had scarcely received half-a-dozen shots when she ran aground, and was dismasted by the shock. Her crew took to their boats and pulled for the shore; a fortunate circumstance, for if they had had the courage to board the *Pallas*, they were strong enough to have carried her.

The two other ships now drew near; and the *Pallas*, after firing a few broadsides into the grounded ship to prevent her from being extricated, made sail to close the strangers. When within range of the nearest, the frigate opened fire from her bow-guns; whereupon this second vessel, following her consort's example, bore up and ran upon the rocks. Her masts went by the board, and her crew hastened to abandon her. A similar fate befell the third vessel: she attempted to enter the Garonne, but the efforts of the *Pallas* to intercept her caused her to take the ground. Thus were three fine vessels, one of 24, one of 22, and one of 18 guns, driven ashore and eventually destroyed.

The *Pallas* in the following May was off the Isle d'Aix, under the cover of which lay a French squadron of largely superior force. A "black frigate" and three brigs sallied out to engage the daring Englishman who so gallantly defied their batteries, and a smart skirmish

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ensued. In Lord Cochrane's account of it he says:—"The main-topsail yard of one of the brigs was cut through, and the frigate lost her after-sails. The batteries on Isle d'Aix opened on the *Pallas*, and a cannonade continued, interrupted on our part only by the necessity we were under to make various tacks to avoid the shoals, till one o'clock, when our endeavour to gain the wind of the enemy and get between him and the batteries proved successful. An effective distance was now chosen, a few broadsides were poured in, and the enemy's fire slackened. I ordered ours to cease, and directed the master to run the frigate on board, with the intention effectually to prevent her retreat.

"The enemy's side thrust our guns back into the ports; the whole were thus discharged, and the effect and crash were dreadful. Three pistol-shots were the unequal return.

"With confidence I say that the frigate was lost to France had not the unequal collision torn away our fore-topmast, jib-boom, fore and main topsail-yards. spritsail-yard, bumpkin, cathead, chain-plates, fore-rigging, foresail, and bower anchor, with which last I intended to hook on; but all proved insufficient. She was yet lost to France, had not the French admiral, seeing his frigate's foreyard gone, her rigging ruined, and the danger she was in, sent two others to her assistance.

"The *Pallas* being nearly a wreck, we came out with what sail could be set; and His Majesty's sloop the *Kingfisher* afterwards took us in tow."

The *Pallas* returned to Plymouth to refit, and Cochrane took advantage of his holiday on shore to contest the borough of Honiton. He had previously stood for the borough on his return from his "golden cruise," but from want of knowledge of electioneering

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arts had been defeated. He had omitted to *buy* the votes of "the free and independent electors." But he was fertile in expedients, and immediately the election was over, he announced that all who had recorded their votes in his favour would receive a present of ten guineas on applying to his agent. The consequence was, that, on coming forward a second time, he was triumphantly returned. His venal constituents then assembled in expectation of a liberal fee: the man who gave ten guineas when defeated would surely give twenty when successful. But no: he had been returned without having bribed, and he calmly informed his astonished voters that he would not give a stiver in encouragement of their corruption. So far he had his revenge, and a very just one. But the men of Honiton intended after all to turn the tables upon him. They succeeded in persuading him to entertain them at a ball and supper. This seemed a very moderate affair, and he willingly consented. But, unfortunately, he forgot to limit the expenses, and when the bill was presented it amounted to £1200.

A dissolution of Parliament took place early in 1807, and Lord Cochrane, wisely declining an interview with his Honiton friends, put up for Westminster, in company with Sir Francis Burdett, on what would now be called Radical principles, against Sheridan, the wit and orator, and a Mr. Paul. It is a proof of the popularity of himself and his politics that the young seaman was returned for this important borough. He carried into Parliament the vigour and vivacity he displayed in attacking the enemy's ships, and made himself eminently disagreeable to the Government by awkward motions for inquiry into civil and naval abuses, which he supported by speeches as direct as his broadsides. To get rid of so inconvenient an assailant, he was ordered to proceed to sea

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without delay; and in the *Impérieuse*, a 38-gun frigate, to which he had been appointed in the previous year, he cruised in the Mediterranean, and resumed his old pastime of harassing the Spanish coast. This he did with his wonted activity; he was here, there, and everywhere, so that the enemy never knew where to have him. But Napoleon's designs against the independence of Spain brought her into alliance with England, and her recent assailants became her protectors. By a sudden shift of the kaleidoscope of fate, Lord Cochrane was found, in the month of June, defending the coasts which, in May, he had swept with hostile guns. On the 31st of July he drove the French garrison out of the fortress of Mongat, and having given what aid and advice he could to the Catalans, who had risen against the invaders, he sailed into the Gulf of Lyons, and made several successful descents on the French shores. On one occasion he sent his boats to destroy a battery; the officer in command soon returned, declaring the object impracticable. Going forward to the gangway, Lord Cochrane said to the coxswain of the cutter, a gallant veteran, who had accompanied his Lordship on several desperate adventures, "Well, Jack, do *you* think it impossible to blow up the battery?" "No, my lord," answered the coxswain, supported by a score of voices, "'tis not impossible; we can do it if *you* will go." He went, and at the head of his brave followers carried the battery with a rush.

It is impossible to present here a complete and detailed record of all Cochrane's exploits during this remarkable cruise. Lord Collingwood, in his official dispatch of the 19th of October, bears witness to their value. "Nothing," he said, "can excel the zeal and activity with which his Lordship pursues the enemy. The success which attends his enterprises clearly indi-

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cates with what zeal and ability they are conducted, besides keeping the coast in constant alarm, causing a general suspension of the trade, and harassing a body of troops employed in opposing him."

In November he was sent to assist the Spaniards in their defence of the important fortress of Rosas. Its principal point was the castle of Trinidad, on the south-east side, the capture of which would necessitate the surrender of the citadel. A breach having been effected in its walls, Captain Burnett, who had hitherto held it with a body of marines, abandoned it as untenable; whereupon Cochrane landed, and undertook to hold it against the enemy. Among the volunteers who accompanied him was Frederick Marryat, a midshipman of the *Impérieuse*, afterwards the most popular of nautical novelists; and in his clever story of "Frank Mildmay" he has introduced a lively narrative of this most daring of his versatile commander's adventures.

"Every part of the castle," he says, "was in ruins. Heaps of crumbling stones and rubbish, broken gun-carriages, and split guns, presented to my mind a very unfavourable field of battle. The only advantage we appeared to have over the assailants was, that the breach which they had effected in the walls was steep in its ascent, and the loose stones either fell down upon them, or gave way under their feet, while we plied them with every kind of missile: this was our only defence, and all we had to prevent the enemy marching into the works, if works they could be called.

"There was another and a very serious disadvantage attending our locality. The castle was situated very near the summit of a steep hill, the upper part of which was in possession of the enemy, who were, by this means, nearly on a level with the top of the castle, and on that eminence three hundred Swiss sharpshooters

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had effected a lodgment, and thrown up works within fifty yards of us, keeping up a constant fire at the castle. If a head was seen above the walls, twenty rifle-bullets whizzed at it in a moment, and the same unremitting attention was paid to our boats as they landed.

"On another hill, much to the northward, and consequently farther inland, the French had erected a battery of six 24-pounders; this agreeable neighbour was only three hundred yards from us; and, allowing short intervals for the guns to cool, this battery kept up a constant fire upon us from daylight till dark. I never could have supposed, in my boyish days, that the time would arrive when I should envy a cock upon Shrove-Tuesday; yet such was my case when in this infernal castle. It was certainly not giving us fair-play; we had no chance against such a force; but my captain was a knight-errant, and as I had volunteered, I had no right to complain. Such was the precision of the enemy's fire, that we could tell the stone that would be hit by the next shot merely from seeing where the last had struck, and our men were frequently wounded by the splinters of granite with which the walls were built, and others picked off like partridges by the Swiss corps on the hill close to us."

Lord Cochrane's little force consisted of 130 English seamen and marines, a company of Spanish troops, and another of Swiss troops in Spanish pay. Their supply of provisions was scanty; their pay was bad; but they had an abundance of firing and of work. Not even at night did they enjoy any rest; during the hours of darkness they were busy in filling sand-bags, and laying them in the breach effected by the enemy's cannon during the day.

Some of Lord Cochrane's defensive expedients were as amusing as they were ingenious. He contrived to

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LORD COCHRANE RECOVERING THE FLAG AT ROSAS.

"Under a most dreadful fire, he descended into the ditch, and returned with the flag."

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make a kind of shoot or inclined plane of smooth deal boards, which was placed slant-wise in the breach, and liberally greased with cook's slush; so that an assailant entering the breach must jump down on this *facilis descensus Averni*, and in an instant glide headlong into the ditch below, where he could lie and meditate upon the English milord's practical joke. An additional interest was given to the shoot by planting it thickly with fish-hooks. The breach itself was mined, and loaded with shells and hand-grenades, while masked guns, loaded to the muzzle with musket-balls, enfiladed the spot in every direction.

One misty morning the French attempted to carry the castle by surprise. But their approach was detected, and a tremendous volley of ordnance and musketry poured into their midst. They fell back a few paces in confusion, rallied, and again advanced to the attack, while a heavy fire was kept up on both sides. The English fired their mine, which blew into the air the head of the storming column. Still they coolly re-formed, and, as day dawned, swept half-way up the breach in a manner worthy of Napoleon's veterans. "They were gallantly led," says Lord Dundonald, "two of the officers attracting my especial attention. The first was dropped by a shot, which precipitated him from the walls; but whether he was killed or only wounded, I do not know,—probably wounded only, as his body was not seen by us among the dead. The other was the last man to quit the walls, and before he could do so I had covered him with my musket. Finding escape impossible, he stood like a hero to receive the bullet, without condescending to lower his sword in token of surrender. I never saw a better or a prouder man. Lowering my musket, I paid him the compliment of remarking that so fine a fellow was not born to be shot

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down like a dog, and that, so far as I was concerned, he was at liberty to make the best of his way down the ladder; upon which intimation he bowed as politely as though on parade, and retired just as leisurely."

But the Spaniards soon afterwards surrendered the town, and further defence of Fort Trinidad became impracticable. Lord Cochrane therefore evacuated it slowly, and re-embarked on board the *Impérieuse*, well satisfied, apparently, with his adventure as commander of a besieged fortress. In March 1807 he returned to England.

The singular daring of the man, his wealth of resource, and his promptitude of decision indicated him as the fitting leader of an enterprise of a very serious character on which the Admiralty had resolved. He was at once requested by Lord Mulgrave, the First Lord, to suggest a plan for the destruction of the French squadron then lying in the Aix Roads. It was blockaded there by the Channel fleet under Admiral Lord Gambier; but great anxiety was felt lest it should escape the blockaders and run for the West Indies, where our colonies lay open to attack. A suggestion had been thrown out for employing fireships against it; but Lord Gambier had set it aside as "hazardous, if not desperate." This was not Lord Cochrane's opinion; there was little in this world in the way of adventure that would have seemed to him "desperate;" yet he naturally hesitated to undertake a service against which the commander-in-chief had declared. His objection, however, was overruled, and he was induced to accept the commission offered to him by the Admiralty.

His first business was to superintend the construction of a couple of what he called explosion-vessels, each containing 1500 barrels of gunpowder in puncheons placed on end, secured together by steel hawsers, and

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formed into a solid mass by means of wedges and wet sand rammed hard between the casks. This enormous mass of powder supported 400 live shells with short fuses, and several hundreds of hand-grenades and rockets. To these were added twelve carefully prepared fireships; and with this flotilla of destruction Cochrane arrived in the Basque Roads on the 3d of April. He was received with cold civility by Lord Gambier, and with unconcealed anger by most of Lord Gambier's lieutenants, who were bitterly indignant at their supersession by a junior officer. Indifferent at all times to hostility, whether open or concealed, Cochrane proceeded to the discharge of his dangerous task. The French fleet lay inside the Isle d'Aix, and consisted of ten sail of the line, a 56-gun store-ship, and three frigates, arranged in three lines, of which the frigates formed the first. At a short distance in front of them was laid down across the mouth of the harbour a strong boom, half a mile in length, held in its place by five-ton anchors; and immediately behind this novel defence were drawn up, in five divisions, the launches and other boats of the fleet, armed and manned, to the number of seventy-three. The batteries on the Isle d'Aix, mounting some twenty-five to thirty guns, were strongly garrisoned. So that it was into a veritable *feu d'enfer* an attacking force must necessarily plunge.

These preparations did not discourage Lord Cochrane, though he was too able an officer to under-estimate their extent or importance. He fixed on the night of the 11th for his attempt; and having stationed his own vessel, the *Impérieuse*, with four or five other frigates and four gun-brigs at the most suitable points for rendering support, he embarked on board the larger explosion-vessel at half-past eight, with Lieutenant Bissell and a boat's crew of four volunteers, and dropped down towards the boom. When sufficiently near, he ordered Lieu-

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tenant Bissell and the men to get into the boat, while he ignited the port-fires. The fuses had been timed to burn fifteen minutes, in order that the boat might get well out of the range of the grenades; but the boat had not left more than five minutes before the explosion took place, and its escape was almost miraculous. With a tremendous roar the vessel blew up, darkening the sky with clouds of sulphurous smoke, through which like broken lightnings flashed the rockets and grenades, descending in a deadly shower. A gap was torn in the boom, through which seven fire-ships entered one by one, and, enveloped in sheets of flame, rolled down towards the French fleet. The three frigates, at the first signal of danger, had got under way, but the line-of-battle ships were not so alert. Two of them were grappled by the blazing ships, and did not extricate themselves without severe loss. A terrible scene of confusion ensued. The darkness of the night added to the lurid effect of the floating masses of flame, while echo seemed deafened by the incessant flight of shells and rockets whizzing and rattling and whirring through the air. When day dawned, Lord Cochrane could see that all but two of the Frenchmen were ashore, and he signalled to the commander-in-chief, "Half the fleet can destroy the enemy," following this up, when it passed unnoticed, with, "The frigates alone can destroy the enemy." Lord Gambier, a brave and honourable man, but exceedingly cautious and afraid of responsibility, could not make up his mind to act on the signals of his impetuous lieutenant. There were shoals and sand-banks and hostile batteries, and if he got his fleet into the roads of Aix, he might not get it out without serious loss. After much hesitation, he weighed and made sail until within three miles of the Isle d'Aix; but there he brought up with most of his ships, allowing only three

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74-gun ships and the frigates to approach the scene of action. Resorting to the usual expedient of a nervous commander, he summoned a council of war, and the council decided, of course, in favour of doing nothing more, arguing that as the enemy had run aground, the object of the attack had been attained. But the enemy, encouraged by the inaction of the British fleet, were lightening their ships and making efforts to float them; and in these efforts would have been successful, if Cochrane, in his noble wrath, had not borne down alone upon the stranded ships, and shamed Gambier into sending the frigates and advanced men-of-war to his assistance. The result was the surrender of one 84-gun ship, two 74-gun ships, and one 50-gun ship, which was set on fire and destroyed, the loss of the British being only six men killed and twenty-six wounded.

There were still five sail of the line aground, but Cochrane could not get at them with his ships owing to their draught of water. At midnight an attempt was made against them with three transports hastily fitted up as fireships. The wind shifted, however, and the *brûlots* could not be used. Next morning found Cochrane still in the inner road, with a couple of frigates and the gun-brigs, but the line-of-battle ships and all the other frigates had taken their departure. Still he stuck to his post, not thinking his work well done while any of it remained undone, chafing sorely because the admiral would not permit him to follow up the grounded ships nor give him the assistance of the frigates. And there he remained until the 14th, when Lord Gambier settled the matter by peremptorily recalling him.

On his return to England, Lord Cochrane took his seat in Parliament, and when it was proposed to pass a vote of thanks to Lord Gambier and his lieutenants for the victory in the Basque Roads, he intimated his inten-

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tion of opposing the motion. The Admiralty then ordered a court-martial on Lord Gambier for neglecting or delaying to take measures for completing the destruction of the enemy, which his officer had partially accomplished (July 26, 1810). As might have been expected from the very vagueness of the charge, the nature of the evidence, and the well-known hostile feeling existing towards Lord Cochrane, Lord Gambier was acquitted, and from the day of his acquittal Lord Cochrane was "a crushed and ruined man." He had been guilty of the offence of too much zeal—an offence most heinous in the eyes of red-tape administrators and punctilious officials. As for the real merits of the question, it is probable that no one now-a-days accuses Gambier of any greater fault (a very serious one in a commander) than want of decision and incapacity for prompt and resolute action; but no one now-a-days doubts that, if Cochrane had been in his place, not a single French ship in the Basque Roads would have escaped destruction.

Thenceforward the *mot d'ordre* at the Admiralty was —no more employment for Captain Lord Cochrane. In Parliament, it must be confessed, he made himself very obnoxious to the authorities by his activity in ferreting out abuses, and by the frankness with which he enunciated political views of an "advanced" character. These authorities waited their time to punish and silence so inconvenient an opponent, and at length the opportunity came. They availed themselves of it with disgraceful eagerness, manipulating in secret the threads of one of the most shameful intrigues which ever blighted the reputation of a British officer. He had just been appointed to the command of the *Tonnant*, which was fitting out at Chatham for service on the North American station, when he was suddenly accused of complicity in a fraud upon the Stock Exchange. A man of the name

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of De Berenger, by assuming the scarlet uniform of an aide-de-camp and the style and title of Colonel Du Bourg, had obtained credence for forged dispatches from the allied armies containing intelligence of a great victory over Napoleon, and, assisted by some obscure individuals, had caused a rise in the funds, by which he and they expected to profit. The only circumstance connecting Lord Cochrane with the plot was that this De Berenger, on arriving in London, had gone straight to his Lordship's house. But Lord Cochrane showed that he had been recommended to him as a person skilled in pyrotechnics, and qualified to assist him in the minor preparations of a method of attacking forts or fleets in a peculiar and invisible manner which he had recently invented. On the 21st of February this man had called upon Lord Cochrane "in a sharpshooter dress," beseeching him to take him to America, and representing himself as involved in pecuniary distress. Believing his story, and imposed upon by the certificates which he produced, Lord Cochrane was induced to give him an old hat and a cast-off black coat, but he refused to employ him unless he first obtained the sanction of the Admiralty. This much Lord Cochrane candidly admitted, while indignantly repudiating the charge of association with the man's nefarious schemes. His enemies, however, forced on a trial, and he stood in the dock along with this impostor and his confederates, one of whom was his uncle, a Mr. Cochrane Johnstone—who, it is now known, was really the guilty party—on the 8th of June, before Lord Ellenborough, his bitter political opponent. The evidence adduced utterly failed to support a charge of complicity, but the judge summed up strongly and unfairly against him. He was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of £1000, to be imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and to stand in the pillory for one

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hour before the Royal Exchange. As Sir Francis Burdett, his colleague in the representation of Westminster, announced his resolve to stand in the pillory by Lord Cochrane's side, this last portion of the sentence —now universally admitted to have been an unjust one —was remitted. But his name was erased from the Navy List, and this brave and generous man of genius, who had so nobly fought his country's battles, was flung into a debtors' prison like a common malefactor. By a considerable majority—such was the strength of party prejudice—he was expelled from the House of Commons, but the burgesses of Westminster showed their conviction of his innocence by triumphantly re-electing him.

The penalty of £1000 Lord Cochrane paid with a bank-note of that amount—still preserved in the Bank of England—which he endorsed as follows :—

"My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice.

"COCHRANE.

"KING'S BENCH PRISON, *July* 3, 1815."

Nearly two years elapsed from the time of Lord Cochrane's release before an occasion arrived for the exercise of his great abilities. Chili and Peru had thrown off the yoke of Spain, and in the summer of 1817 the Government of Chili applied to him to undertake the organisation of a small naval force for the defence of its coasts against the Spanish fleets. The offer was a grateful one to a man of his adventurous temper and independent spirit—a man of too original a character to go well in harness, who could exercise his

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unquestionable gifts with full success only when perfectly free and unfettered. In November 1818 he arrived at Valparaiso, where he received the welcome due to his chivalrous career. The title of "Vice-Admiral of Chili, Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces of the Republic," was conferred upon him, and with a squadron of one 50-gun ship, one 56-gun ship, one 48-gun ship, and a frigate of 20 guns, he sailed to Callao, where a considerable quantity of Spanish shipping lay under the protection of the batteries. Lord Cochrane at once conceived the idea of cutting out a couple of frigates, and hoisting American colours on board his own flag-ship, the *O'Higgins*, 50 guns, and the *Lantaro*, 48 guns, he boldly sailed straight into the harbour, defying the incessant heavy discharges of upwards of two hundred guns. The *Lantaro* sheered off when her captain was wounded, and Cochrane continued to engage the enemy alone, capturing a gunboat and inflicting immense damage on the ships and batteries before he retired.

The *material* gain from this daring feat was small, but the *moral* impression it produced may be judged of from the fact that the Spaniards, discouraged and cowed, dismantled their ships of war, and could not be prevailed upon to face "El Diablo," as they nicknamed the English admiral.

Lord Cochrane's son, a boy of five years old, accompanied him on board the *O'Higgins*. When the firing began his father locked him for safety's sake in the after-cabin; but longing to see the fight, he contrived to steal out of the quarter-gallery window and join his father upon deck. He was allowed to remain, and, attired in a miniature midshipman's uniform, which the seamen had made for him, made himself useful by handing powder to the men at the guns.

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While he was thus engaged a round-shot struck off the head of a marine close by him and scattered the unfortunate man's brains in his face. Immediately recovering his self-possession, the boy ran up to his agonised parent, who concluded that he was killed, and exclaimed, "I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me. Jack says the bullet is not made that can kill mamma's boy!"

Three months were busily employed by Lord Cochrane in preparing for another attack upon the fleet at Callao, in which he intended to use his favourite *brûlots*. Meanwhile he captured several treasure-ships, which furnished the Chilian Government with a welcome addition to their resources, and by his swift movements along the coast prevented the Spanish war-ships in the different ports from putting to sea. It was not until September, however, that he was in a condition to renew his attack upon Callao. He sailed from Valparaiso on the 12th with the following squadron: the *O'Higgins*, 50 guns; *San Martin*, 56; *Lantaro*, 48; *Independencia*, 28; and *Puyrredon*, 14 guns. He was accompanied by two vessels to be fitted up as fireships, and was afterwards joined by the *Galvarino*, 18 guns, and the *Aracauno*, 16 guns. Five hundred soldiers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Charles and Major Miller, were embarked to serve as marines.

On the 30th Cochrane stood into the Bay of Callao, and hoisting a flag of truce, quixotically sent a boat ashore with a letter to the viceroy, challenging him to send out as many ships as he chose, and undertaking to fight them, ship for ship, and gun for gun. The reply was laconically negative. A couple of days were spent in putting together a mortar-raft and a rocket-raft, with which, on the night of the 2d of October, the attack was begun. The rockets, however, proved a sorry failure,

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and did more harm to their inventors than to the enemy; and an attempt with fireships on the 5th proved equally unsuccessful. The Spaniards were greatly frightened, but little hurt; and Cochrane, drawing off his men-of-war, sailed away to the northward. After a few weeks' cruise he sent some of his ships back to Valparaiso, while in the *O'Higgins*, accompanied by a schooner and a brig-of-war, he made sail for Valdivia, resolved on compensating himself for his failure before Callao.

It was on the 25th of January 1820 that he got under way with a light contrary wind; at night an absolute calm prevailed. The officer of the watch, on leaving the deck, gave the *O'Higgins* in charge to a midshipman, who, falling asleep, neglected to report when a breeze sprung up. So that, in passing the island of Quiriquina, the ship struck on the sharp ridge of a rock, and was suspended amidship on her keel. "She shook in a manner to produce the greatest alarm, for had the swell increased, she must have gone to pieces. Cochrane, preserving his customary *sang froid*, ordered out the kedges, superintended everything himself, and at length got the ship off. His skill and presence of mind on this occasion made a deep impression on all who beheld it. When the ship was out of danger, some of the officers suggested that she should be examined; a stern negative was the answer of the admiral, who, turning round to Miller, said, 'Well, major, Valdivia we must take; sooner than put back, it would be better that we all went to the bottom.' . . . 'Cool calculation,' he observed to Miller, 'would make it appear that the attempt to take Valdivia is madness. This is one reason why the Spaniards will hardly believe us in earnest, even when we commence; and you will see that a bold onset, and a little perseverance afterwards,

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will give a complete triumph; for operations unexpected by the enemy are, when well executed, almost certain to succeed, whatever may be the odds, and success will preserve the enterprise from the imputation of rashness.'" From which speech we may clearly see that, with all his knight-errantry, he was not wanting in the qualities of forethought and discretion.

His officers had imbibed his own adventurous spirit, and looked forward with eager delight to the daring enterprise he meditated. So resolute was he in its pursuit, that it was not until sunset on the 26th that he would receive the first report of "five feet water in the hold." At that time they were thirty miles from land, and the pumps were so much out of order that they could not be worked. At eight o'clock the water had risen to seven feet, and though lusty hands baled it out with buckets incessantly, it continued to gain, inundating the powder magazine, and rendering unserviceable the whole of the ammunition, excepting the cartridges in the soldiers' cartouch-boxes.

It needed a gallant and a chivalrous spirit to rise superior to this complication of misfortunes. The brig and schooner were out of sight. The sea rolled heavily, though the wind had sunk almost to a calm. Of the 600 men on board the frigate, not more than 160 could have escaped had they been compelled to take to the boats; and if these had reached the shore in safety, they would there have been encountered by the fierce Araucanians, the most savage of the South American populations. Many a face on board was pale with anxiety and apprehension, but Cochrane maintained his composure, and bringing his mechanical skill into requisition, he pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt-sleeves, and succeeded in repairing two of the pumps with his own hands before midnight. Encouraged by

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his example, the men set to work with a will, and in an hour or so succeeded in reducing the leak. Fortune thenceforth smiled kindly upon them; the schooner and the brig joined company, and next day (February 3d), the little squadron, hoisting Spanish colours, arrived off the mouth of Valdivia harbour, and coolly dropped anchor under the guns of Fort Yyngles, which commands it. At first the garrison showed no overt suspicion, but when the answers to the usual interrogatories proved unsatisfactory, and the launch of one of the ships broke loose, they raised an alarm; urgent messages were dispatched to the governor of Valdivia, and reinforcements drawn in from the neighbouring forts. Late in the afternoon they opened fire, killing a couple of men on board the brig; whereupon Cochrane ordered the troops to land and begin the attack. As only a couple of launches were available, the disembarkation was both difficult and dangerous, but the Chilians behaved well, and drew up in excellent order. A chosen band of patriots silently climbed the rocky ascent on the inland flank of the defences, while the main body, about 250 strong, advanced with enthusiastic shouts to take it in the rear. We need not describe the engagement that followed. All battles, whether on a large or a small scale, seem to us to present much the same general features—the rush, and the falling back, and the rally; the hand-to-hand combat, the musketry-fire from a distance, the steady advance on the one side, the retreat on the other, each accelerated or delayed by accidental circumstances. In the present instance, the Spaniards did not make a good fight; they were cowed by the superior valour of the Chilians, and, withdrawing rapidly, fell into confusion. The confusion soon became a rout; the Chilians pursued their enemies from point to point with ever-increasing ardour, so that when day

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dawned on the 4th, it saw them in possession of all the forts which line Valdivia's nobly spacious harbour on the western side. The schooner and brig then entered the harbour and summoned the forts on the eastern side; but the Spaniards made no attempt to hold them, and the Chilians found themselves without further opposition in possession of "the Gibraltar of South America." Never, perhaps, was a more arduous enterprise undertaken and accomplished by a mere handful of men, unless we except Clive's defence of Arcot.

The town of Valdivia was occupied on the 5th. A provisional government was established, and a garrison placed in the forts to maintain order. Then, laden with booty, Cochrane returned to Valparaiso, after making a descent on the island of Chiloe, in which some severe fighting took place without any tangible result.

The capture of Valdivia was a great gain to the Chilians, politically and materially; but their Government bestowed no reward on Lord Cochrane, his officers, or seamen, nor did they distribute among them the ample booty obtained by their genius and enterprise. Governments are seldom grateful, and certainly that of Chili was no exception to the rule. Payment of the seamen's wages was withheld, until Lord Cochrane threatened to resign; and some of the ministers, jealous of his fame and influence, intrigued among the captains of their little navy to disregard his orders. His firmness, however, prevailed over every difficulty, and on the 21st of August he sailed from Valparaiso at the head of an expedition destined to accomplish the liberation of Peru. On the 8th of September he landed General San Martin and a force of 5000 men at Pisco, whence they advanced to a position eastward of Lima. With this demonstration the general seemed content. Early in October news arrived that the province of Guayaquil

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had declared itself independent; and Cochrane, disgusted with the inaction of the troops, persuaded San Martin to re-embark them and sail for Callao. But on arriving off that port he refused to disembark there, and insisted on being conveyed to Ancon, a place farther north. Cochrane, therefore, dispatched three of his men-of-war to escort the transports thither, while with the remaining three he blockaded Callao.

"The inner harbour," says Basil Hall,* "was guarded by an extensive system of batteries, admirably constructed, and bearing the general name of the 'castle of Callao.' The merchant ships, as well as the men-of-war, consisting of the *Esmeralda*, a large 40-gun frigate, and two sloops-of-war, were moored under the guns of the castle, within a semicircle of fourteen gunboats, and a boom made of spars chained together.

"Lord Cochrane, having previously reconnoitred these formidable defences in person, undertook the desperate enterprise of cutting out the Spanish frigate, although she was known to be fully prepared for an attack. His Lordship (on the 5th of November) proceeded in fourteen boats, containing 240 men—all volunteers from the different ships of the squadron—in two divisions, one under the orders of Captain Crosbie, and the other under Captain Guise, both officers commanding the Chilian squadron.

"At midnight, the boats having forced their way across the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gunboat, and taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him with a pistol at his head the alternative of silence or death. No reply being made, the boats pushed on unobserved, and Lord Cochrane, mounting the *Esmeralda's* side, was the first

* Captain Basil Hall, "Journal Written on the Coast of Chili, 1820," &c., p. 71.

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to give the alarm. The sentinel on the gangway levelled his piece and fired, but was instantly cut down by the coxswain; and his Lordship, though wounded in the thigh, at the same moment stepped on the deck, the frigate being boarded with no less gallantry on the opposite side by Captain Guise, who met Lord Cochrane midway on the quarter-deck, as also Captain Crosbie, and the after-part of the ship was soon carried sword in hand. The Spaniards rallied on the forecastle, where they made a desperate resistance till overpowered by a fresh party of seamen and marines headed by Lord Cochrane. A gallant stand was again made on the main-deck, but before one o'clock the ship was captured, her cables cut, and she was steered triumphantly out of the harbour.

"This loss was a death-blow to the Spanish naval force in that quarter of the world; for although there were still two Spanish frigates and some smaller vessels in the Pacific, they never afterwards ventured to show themselves, but left Lord Cochrane undisputed master of the coast."

For two more years Lord Cochrane continued in the Chilian service. To the liberation of Peru from the Spanish yoke he contributed more largely than any other man, and Chili owed much of her prestige and early prosperity to his energetic services. But from neither Peru nor Chili, as represented by its Government, did he receive the recompense of justice, much less of generosity. From incessant and humiliating bickerings he was fortunately called away in the spring of 1823 by a summons from Brazil, which, following the example of Peru and Chili, had declared itself independent, and raised Don Pedro to the throne under the title of Constitutional Emperor of Brazil. Lord Cochrane was invited to take the command of the infant navy of the

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new empire, and joyously accepted the invitation, which appealed not only to his love of adventure, but to his sympathies with free peoples. Accompanied by a number of efficient officers and experienced sailors—as proud of their gallant leader as any feudal brotherhood of arms could have been of their Bayards or Du Guesclins—he arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 13th of March 1823, and, as admiral and commander-in-chief, took charge of a squadron consisting of a 64-gun ship, the *Pedro Primiero*, and two fine frigates, the *Maria da Gloria*, 32 guns, and the *Piranga*, 18 guns. Two or three other vessels were afterwards added.

On the 4th of April he sailed to encounter the Portuguese squadron off the coast of Bahia. It consisted of one line-of-battle ship, five frigates, five corvettes, a brig and schooner—a much superior force, to be sure; but Cochrane at once bore down to engage, and would doubtless have given a good account of his enemy had his frigates come to his support. But they paid no attention to his signals, and looked on as idly as if they were painted ships upon a painted ocean, the crews being thoroughly disaffected, and with difficulty prevented by their captains from deserting to the Portuguese flag. Cochrane proceeded, therefore, to Moro San Paulo, where he weeded out the most mutinous and disorderly, introduced a stricter discipline, and overhauled the imperfect equipment of his vessels. In July, after capturing several Portuguese traders, he had the audacity to pursue the whole Portuguese fleet in the *Pedro Primiero*—one to thirteen being odds quite congenial to Cochrane's temperament—dashing in at night among the smaller ships, cutting away their topmasts, disabling their rigging, throwing their arms overboard, and compelling the officers to give their parole not to serve against Brazil until regularly ex-

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changed. On the day following half-a-dozen transports were served in the same fashion. He durst not make prizes of them, because he could not man them, nor find accommodation for their crews as prisoners on board his own vessel. But a Brazilian war-ship joining him on the 6th, he then seized four of the troop-ships and sent them to Pernambuco.

On the 26th of July he appeared off Maranham, and by giving out his flag-ship as the precursor of a large squadron and of a fleet of transports filled with troops, terrified the Junta into immediate capitulation. A party of marines was landed to keep order; the fort was taken possession of, and Brazilian colours soon waved from its walls. With great apparent liberality, Cochrane allowed the Portuguese garrison their liberty, and hastened to find ships to carry them to Portugal, his secret anxiety being to get them off before they discovered that the squadron and the transports filled with troops existed nowhere save in his inventive brain. At last, indeed, the deception began to be suspected, and the Portuguese showed a manifest reluctance to take their departure; but this was overcome by Cochrane with his usual readiness. He brought the guns of the *Pedro* to bear on the crowded troop-ships, and threatened to sink them if they did not instantly fulfil the terms of capitulation. So they put to sea on the 20th of August; and thus, without military force or bloodshed, the seaport of Maranham and the province of Bahia (for the city of Bahia had already been evacuated) were added to the empire of Brazil.

Let the reader be assured that he is reading a sober chronicle of facts—a chapter of authentic history, and not, as might well be supposed, an episode of romance, conceived by a fertile imagination.

By Lord Cochrane's orders, Para was visited by

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Captain Grenfell, who using with good effect the fiction of the coming squadron and phantom transports, procured the surrender of the city and captured a couple of frigates and several merchant vessels. Having thus marvellously consolidated the new empire, giving it unity and stability, Cochrane returned to Rio de Janeiro on the 9th of November, after a six months' cruise, into which he had crowded exploits enough to furnish out respectably half-a-dozen ordinary careers. He was welcomed by the Emperor with effusive gratitude, created Marquis of Maranham, and decorated with the order of El Cruzeiro. And in these dozen words we sum up all the rewards grateful Brazil bestowed on the real author of her independence. He was cheated out of his share of prize-money; he was loaded with insults and obloquy by a bitter and determined faction, who thought themselves able to dispense with his services when all danger from Portugal was past, and hated him both as an Englishman and a Protestant, and all the more strenuously because he was honest, scrupulous, and faithful. The Emperor treated him with signal respect, and the National Assembly was profuse in grateful acknowledgments; but this faction was as powerful as it was determined, and at length succeeded in severing his connection with the Imperial Government (November 1825). Such was the end of Lord Cochrane's South American experiences.

A new field of action was immediately opened up to him, and another country struggling for independence solicited the services of this knight-errant of freedom. It was impossible but that such a man should feel a deep interest in the heroic stand which the classic country of Plato and Æschylus and Socrates was making against its Turkish oppressors; and now that he was released from his engagements to Brazil, he

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gladly accepted the invitation of the Greek Committee in London to form and command a fleet for employment in its service. That fleet in great part existed as yet on paper; but Cochrane, nowise discouraged, hastened to Paris, where he arrived in February 1827, and at once concerted measures for the liberation of Athens. The real obstacle with which he had to contend was the dissensions among the Greek leaders, who spent their time in recriminations and jealous intrigues. Replying to a deputation sent to welcome him, he said: "I was grieved from the first at seeing the bravest and most renowned military chiefs of Greece busying themselves about politics and the congress, and losing their time in disputing about the place of assembly, whilst the enemy is overrunning your country without the least opposition, while they hold three-fourths of the fortresses of Greece, and have surrounded its metropolis. Athens is in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The brave Fabvier, with a handful of heroes full of enthusiasm for independence, has advanced to the assistance of its generous defenders, whilst the chiefs of Greece are disputing about politics." And he advised them to read in full congress the first Philippic of Demosthenes, which, with the change of names and dates, would apply closely to the suicidal course they were pursuing.

His vigorous remonstrances repressed for a time their quarrels. Count Capo d'Istria was appointed President of Greece for seven years, and Lord Cochrane was named commander-in-chief of the Greek fleet, Miaulis, the Greek admiral, willingly accepting a subordinate position. The veteran patriot, moreover, exerted all his influence with the Hydriots to induce them to obey the famous English seaman. "As well as all the nation," he said, "I have long founded my hopes on the coming of this great man, whose preceding splendid deeds pro-

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mise our country a happy issue to the struggle she has so long and so arduously maintained. He has arrived; and I congratulate the Government and the nation upon it. The Greek fleet may justly expect everything from such a leader; and I am the first to declare myself ready to combat, and with all my might, under his command."

Unopposed, large Turkish reinforcements had arrived before Athens, and it became necessary to make the strongest possible effort for the deliverance of "the eye of Greece." The fleet under Lord Cochrane transported thither a numerous body of Hydriots and Spezziots; and by the 1st of May the flower of the Greek troops, to the number of ten thousand, were assembled before the walls of Athens. These men were not wanting in bravery, but they were wholly undisciplined, and General Church, their British commander, clearly saw that no reliance could be placed on their steadiness. On the 6th of May the army was landed at Cape Colino, and a battle ensued, in which the mistakes of the Greek officers and the irregular conduct and disorderliness of the rank and file gave the enemy every advantage. In two hours all was over. The killed and wounded of the Greeks exceeded 2500, the rest were dispersed like chaff before the wind, and took refuge among the mountains or in the neighbouring villages. Lord Cochrane, who had personally superintended the embarkation, saved himself by jumping into the sea and swimming to his ship.

General Church bravely endeavoured to maintain his fortified camp at the Phalerus, where he had collected three thousand troops; but discovering that some of the Greek officers, with unblushing venality, were selling his provisions to the enemy, he threw up his command and retired to Ægina. As for Lord Cochrane, he continued to keep the sea, generally with his single frigate,

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the *Hellas*, but sometimes with a few Greek vessels, whose captains, however, paid but a limited and desultory obedience to his orders. Alone, towards the end of May, he took his station off Navarino to watch Ibrahim Pasha and his Egyptian fleet; and, as the historian of the "Thirty Years' Peace" remarks, he had better have been alone when he proceeded to Alexandria to look after the fleet which was fitting out there. For when the Egyptians came out to offer battle, the Greeks, acting on Falstaff's principle that "discretion is the better part of valour," made all sail homewards. Lord Cochrane saw that with such materials nothing could be done, and, sorely disappointed, returned to England.

For thirty-five years Lord Cochrane had led a life of adventure—a life of incessant activity and almost continual warfare. But this period of his career had now terminated, and a strange contrast was presented to it by the peacefulness and the even tenor of the second and concluding part. Happily it was not darkened by the shadow of a foul calumny. In May 1832 the Earl of Dundonald (he had succeeded to the title in the preceding year on the death of his father) was restored to his rank in the British navy and all his honours, as a public and formal admission of the injustice that had been done to him by a prejudiced judge and a biassed or ignorant jury. In 1841 he was granted the good-service pension of £300 per annum, and in 1848 to 1851 served as commander-in-chief on the North American and West Indian stations. A further distinction awaited him in 1854, when the grey-haired veteran was made Rear-Admiral of England, with an additional pension of £342. In 1847 he was made a G.C.B. More grateful to his feelings was doubtless the restoration of his banner to its place in Henry the Seventh's Chapel by

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Garter King-at-Arms, along with his armorial shield, his helmet, crest, and sword—a symbolical and significant proclamation of his innocence of any offence against the purity and honour of knighthood.

We have dwelt thus briefly upon his later years because they were unmarked by any of those incidents which belong to the life adventurous; but the reader must be told that the gallant seaman's intellectual activity survived almost to the last. He had inherited much of his father's inventive ingenuity, and he devised several plans for the annihilation of hostile fleets which were investigated and favourably reported upon in 1847 by a select committee, but have never been adopted, because, it is supposed, they involve a destruction of life inconsistent with the rules of legitimate warfare. In these days of mitrailleuses and Gatling guns, such a degree of punctilio, however, seems quite out of place. In 1851 he published a work entitled "Notes on the Mineralogy, Government, and Condition of the British West India Islands." A most remarkable proof of his extraordinary mental vigour was the publication, on his eighty-third birthday, of his deeply-interesting "Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru, and Brazil from Spanish and Portuguese Domination."

Lord Dundonald died on the 31st of October 1860, and was interred in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, the 14th of November, in the presence of a brilliant concourse of naval and military officers of rank and distinguished civilians, who seized this last opportunity of doing honour to one of England's greatest naval heroes, "the first seaman of his class and the last seaman of his school"—a man who surpassed Nelson himself in the boldness of his conceptions, the fertility of his resources, and the skill of his combinations, while he equalled him in practical seamanship, in intrepidity, and in the strength

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and attraction of his personality. He was a man of generous character and quick temper; his sympathies were of the broadest, and his feelings were easily excited by any tale of wrong or suffering. Though of a daring and impetuous disposition, he never allowed it to overrule his calm, cool judgment; and his most audacious adventures were really the result of judgment and careful calculation. In him the old chivalry was happily combined with modern science; and it may be doubted whether, all things considered, our naval records bear any more illustrious name; for it must be remembered that his wonderful achievements were accomplished always with most inadequate means. Under happier circumstances what might he not have done? At the head of one of England's fleets, what successes might not have been his?

"A sea-king whose fit place had been by Blake,
Or our own Nelson, had he been but free
To follow glory's quest upon the sea,
Leading the conquered navies in his wake.

"A captain whom it had been ours to cheer
From conquest on to conquest, had our land
But set its wisest, worthiest in command,
Not such as hated all the good revere.

. . . .

"At last his fame stands fair, and, full of years,
He seeks that judgment which his wrongers all
Have sought before him; and above his pall
His flag, replaced at length, waves with his peers."

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NOTES.

A.

THE ACTION IN THE BASQUE ROADS.

It may be convenient to the reader to have before him Lord Cochrane's own account (as given in his "Autobiography of a Seaman," pp. 240 *et seq.*) of the incidents that followed close upon the anchoring of the British fleet in deep water, three miles and a half from Aix:—

"There was no mistaking the admiral's intention in again bringing the fleet to an anchor. Notwithstanding that the enemy had been four hours at our mercy, and to a considerable extent was still so, it was now evident that *no attack was intended*, and that every enemy's ship would be permitted to float away unmolested and unassailed. I frankly admit that this was too much to be endured. . . . The motive of Lord Gambier in bringing the ships to an anchor being beyond doubt, I made up my mind if possible to force him into action by attacking the enemy with the *Impérieuse*, whatever might be the consequence. It was, however, a step not to be taken without consideration, and for some time I hesitated to carry out this resolution, in the hope that a portion at least of the British fleet would again weigh and stand in.

"Noon passed. The *Océan* three-decker had now got afloat, and the group of four others on shore near her, seeing the British fleet anchor, proceeded with additional energy to heave off. From her position, the three-decker, lying as she did on the edge of the shoal nearest the deep water, ought to have been the easiest prize of the whole; for whilst she lay on her bilge close to the most accessible part of the channel, even a single gunboat might have so riddled her bottom as to have prevented her from floating off with the rising tide.

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"The surprise of the enemy at seeing the fleet anchor was probably greater than my own. Before that, they had been making great exertions to lighten and heave off, but no sooner had the fleet brought up, than, seeing the possibility of escape, they strained every nerve to hasten the operation. . . .

"In despair lest the ships still aground should also effect their escape, at 1 P.M. I ordered the anchor of the *Impérieuse* to be hove atrip, and thus we drifted stern foremost towards the enemy. I say 'drifted,' for I did not venture to make sail, lest the movement might be seen from the flagship, and a signal of recall should defeat my purpose of making an attack with the *Impérieuse*, the object of this being to *compel* the commander-in-chief to send vessels to our assistance, in which case I knew their captains would at once attack the ships which had not been allowed to heave off and escape.

"Had this means not been resorted to, *not a single enemy's ship would have been destroyed*, for all could have hove off almost without damage, and that to all appearance without the slightest attempt at molestation on the part of the British fleet. It was better to risk the frigate, or even my commission, than to suffer such a disgraceful termination to the expectations of the Admiralty after having driven ashore the enemy's fleet; and therefore we drifted by the wind and tide slowly past the fortifications on Isle d'Aix, about which the commander-in-chief had expressed so many fears. . . . But though they fired at us with every gun that could be brought to bear, the distance was too great to inflict damage.

"Proceeding thus till 1.30 P.M., and then suddenly making sail after the nearest of the enemy's vessels escaping, at 1.40 P.M. the signal was run up to the peak of the *Impérieuse*, '*Enemy superior to chasing ship, but inferior to the fleet.*' No attention being paid to this signal, at 1.45 P.M. I again signalled, '*In want of assistance*,' which was true enough, being in a single frigate close to several enemy's ships of the line. . . .

"After engaging the *Calcutta* for some time, and simultaneously firing into the sterns of the two grounded line-of-battle ships, we had at length the satisfaction of observing several ships sent to our assistance, viz., *Emerald*, *Unicorn*, *Indefatigable*, *Valiant*, *Revenge*, *Pallas*, and *Aigle*. On seeing this, the captain and crew of the *Calcutta* abandoned their vessel, of which the boats of the *Impérieuse* took possession before the vessels sent to our 'assistance' came down. . . .

"On the arrival of the two line-of-battle ships and the frigates,

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the *Impérieuse* hailed them to anchor, or they would run aground on the Palles shoal, on the very edge of which the *Impérieuse* had taken up her berth. They anchored immediately, and commenced firing on the *Calcutta*, *Aquilon*, and *Ville de Varsovie*. On this I signalled the *Revenge* and others to cease from firing, as the *Calcutta* had already struck to the *Impérieuse*, and we had at that time a boat's crew on board her.

"On this they desisted, and turned their fire wholly on the other two vessels. At 3.30 P.M. the *Impérieuse* ceased firing, the crew being thoroughly exhausted by fatigue, whilst I was so much so as to be almost unable to stand. My reason, however, for ordering the *Impérieuse* to cease firing was, that the ships sent to our assistance were more than sufficient to destroy the enemy which remained; and had they been sent in time—not to our 'assistance,' but for the more legitimate object of attacking the grounded ships—they would have been abundantly sufficient, had they not been recalled, to have destroyed all those that got away.

"At 5.30 P.M. the *Aquilon* and *Ville de Varsovie* struck.

"Shortly afterwards the *Calcutta* was set on fire, and in half an hour was burning furiously. At 6 P.M. the crew of the *Tonnerre*, which was not attacked, set fire to her, escaping in their boats. At 7 the *Tonnerre* blew up, and at 9 the *Calcutta* also, with an effect, from the large quantity of ammunition on board, almost equalling that of the explosion-vessels the night before. The *Calcutta* was the store-ship of the French fleet."

Lord Cochrane proceeds to describe the manner in which the ships sent to his "assistance" were recalled, and how a signal of recall for himself was also hoisted on board the flag-ship. To this he replied by another, "The enemy can be destroyed," of which no notice was taken. Soon afterwards he received a letter from Lord Gambier, saying, "You have done your part so admirably that I will not suffer you to tarnish it by *attempting impossibilities*." A British admiral ought never to admit that anything is impossible! "You must therefore join me with the bombs, &c., as I wish for some information," &c., &c. But a postscript contained a kind of afterthought, to the effect that three brigs and two rocket-vessels had been ordered to join him, with which, and the bomb, he might make an attempt "on the ships aground on the Palles or towards the Madame," though he (the admiral) did not think he would succeed. This postscript Lord Cochrane construed as giving him the chance of remaining, and therefore he replied: "MY LORD,—I

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have just had the honour to receive your Lordship's letter. We *can* destroy the ships that are on shore, which I hope your Lordship will approve of.—I have the honour, &c., COCHRANE."

But his Lordship did not approve, and early next morning again hoisted the signal of recall, to which Lord Cochrane responded with the interrogatory signal, "Shall we unmoor?" which he considered his Lordship would understand as a request to be permitted to resume the attack. Instead of the hoped-for permission Lord Gambier repeated the recall signal, and sent the following letter, which is certainly unique of its kind, and may well serve as an epilogue to the curious little drama we have attempted to sketch:—

"CALEDONIA, 13*th* (14*th April*).

"MY DEAR LORD,—It is necessary I should have some communication with you before I close my dispatches to the Admiralty. I have therefore ordered Captain Wolfe to relieve you in the services you are engaged in. I wish you to join me as soon as possible, that you may carry Sir Harry Neale to England, who will be charged with my dispatches, or you may return to carry on the service where you are. I expect two bombs to arrive every moment; they will be useful in it.—Yours, my dear Lord, most sincerely,

"GAMBIER.

"Capt. Lord Cochrane."

This is truly remarkable! Cochrane was ordered away from the attack to "convey Sir H. Neale to England," or "he might return to carry on the service where he was," and after being formally superseded in the service to which the Board of Admiralty had appointed him by a senior officer, whom he could not again supersede!

Commenting upon the narrative of his life, Lord Dundonald (in the preface to his "Autobiography") draws from it the following moral:—"That they who, in political matters, propose to themselves a strict and rigid adherence to the truth of their convictions, irrespective of personal consequences, must expect obloquy rather than reward; and that they who obstinately pursue their professional duty in the face of routine and official prejudice, may think themselves lucky if they escape persecution." But it is allowable for us to draw another moral, and one which, we think, will commend itself to most minds, namely, that an officer in active service will do well to refrain altogether from political action. In England politics are largely governed by party considerations, and it is not

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desirable that our fighting men, our admirals, or generals, or captains, should be partisans. This, as we know, was the opinion of the old sea-king, Robert Blake. "It is not for us," said he, "to mind affairs of state, but to keep foreigners from fooling us." Happy would it have been for Lord Cochrane if he had followed Blake's example.

B.

LORD COCHRANE'S TRIAL.

In his "Historic Sketches of Statesmen of the Reign of George III." Lord Brougham says: "I must be distinctly understood to deny the accuracy of the opinion which Lord Ellenborough appears to have formed in Lord Cochrane's case, and deeply to lament the verdict of guilty which the jury returned after three hours' consulting and hesitation. . . . Lord Ellenborough was equally to blame with his brethren in the Court of King's Bench for that most cruel and unjustifiable sentence, which at once secured Lord Cochrane's re-election for Westminster.

"In 1838, the Government of which I was a member restored this great warrior to his rank of admiral in our navy. The country, therefore, in the event of hostilities, would now have the inestimable benefit of his services, whom none perhaps ever equalled in heroic courage, and whose fertility of resources, military as well as naval, places him high among the very first of commanders. That his honours of knighthood, so gloriously won, should still be withholden, is a stain, *not upon him*, but upon the councils of his country." These honours, at a later period, were fully restored.

[AUTHORITIES.—*Autobiography of a Seaman*, by Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, London, 1872; *Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru, and Brazil*, by the same, London, 1860; W. James, *History of the British Navy*, 1826; J. Allen, *Life of the Earl of Dundonald.*]

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A HUNGARIAN DERVISH.

ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY.

THE hero of the following narrative of adventure was born in Hungary in 1832. From an early age, in spite of the inauspicious character of his surroundings, he devoted himself to the task of self-culture, with which he allowed neither poverty nor physical infirmity to interfere; so that in any new edition of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" his name ought to occupy a foremost place. At the age of twelve he had to provide for his own maintenance, yet he contrived to attend the lectures of the Gymnasium of St. George, and afterwards the classes of the University at Pressburg, displaying an extraordinary faculty for the acquisition of languages. But he was no book-worm; he loved action and life and movement, and passed his vacation in wandering over the Austrian territories, frequently indebted for food and shelter to the hospitality of generous strangers. At an early period of his studies the East began to exercise that fascination over him which it has had for so many men of genius. No doubt in his case it was strengthened by national sympathies; for the Hungarians do not forget their Oriental origin, nor their long political connection with the Turks. However this may be, he learned to look upon Con-

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ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

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stantinople as the gate through which alone he could hope to arrive at those hidden treasures which he believed the literature and countries of Asia would be found to contain; and thither he repaired, when, in August, he was expelled from Pesth for complicity in the revolution led by Kossuth and Klapka. It was an arduous journey, and he reached the Turkish capital without money, food, clothes, or friends. Happily a Hungarian refugee whom he accidentally met provided him with a lodging; he obtained an engagement as tutor in a Turkish family, and forced himself on the attention of the learned by the publication of a German-Turkish dictionary.

Strong in his mind, however, was the love of adventure and the thirst for travel; and his eyes were ever wistfully turned to those far Asiatic lands, then shrouded in a mist of legend and fable, which the labour of explorers and the march of Russian armies have now stripped of their mysteries, and brought within the boundaries of the familiar and commonplace. For that daring enterprise, on which his heart was set, he prepared himself by a close study of the language, religion, manners, customs, and characteristics of the most orthodox Muhammadans. Further, he frequented the Tekkes or cloisters inhabited by the Bokhariots, and in order to obtain a thorough knowledge of their language obtained the services of a teacher who was a native of Central Asia. He says: "Mollah Khalmurad, as my teacher was called, acquainted me with the customs and modes of thought of Central Asia. I used to hang passionately on his lips when he was relating stories about Bokhara and Samarcand, and told of the Oxus and Jaxartes; for he had travelled a great deal in his own country." Nothing was left undone which could in any way assist him in carrying out the scheme of

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travel which he had carefully elaborated, and in 1861 he took his departure from Constantinople.

Several months were occupied in travelling through Armenia, and of the country which he passed on his way from Trebizond to Teheran he has given a full and interesting description. He assumed the character of a Turkish effendi or official, which, from his intimate acquaintance with Turkish ways and habits and modes of thought, he was thoroughly well able to sustain; and while the disturbed condition of the roads rendered them almost impassable to peaceful traders or ordinary travellers, the respect with which he was personally treated showed that the Kurd and other marauders had at that time no wish to come into open collision with the Turkish Government.

We shall take up the story of his adventures from his arrival at Teheran, where he changed his part, and personated a dervish, as the best means of obtaining permission to attach himself to some caravan proceeding into the Khanates of Central Asia. In this he was successful. He visited Khiva and Bokhara, penetrated to Samarcand, and returned through Southern Afghanistan and Herat,—so admirably playing his part as a dervish, that he succeeded in deceiving, not only his companions, but all with whom he came in contact, from Khan to Hadji. It was a hazardous business, for the slightest suspicion would have led to discovery, and discovery meant death, or, at all events, captivity. But it enabled him to collect a mass of information which, under other circumstances, would have been inaccessible. We may note that Mr. W. G. Palgrave assumed a somewhat similar disguise in exploring Central and Eastern Arabia in 1862 and 1863; and that the late Professor Palmer, as the Sheikh Abdullah, accomplished a special mission in the Arabian Peninsula in 1882.

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Vámbéry appeared at Teheran in the character of a Turkish effendi. Reshid Effendi was the name he assumed; but from the cordial sympathy he showed towards all the dervishes who passed through the Persian capital, it was suspected that he himself was a dervish in disguise. Thus it happened that, on the 20th March 1863, he made the acquaintance of the Tartar chiefs of a small Hadji or pilgrims' caravan, who were on their way homeward to Khokand and Kashgar. Having gained their confidence, he informed them of his great desire to visit Turkestan,—not merely to see the only source of Islamite virtue that still remained undefiled, but to behold the saints of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand,—and he contrived to secure permission to accompany them. They frankly pointed out the danger and difficulty of the journey, as the route which circumstances compelled them to take struck across a waterless, sandy desert, infested by marauding nomads. For weeks they might not meet with any shelter or a drop of water to drink; they incurred, moreover, the risk of being killed or taken prisoners and sold into slavery, or of being buried alive under whirlwinds of sand. Vámbéry, however, made light of their apprehensions; he could endure fatigue, and he did not fear danger, and for all earthly comforts he felt a strong aversion. "I know," he said, "that this world on earth resembles an hotel, in which we merely take up our quarters for a few days, and whence we soon move away to make room for others, and I laugh at the Mussulmans of the present, who take heed not merely for the moment, but for ten years of outward existence." It was, therefore, settled that he should be their fellow-traveller.

Having shaved his head and assumed the Bokhariot costume, Vámbéry joined the caravan on the 28th of

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March, and started on his adventurous journey. His companions were three-and-twenty in number, their leader being one Hadji Bilal, from Aksu in Chinese Tartary. Conspicuous among them also were Hadji Sheikh Sultan Mahmoud, from Kashgar, a young and enthusiastic Tartar, who belonged to the family of a renowned saint; Hadji Salih Khulifed, an excellent man, and a member of a semi-religious order; and Hadji Abdul Kader the Medjzub, which means "impelled by the love of God." This man, whenever he had shouted two thousand times "Allah!" foamed at the mouth and fell into a state ecstatic (or epileptic). In great good-humour with one another these oddly assorted travellers advanced up the slopes of the Elburz mountains. "During the daytime," says Vámbéry, "it was tolerably warm, but it froze hard in the early morning hours, particularly in the mountainous districts. I could not endure the cold in my thin clothing on horseback, so I was forced to dismount to warm myself. I handed my horse over to one of the pedestrian pilgrims. He gave me his stick in exchange, and so I accompanied them a long way on foot, hearing the most animated descriptions of their homes; and when their enthusiasm had been sufficiently stimulated by reminiscences of the gardens of Mergolan, Namongan, and Khokand, they all began with one accord to sing a telkin (hymn), in which I myself took part by screaming out as loud as I was able, 'Allah, ya Allah!' Every such approximation to their sentiments and actions on my part was recounted by the young travellers to the older, to the great delight of the latter, who never ceased repeating 'Hadji Reshid (my name amongst my companions) is a genuine dervish; one can make anything out of him.'"

Through the mountainous defile of Mazmdean, the slopes and heights of which were bright with the green-

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ness and freshness of spring, the travellers passed into the woods which skirt the coast of the Caspian. Their first view of that famous sea was obtained from the hill of Karatepe, a village partly peopled by an Afghan colony, whose founders came hither, it is said, in the track of the last great Asiatic conqueror, Nadir Shah. They crossed its southern waters in a small one-masted boat without a deck on the 10th of April; and on the following evening, after a voyage made agreeablė by the mild sunny weather, arrived at Ashourada, which was then the southernmost point of the Russian possessions in Asia. After a brief rest, the voyage was continued to Gunnesh Tepé, where the Hadjis were hospitably received by Khandjan, a Turkoman chieftain, and Vámbéry rejoiced to know that he was beyond the range of Russian influence. For the Russian Government, then as now, evinced the greatest jealousy of any attempt at the exploration of Central Asia by European travellers; and Vámbéry felt assured that, if he had fallen into the hands of its officials, he would have fared but ill. The kindly hospitality accorded to him at Gunnesh Tepé was due in no small degree to a conviction on the part of the Turkomans that he had been dispatched by the Sultan on some anti-Russian mission to Khiva and Bokhara. And though this was not the case, Vámbéry, as a patriotic Hungarian, was not less anti-Russian than the most zealous Turkoman.

He remained for some days at Gunnesh Tepé,* and in his capacity of dervish was greatly trusted by the Turkomans, who consulted him on questions of health as well as of religion. He was able, under the conduct of a Turkoman *savant* named Kizil Akhond, to make

* The house in which he resided at Gunnesh Tepé was occupied, by the intrepid O'Donovan when he visited the Turkoman village on his way to Merv.

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an excursion to the Atabz, the tribe of the Yomuts dwelling farthest to the east, and the Göklen Turkomans, an excursion which afforded him an opportunity of seeing the remains of the great wall built by Alexander as a bulwark against the wild nomads of the wilderness. It can still be distinguished by its elevation of two or three feet above the surface of the surrounding earth. At intervals of a thousand paces it was strengthened by massive towers. There is a singular interest in gazing on the ruins of this memorial of the past, still bearing witness in the lonely desert to the genius and activity of the great Macedonian conqueror. The Turkoman legend relates that it was erected by the genii or djins at his command: Alexander being a very devout Mussulman, all subterranean spirits, whether they willed it or no, owed him allegiance.

Arrangements having been made with one Ilias, a Turkoman merchant of Khiva, to conduct them thither, the Hadjis, after a sojourn of three weeks, took their departure from Gunnesh Tepé, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction to Etrek. Here they had the good fortune to join the caravan led by the Kervanbashi of the Khan of Khiva, and, strong in numbers and in official protection, struck into the desert. In all, there were eighty camels and forty travellers, of whom twenty-six were Hadjis and without weapons, but the rest were Turkomans tolerably well armed. Their route lay to the north, across a wide sterile plain, where the chief vegetable growth was thorns and thistles. But at one point where they encamped the travellers discovered, to their intense delight, a number of carrots half a foot long, of the thickness of the thumb, and particularly well flavoured and sweet. The inner part, however, was as hard as wood, and was uneatable.

Westward of the mountain known as the Körentaghi

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lie the ruins of the Meshedi Misriyan. They consist of a kind of square keep and of two dome-shaped towers, enclosed by a couple of massive walls, the inner one of which is from six to eight feet broad, and from forty to fifty feet high; the outer one is lower, but in a state of complete dilapidation. From this ancient stronghold, which is probably of Greek origin, an aqueduct to supply it with water seems to have been carried as far as the Persian chain of mountains, a distance of 150 miles.

Near these ruins the caravan halted for the day (May 18th). Crowds of nomads quickly resorted to the encampment, and a brisk trade arose. The parties engaged in it resorted to Vámbéry to draw up in writing their cheques. He was surprised to find that the debtor, instead of handing over his signature as a security to his creditor, put it into his own pocket; and that this was the Turkoman method of settlement. When Vámbéry questioned the creditor respecting it, he answered, "What have I to do with the writing? The debtor must keep it by him as a reminder of his debt."

The march, which was resumed on the following day, began to assume great regularity. These halts, each of an hour or an hour and a half, were made daily; the first before sunrise, when they partook of their chief meal; the second at noon, to afford man and beast the luxury of a little repose from the scorching heat; and the third before sunset, to allow of a scanty supper of bread and water, the latter a precious commodity, every drop of which was jealously counted. The country across which they took their weary way was a dreary barren waste, producing only a few wretched plants and chequered with a network of fissures from the exposure of the hard clayey soil to the rays of the sun. It was a great relief to Vámbéry when, like a dark-blue cloud, the hill of the

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Little Balkan rose on the northern horizon. But at its foot extend many of those dangerous salt morasses, covered with a thick white crust, which are undistinguishable from the firm ground in the vicinity, because all is alike shining with layers of salt nearly an inch in thickness. The travellers advanced in this direction until the camels, finding no firm footing beneath them, halted in affright. Their riders descended hastily, and great was the alarm when they felt, although standing upon the earth, as if they were in a moving boat. The Kervanbashi shouted to them to remain where they were, as it would be impossible to extricate themselves until daybreak. The strong smell of soda was overpowering, but they were forced to possess their souls in patience until the morning dawned. It was not found easy to retire from this dangerous quagmire; but all thanked Heaven they had not moved farther forward, or they might have reached a place, said the Turkomans, where the earth had no consistence, and have been swallowed up as in a quicksand.

The Little Balkan (not, of course, to be confounded with the European Balkans), which they reached on the 20th, forms a mountain chain about 3000 feet high, almost uninterrupted over a length of twelve miles. Skirting its green side, the caravan came next evening to the foot of the promontory of the Great Balkan, a range of greater height and greater circumference. Crossing an eastern spur, they descended into what is known as the true desert, which is haunted by bands of predatory nomads, the terror of peaceful travellers. Vámbéry and his companions, however, had the good fortune to pass unmolested. Still, the desert-march was not without its terrors—the interminable hills of sand, the dreadful stillness of death, the yellowish-red hue of the sun at its rising and setting, the withering heat and

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aridity, the inexplicable feeling of depression, the intolerable thirst.

As they advanced the travellers felt more and more keenly the want of water; their sufferings were extreme. As for Vámbéry, he lost his appetite; he had not the slightest desire for even the smallest piece of bread; he felt like one who has been prostrated by a long and severe illness, and he lay down on the ground weary of life and content to die. All at once he perceived that his companions were pressing around the Kervanbashi; the words, "Water! water!" filled him with a new vigour. He sprang to his feet, and was overjoyed to find the Kervanbashi dealing out to each member of the caravan about two glasses of the precious fluid. He explained to Vámbéry that for years, in crossing the desert, he had been accustomed to keep concealed a considerable supply, in order that it might be available if any emergency arose.

Next morning, the 23d, the caravan halted at Koymat Ata. Its well, however, was dried up; no great loss, for the water, like that from all the other wells in the district, is disagreeably brackish. Unfortunately the heat, especially in the forenoon, was beyond endurance. The sun's rays often warm the sand to the depth of a foot, and the ground becomes so hot that even the wildest inhabitant of Central Africa, whose habits lead him to despise all covering for the feet, is forced to bind a piece of leather under his soles in the form of a sandal. "What wonder," says Vámbéry, "that yesterday's refreshing draught was forgotten, and that I saw myself again a prey to the most fearful torments of thirst!"

At noon the Kervanbashi informed them that they were close to the famous place of pilgrimage named Kahriman Ata, and that, in fulfilment of their pious duty, they must dismount and pass on foot to the saint's

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tomb. Let the reader imagine, if he can, our traveller's sufferings! Weak and enfeebled from heat and thirst, Vámbéry was compelled to dismount from his camel and join the procession of pilgrims to a tomb situated on an elevation about a mile distant, and there to shout forth telkin and passages from the Kúran like one possessed. "Oh, cruel saint!" he thought, "couldst thou not have got thyself interred elsewhere, and spared thy admirers the martyrdom of this pilgrimage?" Breathless and exhausted, he fell down before the tomb, which measured thirty feet in length, and was ornamented with rams' horns, the sign of supremacy in Central Asia. The Kervanbashi gravely informed the members of the caravan that the saint's stature, in his lifetime, was equal to the dimensions of his tomb, and that for countless years past he had defended the wells around from the attacks of evil spirits, which would fain have filled them up with stones. In the vicinity several much smaller graves could be seen, the last resting-places of unfortunate travellers who, in different parts of the desert, have perished from the attacks of robbers or the fury of the elements. Vámbéry heard with delight of wells under the protection of the saint, and rallying all his energies, hastened towards their supposed site. He soon caught sight of a well; it resembled a brown puddle. He filled his hands; it was as if he had laid hold of ice. He raised the moisture to his lips. Ah, what a terrible disappointment! Not a drop could he swallow—so bitter, so salt, so evil-smelling was the nauseous draught! His heart sank within him; he felt as if death would be welcome.

But the appearance of distinct traces of gazelles and wild asses revived his hopes and his energies; water could not be far distant; he would struggle on with his companions. Early next morning their anticipations

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were realised; a little lake of rain-water glittered before them. They reached it at noon; they drank and were satisfied, and hastened to fill their water-skins and vessels. Thenceforth, until their arrival at Khiva, they experienced no further want of water. Feeling like new men, refreshed and recruited and encouraged, they began the ascent, nearly 300 feet long, to the plateau Kaflankir (or "tiger-field"), which forms the beginning of the Khanat of Khiva. This plateau presents a truly extraordinary spectacle, for it seems to uplift itself like an island out of a sea of sand. A deep trench bounds it on the east, another on the north-east; these are described by the Turkomans as "old channels of the Oxus," and the Kaflankir is said to have been at one time an island, surrounded by the arms of the great river. Certain it is that the plateau differs from the rest of the desert in soil and vegetable life, as well as in the number of animals with which it abounds. Large herds of wild asses and gazelles are met with. Vámbéry relates that on the second day of their journey across the Kaflankir, they perceived about noon an immense cloud of dust rising toward the north. The Kervanbashi and the Turkomans looked to their arms; for as the moving mass approached, it seemed like a company of horsemen on the point of charging. They came nearer and nearer; when all of a sudden, at a distance of about fifty paces, they halted, and the dust clearing away, the pilgrims saw before them a compact and really well-ordered line of wild asses, which, after gazing intently at them for a few moments, wheeled round abruptly, and sped westward with arrow-like swiftness.

As they approached Khiva the vegetation grew more and more luxuriant and abundant. All around them spread fine meadows and rich pastures fresh with the bloom of spring; crystal brooks wound their way in the

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shade of leafy poplars; gardens smiled in the sun with the beauty of many flowers. The scene probably derived an additional charm from the vividness of its contrast to the sandy desert; but it was enchanting in itself, and might well inspire a poet's fancy or lend inspiration to an artist's pencil. For miles around Khiva, says Mr. Macgahan, who visited it ten years after Vámbéry, the country is enlivened with well-kept gardens, where flourish all kinds of fruit-trees, and with fields of waving corn. So, too, Colonel Burnaby speaks of it as very fair to see, with its leafy groves, its walled orchards, and its avenues of mulberry trees.

The houses and farmyards are enclosed by stout walls from fifteen to twenty feet high, solidly buttressed, and flanked by corner towers. The entrance is through an arched and covered gateway, closing with a massive timber gate. The farmhouse, a rectangular building from twenty-five to seventy-five yards square, is built of dried mud, worked into large blocks like granite, and measuring three or four feet square and as many thick. A little pool of water is always close at hand, shaded by three or four tall elms, while the enclosures are planted with elms and poplars.

Of the city itself Mr. Macgahan writes with a feeling of disappointment. The grand or magnificent he had not expected, but his dreams of this Oriental city, secluded far away in the heart of the desert, had pictured it as quaint and attractive, and this it was not. Through narrow, dirty, and crooked streets he advanced to the citadel. Entering by a heavy arched brick gateway, he came in sight of a great porcelain tower, shining brilliantly with purple and brown and green and blue. This tower, about one hundred and twenty-five feet high, measured about thirty feet in diameter at the base, tapering gradually towards the summit, where the

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diameter was reduced one half. It was covered all over with burnt tiles, arranged in a variety of broad stripes and figures, as well as with numerous verses of the Kúran. With the Khan's palace it forms one side of a great square, enclosed by the walls of the citadel.

Nothing in the palace is specially worth notice except the Khan's audience-chamber or great hall of state. Of this the reader may obtain a tolerably accurate idea if he will imagine to himself a kind of porch opening on an inner court, measuring about thirty feet high, twenty feet wide, and ten feet deep, and flanked on either side by a tower ornamented with blue and green tiles. The floor is raised six feet, and the roof supported by two curved, slender wooden pillars. The other rooms are mostly dark and ill ventilated. At the back of the hall of state is the Khan's treasury, a low vaulted chamber, the walls and ceilings of which are decorated with frescoes of vines and flowers, coloured on the most fantastic principles.

To this palace Vámbéry was summoned soon after his arrival in Khiva. His position was a precarious one, for if recognised as a European, death or slavery was probably the only alternative that would be offered to him. His safety depended wholly on his skilful maintenance of his assumed character, the Khan's hatred of foreigners being so intense that discovery meant ruin. It was therefore with some inward trepidation that he prepared to obey the royal summons. As a preliminary he paid his respects to the Mehter, a kind of minister of the home department. Going straight up to him with a grave countenance, he assumed at once the place of honour in the company belonging of right to the dervishes. He uttered the usual prayers, everybody present adding Amen with the usual stroking of the beard. Conversation between him and the Mehter then

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began, the latter facetiously remarking that even dervishes in Constantinople were well educated, and spoke Arabic. He proceeded to say that the Hazret (his Majesty)—and here the company rose from their seats—desired to see him, and would be glad to hear that he had brought with him a few lines from the Sultan or his ambassador in Teheran. Vámbéry sharply replied that his journey had no secular object, and that he wanted nothing from any one; but that for his personal security he carried with him a firman, bearing at the top the tugra (or Sultan's seal). He then handed to the Mehter his printed pass, which the Mehter kissed with profound respect and rubbed on his forehead before taking it to the Khan. Returning almost immediately, he bade Vámbéry step into the audience-chamber.

A curtain was rolled up, and before him on a dais, his left arm supported upon a round silk-velvet pillow, and his right hand holding a short golden sceptre, sat the Khan of Khiva, Seid Mohammed Khan, Padishahi Kharezm. According to the prescriptive ceremonial, the supposed dervish raised his hands, being imitated in the act by the Khan and all who were present, and recited a short sura from the Kúran, then two Allahumu Selea and a formal prayer, beginning with the words "Allahumu Rabbina," and concluding with a loud Amen and stroking of the beard. Whilst the Khan was engaged in the latter operation the company exclaimed, "Kabul bolgay!"—(May thy prayer be heard!) Vámbéry approached the sovereign, who extended his open hands after the mode of greeting prescribed by the Kúran; then he retired a few paces and the ceremonial was at an end.

The Khan questioned him closely respecting the object of his journey, and the impression made upon him by the desert, the Turkomans, and Khiva. Vámbéry

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cautiously explained that he had suffered much, but that he was amply repaid by the sight of the Hazret's *djemal* (beauty of his Majesty). "I thank Allah," he said, "that I have been allowed to partake of this high felicity, and in such a special favour of kismet (fate) I see a good omen for the rest of my journey." How long did he propose to stay? Was he provided with the necessary funds? Answer: he wished first to visit the Sunnite saints, whose bones reposed in the soil of the Khanat, and would then prepare for a farther advance. As for pecuniary means, dervishes did not trouble themselves with such trifles. The holy *nipo* (breath) which his Pir (chief of his order) had imparted to him for his journey could support him for four or five days without any nourishment. Finally, he had no other wish than that God would permit his Majesty to live a hundred and twenty years!

His words must have satisfied the Khan, for his Highness was pleased to order that he should be presented with twenty ducats and a stout ass. Remembering his assumed character, and sustaining it with admirable skill, Vámbéry declined the ducats on the ground that it was a sin for a dervish to keep money. He thanked him warmly, however, for the second part of his most gracious favour, but begged permission to remind him of the holy commandment which prescribed a *white* ass for pilgrimages, and entreated, therefore, that the promised animal might be of that colour. The Khan then expressed a hope that, at least while he remained at Khiva, he would accept from him of a couple of tenghe (about a franc and a half) for his daily board. Vámbéry returned thanks, bestowed on him his benediction, and withdrew.

"I hurried home," he says, "through the waving crowds in the forecourt and the bazaar, whilst all

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encountered me with the respectful 'Selam Aleïkum.' When I found myself again alone within the four walls of my cell, I drew a long breath, not a little pleased to find that the Khan, who in appearance was so fearfully dissolute, and who presents in every feature of his countenance the real picture of an enervated, imbecile, and savage tyrant, had behaved to me in a manner so unexceptionable; and that, so long as my time permitted, I could now traverse the Khanat in all directions unmolested. During the whole evening I had floating before me the picture of the Khan with his deep-set eyes, with his chin thinly covered with hair, his white lips, and trembling voice. 'What a happy fatality,' I repeated to myself, 'that gloomy superstition often imposes limits to the might and blood-thirstiness of such tyrants!'"

We borrow from various sources some particulars respecting the buildings of Khiva.* There are twenty-two médresses, or monasteries, and seventeen mosques, of which the most beautiful, as it is also the richest, is the mosque Palvan-Ata, which raises its tall dome to a height of sixty feet, shining with tiles of glaring green. The interior of the dome is very striking; it is covered, like the exterior, with tiles, but these are adorned with a beautiful blue tracery, interwoven with verses from the Kúran. In niches in the wall, protected by a lattice-work of copper, are the tombs of the Khans; and here, too, is buried Palvan, the patron-saint of the Khivans.

From the mosques let us turn to the bazaar, which is simply a street covered in, like the arcades in European cities. The roof consists of beams laid from wall to wall across the narrow thoroughfare, supporting planks laid close together and covered with earth. On entering, you

* Khiva was captured by the Russians on the 9th of June 1873, and the Khans of Khiva are now subject to the Czar.

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are welcomed by a pleasant compound odour of spices, by all kinds of agreeable savours, and by the confused sounds of men and animals. As soon as your eyes grow accustomed to the shade, they rest with delight on the rich ripe fruit spread everywhere around in tempting masses. To epicures in fruits Khiva would seem a paradise. Apricots, grapes, plums, peaches, melons—these are all of the finest quality and indescribably luscious. More solid fare is also forthcoming, such as pilaff of mutton, with hot wheaten cakes, to be washed down by copious draughts of stimulating green tea; after which, refreshed and invigorated, the visitor may proceed to make his purchases of boots, or tobacco, or khalats, cotton stuffs or silk stuffs, calicoes from Manchester, muslins from Glasgow, robes from Bokhara, or Russian sugar. This done, he can survey at his leisure the motley crowd that sweeps past him. The Ozbeg, with his high black sheepskin hat and long khalat, tall, well-formed, swarthy, with straight nose and regular features; the Kirghis, in coarse dirty-brown khalat, with broad, flat, stolid countenance; the Bokhariot merchant, with turban of white and robe of many colours; the Persian, with quick, ferret-like eyes, and nimble, cat-like motions; and the Yomud Turkoman, with almost black complexion, heavy brows, fierce black eyes, short, upturned nose, and thick lips—these pass before you like figures in a phantasmagoria.*

* Mr. Macgahan adds a description of the interior of an Ozbeg house. "There is little attempt," he says, "at luxury or taste in the house of even the richest; and in this respect the poorest seems almost on an equality with the most opulent. A few carpets on the floor, a few rugs and cushions round the wall, with shelves for earthenware and China porcelain, three or four heavy gloomy books, bound in leather or parchment, and some pots of jam and preserved fruit, generally make up the contents of the room. There are usually two or three apartments in the house different from the others in having arrangements for obtaining plenty of light. In these rooms you find the upper half of one of the walls completely wanting, with the overhanging branches of an elm projecting through the opening. The effect

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Late on a Monday afternoon Vámbéry and his fellow-travellers quitted Khiva *en route* for Bokhara—Bokhara "the noble"—Bokhara, "the treasury of the sciences," the headquarters of a fanatical Mussulman priesthood, whose religious hatred led, no doubt, to the murder of the British envoys, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, in 1843. By way of Godje and Khanka they struck forward to the Oxus (the modern Amu-Daria), which, swollen by the melted snows, rolled on its tawny waters with rapid course. They crossed it in a large ferryboat, a day being occupied in the transit of the asses and camels, and then kept on their way along the river-bank until they came to Tünüklii, where they turned in a north-easterly direction, and plunged into the sandy desert of Khalata Tchöli, or the Djan Batir-digan ("life-destroyer").

"A few stars," says Vámbéry, "began to gleam in the heavens when we reached the sandy desert. We maintained the stillness of death during our march, in order that we might escape the notice of the Turkomans, probably then in our vicinity. They might perhaps not see us on account of the darkness of the night, the moon not rising till later. We wished also that no sound might betray our position to them. On the soft ground the tread of the camels produced no echo. We feared, however, that some freak of braying might occur to our asses, for their voices would echo far and wide in the

is peculiar and striking, as well as pleasant. From the midst of this room—with mud walls and uneven floor, with the humidest household utensils, and perhaps a smoking fire—you get glimpses of the blue sky through the green leaves of the elm tree. A slightly projecting roof protects the room from rain; in cold weather, of course, it is abandoned. Two or three other rooms are devoted to the silkworms, the feeding and care of which form the special occupation of the women. The worms naturally receive a great deal of attention, for their cocoons pay a great part of the household expenses."

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still night. Towards midnight we reached a place where we were all obliged to dismount, as both asses and camels were sinking down to their knees in the fine sand. This, indeed, formed there an uninterrupted chain of little hills. In the cool night I could just manage to tramp on through this endless sand; but towards morning I felt my hand beginning to swell from continually resting upon my staff. I consequently placed my baggage on the ass, and took its place upon the camel.

"Let the reader picture to himself a sea of sand extending as far as eye can reach, on one side formed into high hills, like waves lashed into that position by the furious storm; on the other side, again, like the smooth waters of a still lake merely rippled by the west wind. Not a bird visible in the air, not a worm or beetle upon the earth; traces of nothing but departed life in the bleaching bones of man or beast that has perished, collected by every passer-by in a heap to serve to guide the march of future travellers!"

Parched with thirst—for their most careful efforts could not protect their scanty store of water from rapid evaporation through the intense heat—wearied and worn with the fatigue of journeying across the shifting, blinding, burning sand, and stricken into feebleness by the sun's pitiless rays, the caravan staggered onward, to encounter on the fifth day the scourge of the tebbad, or fever-wind, which is akin to the khamsin and simoom of other regions. The instinct of the camels divined its approach; with a loud cry they fell on their knees, stretched their long necks along the ground, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. The travellers lay down behind this living intrenchment, while the wind rushed over them, leaving them, in its passage, covered with a crust of sand two inches thick, the particles of which seemed to burn like a rain of flakes of fire. Happily, no fatal effects

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followed, and the caravan at length got clear of the dreaded khalata.

Crossing the swift Zerefshan, which is fordable, however, by camels and horses, Vámbéry and his companions, to their great joy, entered the city of Bokhara, famous for its mosques and its storks, at one time foremost among the great towns of Eastern and Central Asia, and still the place of a very considerable commerce, which is carried on by merchants from Cabul, China, India, Russia, and Turkey. Its population is estimated at 70,000; its circuit is upwards of eight miles; and it is surrounded by a wall of earth about twenty feet high, with twelve gates, which in many places has fallen into ruins. The bazaar presents to the stranger's eye one of the liveliest and most picturesque spectacles imaginable. The booths contain a singular variety of native products and of fancy goods and merchandise from all countries; but the chief interest lies in the motley crowd of vendors and buyers. Most of them bear the type of Iran, and wear the white or blue turban, the former being distinctive of the gentleman or Mollah, the latter of the merchant, handicraftsman, and slave. Next to the Persian element the Tartar predominates, passing through all its numerous types from the Ozbeg to the Kirghis. In the midst of the throng move the slow Indian and the ubiquitous Jew. Both wear a Polish cap to show that they are not Mussulmans, and a cord round their loins—the former, with his red mark on his forehead, and his yellow, repulsive face, seeming well adapted to play the part of a scarecrow in his native rice-fields; the latter, with his noble, handsome features and his splendid eye, might sit to any of our artists for a model of manly beauty. Prominent among the multitude is the Turkoman, commanding admiration by the superior fire and boldness of his glance and the dignity

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of his bearing, while the Afghans, with their long dirty skirts, and still dirtier hair, are but few in number. The wild Tartar, with his oblique eye and prominent chin, and the undressed horse-skins which form his ordinary attire, is sometimes to be seen actively bartering and chaffering for the bright-coloured yektey, or summer-dress, in which he hopes to win the favour of his Kirghis sweetheart.

Next to the bazaar, one of the most interesting sights in Bokhara is its public place of refreshment—we had almost written tea-gardens—Lebi Hanz Divanbeghi (bank of the reservoir of the Divanbeghi). It forms a tolerably perfect square, having in the centre a deep reservoir, 100 feet long by 80 feet broad; the sides are of square stones, with eight steps leading down to the water. Around the margin are a few fine elm trees, and in their shade the inevitable tea-booth, and the samovars (tea-urns), looking like so many colossal beer-casks. On three sides of the square, bread, fruit, confectionery, and meats, warm and cold, are exposed for sale on stands shaded by cane mats. On the fourth, that to the west, which is raised like a terrace, rises the mosque Mesdjidi Divanbeghi. Beneath the trees in front of it dervishes and meddah (public reciters) recount in prose and verse, and actors represent simultaneously, the heroic actions of famous warriors and prophets, these performances invariably attracting curious crowds of listeners and spectators.

Bokhara derives its water supply from the river of Samarcand, the Zerefshan, or "distributor of gold," which takes a north-easterly course. Its channel is lower than the city itself, and in summer is sometimes dried up, to the great misery of the inhabitants. The water flows for a distance of six miles through a canal, which, unfortunately, is not kept in a very cleanly

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condition. It is allowed to enter the city at the gate Dervaze Mezar once in intervals of from every eight to fourteen days, according as the height of the river may allow. To the population of Bokhara the appearance of the water, dirty as it is even when it first enters, is always a joyful occurrence, and men, women, and children precipitate themselves into the watercourses and reservoirs to make their ablutions; next come the horses, and the asses, and the cows; and lastly the dogs, after which all entrance is forbidden, and the water is left to settle, clear, and purify. It has, it is true, absorbed a thousand elements of filth and disease; but such is the attention paid by Bokhara the noble—Bokhara, the resort of thousands of Muhammadan students—to this indispensable necessary of health and life, and such is the way in which it observes one of the chief principles of the creed of Muhammad, "El nezafet min el iman,"—"Cleanliness is derived from religion,"—a corollary to our English maxim that "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Bokhara has been termed "the true support of Islam." If Mecca be the Jerusalem of Muhammadanism, Bokhara is its Rome, the centre of its ecclesiastical authority. It contains upwards of a hundred colleges—to which, from all parts, students resort to be instructed in Muhammadan dogmas—and at least an equal number of mosques. Among the latter stands, conspicuous by its dome, which is covered with enamelled tiles of an azure blue colour, the Mesdjidi Khelan, the largest and costliest. A lofty minaret is attached to it, from the summit of which condemned criminals are thrown.*

* Many interesting details respecting Bokhara will be found in the "Mission to Bokhara" by the Rev. Dr. Wolff, who undertook a journey thither to inquire into the fate of Messrs. Stoddart and Conolly (1845). See *post*.

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Vámbéry does not furnish us with a very flattering picture of the Bokhariot ecclesiastics, among whom, as among other priesthoods, religious formalism has become the cloak of religious indifference. He speaks in strong terms of their mendacity and hypocrisy. "How often," he says, "was I forced to witness one of the khalka (circle) which devotees form by squatting down close to each other in a ring, to devote themselves to the teved-jüh (contemplation), or, as the Western Muhammadans call it, the murakebe of the greatness of God, the glory of the Prophet, and the futility of our mortal existence! If you, a stranger, beheld these people with their immense turbans, and their arms hanging down folded upon their laps sitting in their cramped position, you could not help believing them to be beings of a purer, loftier nature, who seek to cast from them the burden of clay, and adopt the full spirit of the Arabian saying—

'The world is an abomination, and those who toil about it are dogs.'

Look only more attentively, and you will not fail to perceive that many have, from deep reflection, fallen into deeper slumber; and although they begin to snore like hounds after a hard day's hunting, beware how you breathe any reproach, or the Bokhariot will soon set you right with the observation, 'These men have made such progress, that even whilst they snore they are thinking of God and of immortality.' In Bokhara only the external form of the thing is required. Each city has its Reïs (or guardian of religion), who, with a cat-o'-four-tails in his hand, traverses the streets and public places, examines each passer-by in the principles of Islamism, and sends the ignorant, even if they be grey-bearded men of threescore years, for periods varying from eight to fourteen days to the boys' school; or he drives them into the

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mosques at the hour of prayer. But whether, in the former case, they learn anything in school, or go to sleep there—whether, in the latter, they pray in the mosque, or are thinking how their daily occupations have been cut short—all this is the affair of nobody whatever. The Government insists upon nothing but the external appearance; what lies within is known to God alone."

On starting from Bokhara for Samarcand, the caravan was reduced to two carts, one of which carried Vámbéry and Hadji Salih, and the other Hadji Bilal and his party. On the third day of their journey they reached the district of Kermineh. Every hour, and sometimes almost every half hour, they passed a small *bazarli djay* (market-place) containing several small inns and houses for the sale of provisions, where the gigantic samovar, or Russian tea-urn, was for ever "on the boil." In many places by the roadside were visible the square milestones, some entire, others broken, which owe their erection to Timour. The whole of the route from Bokhara to Kashgar is distinguished, we are told, by the marks of an ancient civilisation, which, with frequent intervals, may be traced far into China. The late Emir of Bokhara, anxious to be remembered, like Timour, for some notable work, has caused, at several points, small terraces or platforms to be raised for purposes of prayer—these serving, so to speak, as occasional or informal mosques, and constituting so many reminders to passers-by of their religious duties. Thus each age has accomplished its object, from its own point of view.

In due time the travellers arrived at the Kette Kurgan ("great fortress"), which is defended by a strong wall and deep fosse, and can boast of the best shoemakers in the whole Khanat. Thence they pushed

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forward to Daul, the last station before coming to Samarcand; and soon afterwards Vámbéry's eyes discerned, at the foot of Mount Chobanata, the ancient city, once the capital of Tamerlane's colossal empire, which has so rudely fallen from its high estate. It is distant about one hundred and twenty miles from Bokhara.

Viewing the city from Vámbéry's standpoint, we see to the east the high hill of Chobanata, in a small mausoleum on the summit of which rests the body of the patron saint of shepherds, from whom it takes its name. The city lies below, equal to Teheran in area, but not in populousness; its domes and minarets, as they glitter in the sunshine, composing an attractive spectacle. Specially conspicuous are four lofty edifices in the form of half-domes, which constitute the Medresse. As we advance we catch sight of the small, neat dome, and farther to the south of the larger and more imposing one, which crown, the former the tomb, and the latter the mosque of Timour. Facing us, on the south-westerly border of the city, on a hill, rises the Ark (*αρξ*) or citadel, round which clusters a motley group of mosques and tombs. Plant gardens in all the intervening spaces, and the picture of Samarcand is complete.

One of Vámbéry's earliest visits in this once famous city was made to the Ark or palace-citadel, which contains the Talari Timour or "reception hall of Timour." This is a long narrow court, with a covered pavement or cloister running round it. On the side that faces the visitor stands the celebrated köktash (or green stone) on which Timour caused his throne to be erected; thither flocked vassals from the farthest parts of the world to do him homage, and there were they arranged in stately show according to their rank, while in the central area sat three heralds, ready mounted, to convey

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the words of the conqueror of the world to the remotest ends of the earth. As the green stone is four feet and a half high, some prisoner of illustrious birth was always compelled to serve as a footstool. Fixed in the wall, to the right is a prominent oval piece of iron, like half a cocoa-nut, on which an inscription in Arabic is engraved in Kufish letters. It is reputed to have served one of the Khalifs as an amulet, and to have been brought from the treasury of the unhappy Sultan Bajazet (Bayazid Yildirin). High above the stone are written on the wall, in golden Divani letters, two firmans, one from Sultan Mahmoud, the other from Sultan Abdul Medjid. These were sent to Emir Said and Emir Nasrullah from Constantinople, and contained both the Rukhsati-Namaz (official license to use a certain special prayer) and the investiture in the functions of a Reïs, which, formerly, the Emirs showed much anxiety to receive, but they are now content to do homage at the Köktash.

To the south-west is situated the mighty monarch's monument; "a neat chapel, crowned with a splendid dome, and encircled by a wall; in the latter there is a high arched gate, and on both sides are two small domes, miniature representations of the large one." In the interior, under the central dome, are two tombs, placed lengthwise, with the head in the direction of Mecca; one of them contains the dust of Timour, the other of Mir Seid Berke, his teacher and spiritual chief. The tombs of his wives, grandsons, and great-grandsons are scattered all around. The walls of the chapel are decorated with lovely arabesques in gold and azure, conceived in a true artistic spirit, and beautifully executed.

Timour (or Tamurlane)* flourished from A.D. 1380 to

* That is, Timur Lenk, the lame Timour, so called in allusion to his lameness.

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A.D. 1405. From the numerous allusions to his exploits and career in our mediæval English poetry, it is clear that they produced a strong impression on the popular imagination.

His summer palace (Hazreti Shah Zaide) and his mosque are still preserved at Samarcand, where people speak of their great emperor as if the news of his death had only just reached them.

Vámbéry was preparing for his return westward when the Emir, after a victorious campaign, made a triumphal entry into Samarcand; one of those picturesque pageants which the Eastern peoples know so well how to arrange. First came 200 Serbuz, or regular soldiery, with leather accoutrements thrown over their Bokhariot dress. These were followed by long lines of soldiery with flaunting standards and sonorous kettledrums, to whose martial seeming the Emir and his functionaries, with snowy turbans and rainbow-coloured garments of silk, formed a vivid contrast. White staves or halberds were borne by the officers of the court in immediate attendance on their sovereign, and the rear was brought up by a motley crowd of Kiptchaks and other Turkomans, carrying bows and arrows and shields.

The day of the Emir's entry was kept as a national festival. Colossal kettles were brought forward in the public place for preparing the "princely pilow" (or pillaof), and in each the following ingredients were boiled together: a sack of rice, three sheep chopped to pieces, a huge pan of sheep's feet, and a small sack of carrots. Upon this steaming mixture, with copious draughts of tea, the Emir's subjects banqueted luxuriously.

Vámbéry was admitted to an audience of the Emir, who was somewhat suspicious of the strange dervish's errand in Samarcand. The Hungarian never lost his pre-

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sence of mind, and immediately on entering the royal presence recited a short sura, with the usual prayer for the welfare of the sovereign. After the amen, to which the Emir himself responded, he boldly strode forward, and without waiting for permission, took his seat close to the royal person. This was in entire keeping with his character as a dervish, and the proceeding, therefore, was evidently not displeasing to the Emir, who, looking him fixedly in the face, said—

"Hadji, thou comest, I hear, from Roum to visit the tombs of Baha-ed-din, and the saints of Turkestan."

Vámbéry replied with the hyperbolical compliments usual on those occasions—

"Yes, Takhsir (sire), but also to quicken myself by the contemplation of thy sacred beauty" (djemali mubarek).

"Strange! and thou hadst then no other motives in coming hither from so distant a land?"

"No, Takhsir (sire); it had always been my warmest desire to behold the noble Bokhara and the enchanting Samarcand, upon whose sacred soil, as was remarked by Sheikh Djetal, one should rather walk on one's head than on one's feet. But I have, besides, no other business in life, and have long been moving about everywhere as a dijangeshte" (world-pilgrim).

"What! thou, with thy lame foot, a djiangeshte? That is really astonishing."

"I would be thy victim" (a polite periphrase for "pardon me"). "Sire, thy glorious ancestor (peace be with him!) had certainly the same infirmity, and he was even Djchangir" (the conqueror of the world).

The Emir was well pleased with this reply, and began to put questions to his guest respecting his journey, and the opinions he had formed of Bokhara and Samarcand. His replies were so skilfully framed that the Emir was

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gracious enough, in dismissing him, to express a wish to see him in Bokhara, and to order him to be presented with a serpay (or complete dress) and thirty tenghe.

Nevertheless our traveller felt that it would be well for him to leave Samarcand without delay. Suspicions once roused are not easily lulled to sleep again in Bokhara; and the suspicions of an Oriental prince are apt to pass very suddenly into disagreeable action. He resolved therefore to begin his return journey at once, and proceed with all due haste to the farther bank of the Oxus, there to await the arrival of the caravan for Herat. He took leave of the Hadjis, who, for six months, had been such faithful friends and companions, and attaching himself to a small caravan from Khokand, set out for Karshi. They had to cross a breadth of desert for some eighteen miles, but it had none of the horrors of the sandy wilderness, and was provided, indeed, with numerous wells of tolerably good water. "These wells are for the most part deep, and have each near them a somewhat elevated reservoir of stone or wood, always in the form of a square, into which is thrown the water drawn from the wells for the use of cattle. As the buckets are small, and the shepherd would be soon tired by repeatedly using them, an ass, or more often a camel, is employed; the rope is attached to the saddle, and the animal draws up the bucket by walking a distance equal to the length of the cord. The appearance of these wells, of the drinking sheep, and the busy shepherd, has in the stillness of those evening hours something not unpoetic."

Karshi, at which Vámbéry arrived on the third day ot his journey, is the ancient Nakhsheb, and, both from population and commercial importance, the second city in the Khanat of Bokhara. It consists of the city proper and the citadel; has ten caravanserais and a busy

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bazaar; with about 25,000 inhabitants, chiefly Ozbegs, but including Jews, Afghans, Tajiks, and Indians. Its principal manufacture is that of different kinds of knives, which are exported not only to all parts of Central Asia, but to Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, where they realise three, and often four times the cost price. One kind, with Damascus blades and handles inlaid with gold and silver, is remarkable for its admirable workmanship, for durability, and temper.

Our traveller was much surprised but not less pleased to see in Karshi a public place of recreation not inferior to any in Bokhara or Samarcand, or even in Persia itself. With ostentatious humility it bears the name of "the beggar's house" (*Kalentorkhane*), but is really a very extensive garden, laid out in walks and beds of flowers along the river-bank, and from two o'clock in the afternoon until an hour after sunset frequented by the beaux and belles of Karshi, who patronise liberally the steaming somovars, and gather together in laughing and gossiping groups.

The next important stage was Kerki, a fortified town upon the Oxus, which is described as the key of Bokhara on the side of Herat. Its fortifications occupy both sides of the river. Thence Vámbéry made an excursion to Mezari Sherif, where it is said lies buried the great Muhammadan chief Ali, the mighty hero and companion of the Prophet; and to Balkh, the ancient Bactria, now reduced to a small and poverty-stricken town in the midst of shapeless ruins. The ancient Balkh was styled by Orientals "the mother of cities;" in the Middle Ages it was the capital of Islamite civilisation. Under a mud wall outside the modern town lie the remains of Moorcroft and Guthrie the explorers.

At Kerki our traveller joined the Herat caravan, which included nearly a hundred persons, with four

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hundred camels, one hundred and ninety asses, and a few horses. There were many in the caravan, we are told, besides the disguised Hungarian, who with so much courage and ability sustained the part of a Mussulman of triple sanctity, anxiously looking forward to their arrival on the southernmost frontiers of Central Asia. These were the emancipated slaves who had just been released from their thraldom among the Tekke Turkomans. Vámbéry relates some pathetic incidents in connection with their unfortunate history. He tells of an old man, a father, bowed down by the burden of his years, who had ransomed at Bokhara his son, a man of thirty, in order to restore a protector to his family, to his daughter-in-law a husband, to her children a father. The price was fifty ducats, and its payment had reduced the poor old man to beggary. "But better the beggar's staff," he said, "than my son in chains." They were bound for Khaf in Persia.

From the same place came another man, still hale and robust, but his hair grey with sorrow, for the Turkomans some eight years before had carried off his wife, sister, and six children. For a whole year he had wandered in search of them over Khiva and Bokhara, to discover at last that his wife, sister, and two youngest children had perished in slavery, and that of the four surviving children he could ransom only two—the sum demanded for the others, who had grown up, being beyond his means. There was also a young man from Herat who had ransomed his mother. And yet another case may be mentioned, that of an inhabitant of Tibbis, who had been captured eight years before, and after the lapse of two years ransomed by his father. But on their way home, when only three leagues from their birthplace, they were suddenly attacked by the Turkomans, taken prisoners, carried back to Bokhara, and again sold as

slaves. A second time released, they were returning in the hope of safety to their birthplace.

Proceeding in a south-westerly direction, the caravan soon reached Andkhuy, a town which was once prosperous and populous, but now lies in ruins. A Persian poet does not flatter it. "Andkhuy has bitter salt water," he says, "scorching sand, venomous flies, and even scorpions. Vaunt it not, for it is the picture of a real hell." From Andkhuy the next stage was to Mayonem, a city of great importance, situated half-way on the road from Bokhara to Herat, and the capital of a small Khanat, which, in spite of the intrigues and hostilities of the Afghans on the one side, and the Bokhariots on the other, was able, through the martial spirit of its population, to maintain its independence. Still pushing forward, the caravan crossed the river Murzab, and entered the country of the Djemshidi, a nomad race of Persian descent. Their route then lay through a mountainous country, where the loftier summits are covered with everlasting snows, and afterwards into a pleasant green valley, which opened upon the wide and fertile plain of Djölghei Herat.

Recent events have made Herat a household word on English lips, for though it may be an exaggeration to speak of it as the key of India, no one can doubt that its possession by an European power would constitute a permanent menace to the peace and security of our Indian empire. Its natural advantages are so great that the Orientals, with their customary picturesqueness of exaggeration, have styled it *Djennetsifat* (Paradise-like); the valley-plain in which it is situated enjoying a beautiful climate, while its fertile soil is abundantly watered by streams and canals; and orchards, vineyards, and gardens yield to their cultivators a liberal harvest. Owing to its strategetical importance it has been the object of frequent contentions between Persia and

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CARAVAN CROSSING THE MURZAB.

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Afghanistan, and as the former is not independent of Russian influence, it has of late been the policy of England to support its retention by the latter. Many politicians have urged on our Government the propriety of a distinct declaration that any movement of Russia upon Herat would be regarded by England as a *casus belli.*

As might be inferred from its position on the great commercial highways between Teheran and Cabul in the one direction, and Bokhara and Cabul in the other, it is habited by a curiously mixed population, and its bazaar affords a really interesting sample of Oriental life, a blending of the characteristics of India, Persia, and Central Asia. Here may be seen Afghans and Hindus, Jews, Persians, Tartars, and Turkomans. "The Afghan parades about either in his national costume, consisting of a long shirt, drawers, and dirty linen clothes, or in his military undress; and here his favourite garment is the red English coat, from which even in sleep he will not part. He throws it on over his shirt, whilst he sets on his head the picturesque Indo-Afghan turban. Others again, and these are the *beau monde*, are wont to assume a half-Persian costume. Weapons are borne by all. Rarely does any one, whether civil or military, enter the bazaar without his sword and shield. To be quite *à la mode* one must carry about one quite an arsenal, consisting of two pistols, a sword, poniard, handjar, gun, and shield. With the wild, martial-looking Afghan we can only compare the Turkoman-like Djemshidi. The wretchedly dressed Herati, the naked Hezure, the Teymari of the vicinity, are overlooked when the Afghan is present. He encounters around him nothing but abject humility; but never was ruler or conqueror so detested as is the Afghan by the Herati."

Vámbéry's position at Herat might well have over-

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come even his resolution and chivalrous courage. The vicissitudes of his long journey had exhausted his resources. He could not afford to pay for shelter or clothing, and at night he suffered greatly, sleeping in an open ruin on the bare earth. His great object was to reach Persia, and to reach it as quickly as possible. Hearing that a Persian envoy, who had been sent on a complimentary mission to the young Serdar of Herat, was preparing to return to Teheran, he begged permission to accompany him, but as he could make no presents his request was refused. He must have starved but for the fidelity of his companion, Mollah Ishak, who obtained, by begging, a daily supply of food and fuel. At last he resolved on soliciting assistance from the Serdar, Yakoob Khan, then a lad in his sixteenth year, and, accompanied by Mollah Ishak, he betook himself to the palace. The prince, in military uniform, was seated in the reception hall, attended by his Vizir, the keeper of the seal (Möhüvdur), numerous other officers, Mollahs, and Heratis, and four or five servants. Never forgetting his pretensions as a dervish, Vámbéry, on entering the royal presence, made the usual salutation, stepped right up to the prince and seated himself between him and the Vizir, after forcing the latter, a corpulent Afghan, to make room for him by a push with the foot, an action which occasioned some laughter. Vámbéry, preserving an unmoved countenance, raised his hands to repeat the usual prayer required by the law ("God our Lord, let us take a blessed place, for of a verity Thou art the best quartermaster"). Whilst he was thus engaged, the Prince looked him in the face, half rose in his chair, and pointing to him with his finger, exclaimed, half amused and half bewildered, "Vallahi, Billahi Schuma, Inghiliz hestid!" ("By Allah, I swear you are an Englishman!")

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The *dénouement* of this dramatic scene—as startling as any "surprise" conceived by playwright—we shall tell in Vámbéry's own words:—

"A ringing peal of laughter followed the sudden fancy of the young king's son, but he did not suffer it to divert him from his idea; he sprang down from his seat, placed himself right before me, and, clapping both his hands like a child who has made some lucky discovery, he called out, 'Hadji, tell me, you are an Englishman in tebdil (disguise), are you not?' His action was so naive that I was really sorry that I could not leave the boy in his illusion. I had cause to dread the wild fanaticism of the Afghans, and assuming a manner as if the jest had gone too far, I said, 'Sahib mekun' (have done); 'you know the saying, He who takes, even in sport, the believer for an unbeliever is himself an unbeliever. Give me rather something for my fatiha, that I may proceed farther on my journey.' My serious look, and the hadis which I recited, quite disconcerted the young man; he sat down half ashamed, and, excusing himself on the ground of the resemblance of my features, said that he had never seen a Hadji from Bokhara with such a physiognomy. I replied that I was not a Bokhariot, but a Stambuli; and when I showed him my Turkish passport, and spoke to him of his cousin, the son of Akbar Khan, who was in Mecca and Constantinople in 1860, and had met with a distinguished reception from the Sultan, his manner quite changed; my passport went the round of the company, and met with approbation. The Prince gave me some krans, and dismissed me with the order that I should often visit him during my stay, which I accordingly did."

The suspicions of princes are apt to become the convictions of their subjects, and Vámbéry, during his enforced sojourn in Herat, was put to much inconvenience

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by Persians, Afghans, and Herati, who persisted in detecting in him the Englishman. He was glad when the period of his residence drew to a close. On the 15th of November 1863 he joined the great caravan which was bound for Meshed. It numbered fully 2000 persons, who were grouped into various sections and subsections, Vámbéry being attached to a group consisting of Afghans from Candahar, with whose Djitodar he had made an agreement to hire a lightly-loaded mule on the understanding that he would pay for it liberally on his arrival at Meshed. But the pretension that at Meshed he would have funds available led to much doubt respecting the genuineness of his character as a Hadji; and, moreover, it was observed that the nearer he drew to Meshed the more boldly did he assume the upright and independent bearing of the European. On the twelfth day after their departure from Herat, the gilded dome of the mosque and tomb of Imam Riza glittering from afar announced that they were rapidly approaching the capital of Khorassan. "That first view," says Vámbéry, "threw me into a violent emotion, but I must admit not so great as I expected to have experienced on the occasion. Without seeking to exaggerate the dangers that had attended my undertaking, I may speak of this point as the date of my regeneration; and is it not singular that the reality of a liberation from a state of danger and restraint soon left me perfectly indifferent, and when we were near the gates of the city I forgot Turkomans, desert, tebbad, everything?"

The walls of Meshed enclose an area seven miles in circuit. The population numbers about 100,000, who are busily engaged in manufactures of woollen goods and metal wares, especially sword-blades, gold-work, and articles of jewellery. Meshed is the chief seat of the

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great sect of the Shiites, and therefore, in the eyes of orthodox Mussulmans, is second in importance only to Mecca.

At Meshed Vámbéry was hospitably entertained by Colonel Dolmage, an English officer in the Persian service. After due rest and refreshment, he set out on the 26th of December for Teheran, arriving there on the 20th of January 1864. The successful completion of his adventurous journey ensured him a hearty welsome at the English Embassy; and the Shah, Nasr-ed-din, who afterwards visited Europe and England, treated him with marked distinction. He quitted the Persian capital on the 28th of March on his way to Trebizond by Tabreez. Thence he proceeded to Constantinople, and by Küstendje to Pesth. He was unable, however, to make any long sojourn in his fatherland, as he was desirous of delivering an account of his expedition to the Royal Geographical Society, and he arrived in London on the 9th of June 1864.

Vámbéry was afterwards appointed Professor of Oriental languages at the University of Pesth. Besides numerous articles in our leading periodicals, chiefly devoted to the advance of Russia in Central Asia and the consequent menace to the security of British India, he has published "Wanderings and Adventures in Persia," 1867; "Sketches of Central Asia," 1868; "History of Bokhara from the Earliest Period down to the Present;" "Central Asia and the Anglo-Russian Frontier Question," 1874; and "Life and Adventures of Arminius Vámbéry," 1883–84. In the spring of the present year (1885) he has revisited England, and lectured in several large towns on the relations between England, Afghanistan, and Russia.

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THE MODERN "WANDERING JEW:"—

JOSEPH WOLFF.

WHEN, some twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, the hero—if any man may be called a hero who had in him nothing of the heroic, though he went through the most heroic adventures imaginable—the hero of this narrative published his autobiography, a critic of some authority pleasantly commented upon the singular "chances and changes," the wonderful contrasts and surprising scenes of which it furnished an unaffected record. Here, said the writer, we have the story of a Jew, a native of Franconia, the son of a German rabbi, "who, stumbling into a perception of Christianity in his childhood, pursued the faint and doubtful light which had shone upon him through years of youthful virtuous vagabondage, living and learning somehow, without any apparent means of doing either, among professed Protestants and genuine Catholics, among philosophers and infidels, monks and rabbis, not without glimpses of the greatest personages in Germany, till at length the lad found himself in Rome in the Propaganda, the idea of becoming a missionary having seized upon his youthful imagination." Next we find this unconscious thaumaturgist inclining towards Protestantism, which he finally accepted, studying at Cam-

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bridge, and marrying—he, the son of a German Jew—the daughter of an English Earl! Having thus received an introduction to the highest society, where his gifts of mind and manner made him many friends, he set out upon twenty years of missionary enterprise among the unknown races of the East, experiencing perils of every kind, and standing often on the brink of a premature grave, but always escaping by some felicitous combination of circumstances. Next he undertook a journey to Bokhara, in the hope of rescuing the two English officers, Connolly and Stoddart, but arrived too late, and with difficulty extricated himself from the clutches of a brutal and ignorant court. Lastly, returning to England, he completed the circle of his singular experiences by obtaining the living of Isle Brewers, in Somersetshire, where his old age was spent in the quiet performance of an English clergyman's duties. That this son of a German Jew should close his varied career as an English vicar is more wonderful even than that he should have married the daughter of an English Earl; and fully justified is our critic in pronouncing him "the most notable of wandering Jews." "He is not," it is true, "a heroic personage, but he is the most light-hearted and dauntless of adventurers, the most amusing of companions. Dipping at random into his stores, it is quite uncertain whether you may light upon a broad modern joke or a quaint Oriental legend of primeval antiquity. His peals of comfortable complacent laughter—the laughter of a man fully satisfied with himself and enjoying his own jests—are interrupted by wild chants of the desert and pathetic Hebrew lamentations, pealed forth in a voice that has made itself heard among the clamours of savage tribes and caused the halls of the Propaganda to ring again. . . . We know neither priest nor traveller of modern times worthy to compare with

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this son of Levi and the desert—this wandering cross-bearer—this grand dervish of Christendom."

I have resolved upon telling the story of Joseph Wolff as a remarkable example of the life adventurous, as a pregnant illustration of the truth of the hackneyed saying that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction," and because, let me add, it has a deeper and worthier interest as a record of much noble and devoted evangelistic effort.

Joseph Wolff was born of Jewish parents at Weilersbach, near Forcheim, in Franconia, in 1795. Soon after his birth his father removed to Halle in Saxony, and again, in 1802, to Ullfeld in Bavaria, where he was appointed rabbi of the Jewish community. The young Wolff displayed at this early age a quick and versatile intellect, listening with eager interest to the daily conversations in his father's house, where devout Hebrews assembled to discourse of the glories of their far-off Zion, and of the prospects of the restoration of their people. These were favourite themes with his father, who never wearied of predicting the prosperous future of his nation when "the true Messiah" should arrive, or of repeating the traditional tales of the great Mymonides and the holy Judah-Hasud. Sometimes he spoke of Jesus of Nazareth and of his friendly feeling towards his Jewish brethren. This narration made so deep an impression on the curious, excited boy, that he once asked his father who this Jesus was. "A man of the greatest talent," was the reply; "but because he pretended to be the Messiah the Jewish tribunal sentenced him to death." "Why, then," said the youthful inquirer—the wisdom of childhood shows itself in putting unanswerable questions—"why is Jerusalem destroyed, and why are we in captivity?" "Alas, alas!" replied his father,

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"because the Jews murdered the prophets." Suddenly the thought flashed upon the boy, "Perhaps Jesus was also a prophet, and the Jews killed him when he was innocent!" and it took such strong hold upon him, that whenever he passed a Christian church, he would stand outside and listen to the preaching, until his mind became filled with the ambition of being a great preacher like Mymonides and Judah-Hasud.

While he was occupied with these reflections, the rabbi's son made daily visits to the house of a neighbour, Spiess, the village barber-chirurgeon, where he was wont to repeat the Talmudic traditions gathered from his father, and to boast about the coming triumph of the chosen people; so that one day the old barber, wearied with his prattle, gravely said to him, "Dear boy, I will tell you who the real Messiah was: he was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, whom your ancestors crucified, as they crucified the prophets of old. Go home and read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and you will be convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." These words, we are told, entered like a flash of lightning into the boy's heart; conviction came to him suddenly; he believed and was dumb. Returning home, he read the 53d chapter of Isaiah in Hebrew, along with the Jewish-German translation, and then said to his father, "Dear father, tell me of whom does the prophet speak here?" His father gazed at him sternly, but made no reply; and not daring to repeat his question, young Wolff went into another room and wept. There he overheard his father say to his mother, who was also in tears, "God have mercy upon us! our son will not remain a Jew; he is continually walking about and thinking, which is not natural."

At this time he was seven years old. For four years longer his restless impatient spirit endured the narrow

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seclusion of his quiet home, with its musty atmosphere of tradition and conservatism; but when he had attained his eleventh year he broke his bonds, and, with the adventurous instinct of his race, went out into the world, friendless and penniless, in search of a religion, of learning, of a career. His first stage carried him no farther than Bamberg, where the young seeker after knowledge studied at the Gymnasium, and imbibed the doctrines of Catholicism from Professor Nepf. But the kinsman in whose house he had found shelter perceiving his swift declension (as it seemed to him) from the practice and creed of Judaism, drove him away with curses as an apostate, and young Wolff was compelled to resume his solitary, friendless pilgrimage.

He left Bamberg without saying a word, and without a farthing in his pocket, and travelled towards Würtzburg. On his way he fell in with a shepherd who proved to be a Roman Catholic, and he asked him to give him shelter for the night. The shepherd at once assented, and conducted him to his little cottage. He then asked Wolff of what religion he was. Wolff replied by giving him a short outline of his story, and after they had partaken of a frugal meal, the amiable shepherd knelt down with his family to pray the rosary.* But before he began the shepherd said, "Let us pray five Ave Marias and one Paternoster for the good of the soul of this poor Jew, that the Lord may guide him to His fold." They prayed five Ave Marias and one Paternoster, and in the morning, before Wolff left, the shepherd said to him, "Friend, you are in distress; allow me to share

* The rosary is a series of fifteen prayers or "mysteries" connected with our Lord's incarnation and passion, His death, resurrection, and ascension, and the assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary; these are interspersed with repetitions of the "Our Father," the "Hail, Mary," and the Doxology. These fifteen prayers are divided into three parts, and for ordinary devotions only one part (or five mysteries) is recited.

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with you what I have. I will give you a couple of florins, which will carry you well to Frankfort."

Wolff went to Frankfort, where he gained an austere livelihood by teaching Hebrew; thence to Halle, and his reputation for intellectual vivacity and scholarship so rapidly grew and extended, that, on reaching Weimar in 1811, Professor Falk, then Councillor of Legation, introduced the brilliant young Hebrew to Goethe, and for a while he basked in the radiance of the great German luminary, then at his meridian height.* Towards the end of 1812, when he was in his seventeenth year, he entered the University of Vienna, having previously been baptized into the Church of Rome at Prague.† As a student his fame increased, and he was honoured with the close and confidential friendship of Frederick

* "Here Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, and afterwards a great benefactor to the poor, the son of a wigmaker of Dantzig, but then Councillor of Legation at Weimar, and the intimate friend of Goethe and Schiller, took much interest in Wolff, and read with him the Latin classics and natural philosophy, and gave him to read his own 'Coriolanus' and 'Prometheus;' but Falk was at that time a complete Pantheist. When Wolff told him his design of becoming a Christian, and of treading in the footsteps of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, he said to him, 'Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice. Remain what you are, for if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew, but as a Christian you will never be celebrated, for there are plenty of other clever Christians in the world.' One day he was walking out with Falk, when a gentleman with a commanding and wonderful countenance came towards them. Wolff said to Falk, 'I am sure this is Goethe.' Falk said, 'How do you know that?' Wolff replied, 'I have read his "Egmont," and I judge from that. For only a man with such a countenance could have written "Egmont."' Goethe came towards Falk, and embraced him in a cordial German manner. Then Falk told Goethe, 'Now, imagine, this boy knew you from having read your "Egmont."' Goethe was flattered with this, and patted Wolff's head. Falk then told him, 'He wants to become a Christian, and a man like Francis Xavier; but I advise him to remain a Jew, in which case he will become a celebrated Jew.' Goethe said to Wolff, 'Young man, follow the bent of your own mind, and don't listen to what Falk says.'"—*Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff*, i. 16–17.

† On the 13th of September 1812, when he was christened Joseph.

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Schlegel the historian, Werner the poet, and Count von Stolberg, poet, translator, historian, and theologian. He made his way into the highest social circles of Vienna, which he sometimes delighted by his bright and clever conversation, sometimes shocked by the frankness of his opinions, and always fascinated by the irresistible charm of his gracious, light-hearted, genial, and self-confident manner.

Vienna at this period was much disturbed by the dissensions between the two great divisions of the Roman Catholic world — the New Catholics (so to speak), headed by Johannes Michael Sailer, the Fénélon of Germany, and the great Frederick Leopold, Count von Stolberg; and the Orthodox Catholics, whose leader was Clement Maria Hoffbauer, a popular but fanatical preacher. The former united strict doctrinal faithfulness and attachment to the Papal power with admiration for antiquity and the fathers, firm adherence to the dogmas of the Church, and belief in its miracles, with an unhesitating rejection of such innovations as "prayers to the saints," the immaculate conception, Papal infallibility, and the like. The latter were orthodox to bigotry, accepting every tradition and myth, every mediæval ultramontane formula, and professing the most extravagant Mariolatry. It was to the former of these parties that Wolff attached himself; but, as might be expected, his acquaintance with this inward dissension, seething and fomenting under a thin surface of external unity, sapped, slowly but surely, his belief in Catholicism. His faith in Christ, however, remained unshaken; and a perusal of the life of Francis Xavier inspired him with a fervent, and ultimately an irresistible, desire to become a missionary like the great Jesuit, and to preach in every part of the world where his Jewish brethren were scattered the gospel of Jesus and the resurrection.

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After a brief residence at Tubingen—since so famous in the history of Rationalism—Wolff visited Rome (1816). As a convert from Judaism, it was right and proper that he should be introduced to the Pope, the amiable Pius VII., who treated him with much affability, and seems to have been won, as almost everybody was, by his straightforward simplicity. The young Hebrew was so delighted with his reception that he forgot the etiquette and punctilious observances of the Papal court, and caressingly patted his Holiness on the shoulder, saying, "I love your Holiness; give me your blessing!" No doubt the attendants were deeply shocked by so irreverent a freedom, but the good Pope seems to have enjoyed it, gave the young man his blessing, and distinguished him by his special favour. He was installed in the Collegio Romano, and afterwards in the Propaganda, and unusual indulgence was extended to the daring neophyte, until at length his German heresies so offended against ecclesiastical decorum, that it was found necessary to expel him from the Papal territories. But this was all the harm that befell our free-spoken adventurer.*

Free-spoken, indeed! He had a perfect talent for

* We are bound to acknowledge that the Roman ecclesiastics behaved with much consideration towards the irrepressible young convert, who revelled in his amazing disregard of law and order. Being present at a lecture by Professor Pialti, who referred to the bulls of the Pope as the ultimate authority on all matters of faith and practice, Wolff exclaimed, *pleno ore*, "Do you believe in the infallibility of the Pope?" "Yes," said the professor. "Then I do not." Arguing, entreating, scolding, denunciating, all the members of the college crowded round the young blasphemer, and would have him unsay his sacrilegious words. A certain Bondie in his fierce indignation blurted out, "Bad and impious people seldom *do* believe the infallibility of the Pope; but if you want to stay at Rome, drive away these iniquitous thoughts, *scacciate questi pensieri cattivi*." Wolff, we are told, became furious, but afterwards confessed that he did not show the real spirit of Christianity in the opposition which he offered. Nay, he admitted that it argued a good deal of vanity in so young a man to stand forward as a reformer. He made haste to Cardinal Lilla, explained to him

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saying the wrong things—or perhaps we should rather say the right things—at the wrong times. He disputed with everybody; Protestants and Catholics, he drew his ready blade against both. This incessant contention he interrupted now and then in order to formulate his brilliant religious schemes, which he laid with great gravity before the Pope. Pius VII. smiled as he read them, but always soothed his excitable young convert with gracious messages. This life—in its way a life of adventure—Wolff delighted in; the stir and the movement and the surprises amused his fancy, the *éclat* tickled his vanity; for though a strong man in many respects, on this side of his character he was always weak. Every year the Propaganda held a kind of intellectual tournament, answering in some degree to the annual "speeches" or commemoration-days of our English colleges; and on these occasions what more conspicuous figure than that of Joseph Wolff? "He spoke in five languages, and chanted so that the hall rang,"—he tells us this himself,—"and all the auditors were in raptures and applauded him, and the Italian collegians of the different colleges present kept saying, 'Look at him; what tremendous eyes he makes! *Guardateli, Guardateli; gli occhi che fa!*' After the whole was over, the servants of the cardinals, together with their masters, clapped his back and said, '*Per Bacco! che voce! che occhi!*'" (By Bacchus! what a voice! what eyes!)

the circumstances of the dispute, and added that he did not believe the infallibility of the Pope. Nothing could be better than the cardinal's conduct. He showed, says Wolff, the meekness of an angel, and simply said, "My son, do not dispute, I beseech you, with these hot-headed young men; for if you dispute, I cannot protect you, and you will be persuaded of the Pope's infallibility when you hear the reasons."—*Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D., Vicar of Isle Brewers, &c.*, i. 75–76, 1860.

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"Wolff confesses frankly,"—he says in his autobiography,—"that his great enemies all through life have been vanity and ambition, cherished and encouraged alike by injudicious friends and covert foes. He owns, during his life in Rome, his vanity made him believe that he knew everything better than those by whom he was surrounded; and as people told him he was like Luther in outward appearance, he resolved, if possible, to be a Luther also in his stormy and wild career, while, at the same time, his insatiable ambition made him wish and aim at becoming Pope, as he once openly avowed in the college." One can fancy with what inextinguishable laughter the young collegians listened to his extravagances,—how they mocked at the would-be Hildebrand II., whom nothing less would satisfy than a new reformation of the Church, including the abolition of celibacy, of Mariolatry, and of the worship of saints! As we have said, his superiors found it necessary to remove him from Rome, but they did their spiriting gently. A tailor, a shoemaker, and a hatter waited upon him in his own room; with all possible speed he was converted externally into a layman; under an escort of five-and-twenty gens-d'armes was sent out of the Eternal City, and thence, in charge of a messenger of the Inquisition, conveyed to Vienna.

After wandering for some time among the German monasteries, he found his way into Switzerland, and thence into France; and meeting at Paris with Mr. Robert Haldane,* a friend of that remarkable man, the late Henry Drummond, crossed with him to England, where he was introduced to the seer of Albury. No doubt there was much in the brilliant Hebrew, with his fine eyes and voice, his fascination of manner, his

* Robert Haldane himself was no ordinary man; he founded the Haldanites, a dissenting party in the Scottish Church.

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lively fancy, his quick, keen intellect, his conversational gifts, his linguistic acquirements, and religious fervour, to commend him to a man so original, so versatile, so independent, and so sympathetic as Henry Drummond, who was at once the scholar and the saint, the shrewd politician and the dreamy mystic. I can easily understand the favour with which the splendid English patrician would regard this charming young Jew, a scion of the oldest aristocracy in the world. Wolff soon extended his circle of acquaintances. Among these were Charles Simeon, the leader of the Evangelicals, Dr. Marsh of Colchester, and Hawtrey, all of whom decided that he should go to Cambridge at the cost of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, in order to be trained for a missionary; that he should study theology under Simeon, and the Oriental languages under Dr. Samuel Lee. He laboured very strenuously at these studies, devoting to them fourteen hours daily, and earning the good opinion of the University authorities. But when it was near the end of his second year he received the following curtly emphatic letter from his patron :—

"MY DEAR WOLFF,—I am grieved to the very heart that you should allow yourself to be kept so long by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. What can you learn from them which you do not already know? Tell them that you must go out immediately, and if they don't send you, I will send you out at once. There is as much pride in the Church of England as there is in the Church of Rome."

To which Wolff replied :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—They want me to stay here a little longer that I may get more knowledge of the world.

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The Jews' Society for Promoting Christianity has been disappointed by every Jew they took up. One became a Muhammadan, another a thief, a third a pickpocket, and I am determined to remain here to show that there is a sincere Jew in the world. They want me to spend also a few months with Lewis Way, in order to get more knowledge of the world."

"You are almost as great an ass," rejoined Drummond, with characteristic terseness, "as my friends Lewis Way and Charles Simeon are. What knowledge of the world can you learn in Stansted Park? Knowledge of the world can only be gained in the world."

The upshot of it all was, that Wolff, though adopted as a missionary by the Society, was sent out at Henry Drummond's expense; and, full of life and enthusiasm, he embarked for Gibraltar on the 17th of April 1821, bent upon preaching the truth of Christ's religion to his brethren in whatever part of the world he might find them. He went forth in apostolic freedom and in the apostolic fashion, not designing to settle in any particular locality, but going from place to place, and bringing the breath of Christian life, like a pure fresh wind, into the mental apathy of the old creeds. He went forth like an ambassador, "an office comprehensible to all, propounding his message everywhere, and leaving that royal proclamation he carries to work its own way into the hearts of men." Thus it was that Francis Xavier did his work, and Francis Xavier was, as we know, the young Jew-missionary's great pattern and example.

We shall start with our hero from Alexandria.

To follow him in detail through every stage of his twenty years' wandering would, of course, be impossible in the space to which we are limited, nor is it necessary

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to our object. Enough for us to furnish a vivid idea of the nature of his experiences, and to afford some illustrations of his remarkable character, as, with all the simplicity in the world, he reveals it in his autobiographical pages. For this latter reason we quote the following passage:—

"While at Alexandria, Wolff"—he always speaks of himself in the third person—"performed divine service in the English language in the British Consulate, in the presence of all the English subjects, and he visited there also the Eastern Christians, giving away Bibles to all, without money and without price. He preached, moreover, to the Italians; but when Salt (the British Minister) rode out with him to show him the monuments of the Jewish cemetery, he found but little interest in them, never scarcely caring for anything except to see men of different races and characters. Indeed, he was six times in Cairo before he saw Pompey's Pillar, or took any notice of it. One day an old Polish Jew, seventy years of age at least, of a tall stature, and with a white head, called at the Consulate, bringing with him his Bible and the Commentary of Rabbi Solomon Isaac, and with him Wolff was really delighted. Nor can he forget to this day the impression which this man made upon him; for he was in appearance like Abraham of old times, and had left his country in order to spend the remainder of his days in Jerusalem, and there await the arrival of the Messiah."

Wolff tells a curious tale of Egyptian magic, confirmatory of incidents related by other travellers, though of late years the magicians seem to have died out,—vanquished, perhaps, by the rapid diffusion of Western ideas.

He, with other guests, was dining one day with Mr. Salt, when the host complained that he had lost a

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dozen silver spoons, a dozen forks, and a dozen knives. Caviglia, an Italian gentleman, who was a strong believer in the prowess of the native necromancers, advised him to send for one of them, and Salt laughingly consented. The magician came, with fiery sparkling eyes and long hair, and after hearing the particulars of the theft, said, "I shall come again to-morrow at noon, before which you must have procured either a woman with child or a boy seven years of age, either of whom will declare the thief." Next day Bokhti, the Swedish Consul-General, "a nasty atheist and infidel," brought a boy between whom and the magician he was sure no collusion could have taken place, for he had arrived from Leghorn only a week before, had not stirred out of his house, knew nobody, was known to nobody, and did not speak Arabic. As soon as all were assembled the magician entered, carrying a large pan, into which he poured some black fluid while he mumbled some unintelligible words. Then he said to the boy, "Stretch out your hands." He spoke in Arabic, and the boy did not understand him, but Wolff interpreted, and the boy accordingly extended his palm, into which the magician put some of the black colour, saying, "Do you see something?" "Vedo nienti" ("I see nothing"), said the boy coolly, shrugging his shoulders after the Italian fashion. Again the magician poured the coloured liquid into his hand and muttered a few words, a second time putting the question, "Do you see something?" and a second time receiving the answer, "I see nothing." The magician poured the colour into his hand a third time, and inquired, "Do you see something?" on which the boy suddenly exclaimed, and it made every one present turn pale and tremble at the knees, "Io vedo un uomo" ("I see a man"). The fourth time the stuff was poured into his hand the boy screamed out, "Io vedo

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un uomo con un capello" ("I see a man with a hat"); and in reply to a few more questions, he described the man so minutely as to render his identification easy. He proved to be one of Mr. Salt's servants, who was searched and found guilty.

In November Wolff paid a visit to the Sinaitic peninsula, and was hospitably entertained by the monks of that lonely monastery of St. Catherine, on Mount Horeb, of which Dean Stanley has given so charming an account. Attended by some Arab guides he ascended Mount Sinai, and the sacred height of St. Catherine, and the peak on the summit of which Moses communed with the Celestial Powers for forty days and forty nights. There, on the silent mountain top, Wolff read to his English companions in their own language, and to himself in Hebrew, and the Arabs in Arabic, the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy, "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak, and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." And in the 33d chapter, "The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; He shined forth from Mount Paran." And from that hallowed spot Wolff wrote to Henry Drummond, quoting this text, and adding, in parenthesis, "Where your friend Joseph Wolff now stands"*

Just as the party were leaving the Rock of Meribah, up came a Bedawin, who shouted to them, "You are my prisoners!" Wolff replied, "We shall go back to the monastery." "There is no monastery for you," yelled the Arab. "You are my prisoners!" Wolff interpreted the exclamation of the Arab to his friends; whereupon one of them, named Clarke, drew out a

* The Convent of St. Catherine is 5452 feet above the sea; Jebel Katerin (which Rüppel identifies with Mount Horeb), 8705 feet; and Jebel Mousa (now considered to be the real Mount Sinai), 7569 feet. Jebel Serbal (the Sinai of old tradition) is 6759 feet. This is the Sinai of Wolff.

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THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.

"Where your friend Joseph Wolff now stands."

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pistol to shoot the aggressor, but Wolff threw it away. The Arab put his fingers to his mouth and blew a loud, shrill whistle; in an instant, like the gathering of the clans in Scott's "Lady of the Lake,"* the three travellers were surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, who excitedly cursed both them and the monks. One of them wanted to shoot Mr. Clarke, but Wolff, calmly stepping forward, said, "Mind what you do; we are Englishmen!" and this checked their violence. After consulting with each other they said, "Now, you are come at a very happy moment, for those Greek monks are sons of the devil—sons of the wicked one, and dogs. They are in possession of the Book of Moses, and whenever there is no rain, if they would begin to pray out of this book rain would always come in abundance. But now we have had no rain for a considerable time, which is a great injury to our palm-trees; and we daily come to them and ask them to pray, but they are such scoundrels that they never want to pray. You must, therefore, mount your camels and we will go with you to the monastery, and call up to them, and ask them whether they will pray or not? If they pray and rain comes, then you

* "Lady of the Lake," canto v., st. 9:—

. . . "He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows:
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The braken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

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may go in peace and be with them again; but if not, you must stay with us till the day of judgment."

An amusing and a truly Oriental scene followed. On arriving near the monastery, one of their chiefs, Sheikh Hassan by name, called out, "Dogs! will you pray or not?" The monks called down in reply, "Children, we pray, but it is in the hands of God alone to bring rain or not."

Fierce was the indignation of the Arabs, who, wildly gesticulating, yelled out, "You dogs! you dogs!" They then conducted their prisoners to the Valley of Paran, and accommodated them in a tent in the Bedawin camp, where they were detained for a few days. Wolff justly notes it as a remarkable fact, that when he returned to Mount Sinai, after an interval of fifteen years, the very children who were not born at his first visit knew not only his name, but the names of his companions, so wonderful is the manner in which the minutest facts are handed down among these children of the desert from father to son. By exercising his powers of persuasion and diplomacy, Wolff succeeded in persuading his captors to escort him and his friends to Cairo, and thus the episode ended to the contentment of all concerned, the Arabs being duly rewarded for their trouble.

From Cairo we pass on to Jerusalem (March 1822), where the missionary held lively discussions with the mystic and mystified rabbis, diving deep into the legendary lore of the Talmud, always contending bravely in argument, and generally holding his own successfully, while he impressed even the most sceptical with a conviction that he was in earnest, this being the point on which the Jews are the most hard to be satisfied. Occasionally he came upon a secret believer, or at least a half-believing inquirer,—on men and women, in lonely and obscure places, rejoicing

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silently in the "broken lights" which had somehow survived through ages of "Cimmerian gloom,"—sparks of saving fire which many a poor, struggling soul had contrived to nurse and keep alive in spite of surrounding darkness. Christian though he was, Wolff cherished in his heart a profound sympathy with his race and nation, and accompanied the Sephardim and Ashkenazim Jews of Jerusalem to the western wall of the Temple, where he joined them in chanting a hymn for the restoration of the City of Zion. Afterwards he moved on to Aleppo, where he freely circulated copies of the Word of God in Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian, and gathered some interesting particulars of that singular woman Lady Hester Stanhope. Amongst others, that she had predicted the destruction of Aleppo and Antioch by an earthquake, to take place in that same year (1822). Leaving Aleppo for Latakia, he halted for the night at the village of Jascea. Its inhabitants, the ancient Anzairees, worshippers of the Syrian Alilash, came out and asked him why he would not accept the shelter of their houses; but knowing the Eastern villages to be much infested by vermin, he declined, on the plea that he preferred sleeping in the open air.

The Anzairees and Wolff then smoked the pipe of peace together, while a party of Bedawin, who had their tents pitched close by, sat silent around their fires. Presently Wolff took out his Bible, and began to read from it to the Anzairees, when suddenly he felt something move under him, as if a pocket-handkerchief had been drawn from beneath his seat. Immediately afterwards the earth moved all at once in a horizontal direction, accompanied by a howling and thundering like that of cannon. For the moment Wolff, always imaginative, believed "the howling to be that of the tormented spirits in hell itself." Everybody sprang

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to their feet, and lo! before their eyes the houses of the village toppled over, and a loud universal cry of terror arose. The Anzairees exclaimed, "Ya Lateef! Ya Lateef! Ya Lateef!" ("Beneficent God! Beneficent God!") The Arabs shouted, "Allah Akbar!" ("God is the greatest"). The Anzairees hastened to the spot where their houses not a minute before had stood erect, and came back crying, "Merciful God! our houses are gone; our wives, our children, our cattle are all gone!" By a strange coincidence Lady Hester Stanhope's prediction had been fulfilled. The first earthquake-wave lasted ten minutes, after which shocks occurred about every half hour, sometimes ten, twenty, thirty, or even eighty at a time.

It was afterwards ascertained that the whole of Aleppo, Antioch, Latakia, Humo, and Hama had been destroyed, and all the villages within a circuit of twenty miles; the loss of life was estimated at 60,000 men, women, and children, but this was doubtless an exaggeration. Wolff, who seems to have been calm and unmoved amidst all this chaos, proceeded to Latakia, where he joined the inhabitants outside the town, pale-faced and trembling; the streets were strewn with dead bodies. "Come," said Wolff, "let us kneel down and pray;" and he offered an Italian prayer, in the middle of which came another shock like the wreck of a ship, and they all leaped up exclaiming, "The day of judgment has come!" To increase the panic a magician appeared, and said, "This evening a deluge will come, and the whole world will be destroyed. All mankind shall again perish!" Wolff exclaimed, "Thou art a liar, for thou hast contradicted the Scriptures, which say that the earth shall never again be destroyed by water." A cavalcade arrived from Aleppo composed of Jews, Arabs, Turks, soldiers, women, and children, and amongst them

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a dervish, whose voice was heard from a distance singing—

"And thus, thus, O Aleppo, and thus, thus, Aleppo,
All thy beauty is gone!"

From this scene of war and wretchedness, after having rendered all the assistance in his power, Wolff went to Cyprus, and arrived there just after the massacre of the Christians of Nikosia by the Turks. He succeeded by his intercession in saving the lives of half-a-dozen of the survivors, and some of the orphan children he rescued and sent to England, where they found generous patrons and protectors. He afterwards travelled in Upper Egypt, preaching the gospel amongst the Coptic inhabitants of Thebes and Assouan, and made a second visit to Jerusalem, where he circulated the Word of God with unresting energy until checked by an attack of fever. Through this he was nursed by an English officer; and he remarks, with childlike faith, that it was always the case, without a single exception, whenever Wolff was in trouble, that a British officer was sent to him by God—so Wolff always considered—and many times he experienced the same aid.

In 1822 Wolff revisited Aleppo, which he found still uninhabited. He remained for two months, occupying himself in disputations with the Jews and preaching to the European Christians, and then set out on an expedition to Mesopotamia. At Orpha,* "the town of his father Abraham," he went to see the cave in which, according to tradition, the great Hebrew patriarch was born. There he was visited by several Jews, who addressed him as follows: "Blessed art thou, O Joseph Wolff, who comest in the name of the Lord! Hearing, we have heard that thou art a wise man, and we have a

* Edessa.

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proverb at Ur of the Chaldees, 'When two wise men meet together, they push with their horns like oxen;' let us therefore push." By this they meant to say that they desired to engage with him in argument, and for such a contention Wolff was always ready. "Prepare your horns," said he, "and push." Then for more than an hour they went at it, "pushing their horns" with a vengeance! For example, they told him that Vashti refused to appear before the court of Ahasuerus because, when she fain would have done so, a large tail grew out from behind her and disfigured her. And so it was that Esther became queen. Then said they to Wolff, "How have we pushed?" He replied, "Exactly like an ox," which they took to be a great compliment, and asked him to push in reply. "I am sorry," said Wolff, "that I cannot push, for I have no horns." But he read to them from the 1st Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, 1st chapter, verse 20 to end, and preached to them the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Wolff continued his journey, visiting Haran and Padan-aram. On the road to Mardun he was taken prisoner by some Kurds, who robbed him of everything, and bastinadoed him with two hundred strokes on the soles of his feet. But the undaunted missionary went gaily forward, preaching Jesus Christ at every opportunity, and awing the wild tribes of the desert by his serene indifference to life. We might follow him, if we had space, to Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, where he tarried and conversed with the Jews for a fortnight; to Arbela, where Alexander the Great won his first victory over Darius; to Lashta and Kantera, whence he directed his steps to Haroun al Raschid's own famous capital, the legend-haunted Baghdad. There he was generously entertained by some English officers, and healed of his wounds by an English surgeon. Next he ascended the

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Tigris to Bassora, and discovered a Jewish community, with whom he had much conversation about Christ. After visiting the Mandaye or Sabeans, he went on to Bushire, where, as he had done at Bassora, he established a school for the Christian education of children. We find him next at Shiraz, the ancient capital of Persia, renowned for its association with the great Persian poet Hafiz. He found the Hebrew community there in a most distressed and abject condition. A Persian Mussulman said to him, "First, every house at Shiraz with a low, narrow entrance is a Jew's house; secondly, every man with a dirty woollen or dirty camel's-hair turban is a Jew; thirdly, every coat much torn and mended about the back, with worn sleeves, is a Jew's coat; fourthly, every one picking up old broken glass is a Jew; fifthly, every one searching dirty robes and asking for old shoes and sandals is a Jew; sixthly, that house into which no quadruped but a goat will enter is a Jew's." The reader may imagine the feelings with which Wolff, both as a Jew and a Christian, saw the poverty and squalid wretchedness of these people.

Ispahan, Teheran, Tabreez—where he was introduced to the Persian Prince-regent, Abbas Mirza—Urumiyeh, Erivan, Tiflis, Nicolaif, Cherson, Taganrog, Kertch, Kaffa, Simpheropol, Odessa—such are the stages of Wolff's later journey, terminating at Constantinople in February 1826. In the Turkish capital he made the acquaintance of a great and a great little man—Sir Stafford Canning and Sir Hudson Lowe, the latter of whom was the governor of St. Helena during the imprisonment there of the Emperor Napoleon. Proceeding to Smyrna, he took ship for Dublin, where he arrived in the month of May. Thence he proceeded to London, where he was received with open arms by Henry Drummond, and was introduced to the mystic and enthusiast, Edward Irving.

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At the same time he made the acquaintance of Lady Georgiana Walpole, daughter of the Earl of Orford. Between the brilliant Christianised Hebrew and this accomplished daughter of a noble house a warm attachment sprang up, and developed and matured so rapidly, that in the following February she gave him her hand, and they were married, under the happiest possible auspices, by that holy man of God, Charles Simeon. To prove to all the world that he was actuated by no worldly motives, he voluntarily gave to her brother, the Earl of Orford, previous to the marriage, a written renunciation of all claims to a life-interest in her property in case of her death. After his marriage he was naturalised as an Englishman before both Houses of Parliament.

Accompanied by his wife, he resumed his wanderings, and, by way of Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Lisbon, proceeded to Malta, where he left Lady Georgiana Wolff, and came on alone to Smyrna, Athens, and the Ionian Islands. At Alexandria he was rejoined by his wife, and in May 1828 they embarked for Beïrut. After many adventures and some sorrows, they crossed the Syrian desert to Gaza, and thence proceeded to Jerusalem, where an attempt was made to poison the indefatigable missionary. The attempt failed, but Wolff felt the effects of the poison for a twelvemonth afterwards.

In July 1829 Wolff and his wife were at Cyprus, when the latter fell ill with the Cyprus fever. On her recovery they sailed for Alexandria. Wolff's vigorous missionary efforts in the famous Ptolemean city brought down upon him an order for his immediate departure. Leaving Lady Georgiana there with his friends, he went to Salonica, and thence to Rhodes, Mitylene, Lemnos—a real "Wandering Jew"—and on to Mount Athos, with its colony of monks, who are as arbitrarily averse to women's

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presence as the misogynistic saint in Thomas Moore's pretty ballad. Sailing from the "Holy Mountain" towards Kartalia, he met with one of his almost innumerable adventures. Early in the morning a pirate boat hove in sight, and immediately tacked in pursuit of Wolff's small bark. Wolff thought the better plan would be to remain on board, though as he sailed close inshore it was easy enough to land. But his men exclaimed, "If we all remain here they will put us to death, in order not to be discovered, for they are Skupoliot pirates, and will kill every one of us." Whereupon Wolff leaped out of the boat, and, with his Greek servant, ran off across the mountain—Wolff without shoes or stockings. Some of the boatmen also made their escape, and those left on board the pirates were afraid to kill, lest the affair should be made known by the fugitives.

For nearly thirty hours Wolff continued to wander about the mountain summit. His shirt was torn to pieces by thorns. The pirates fired both at him and his companion several times, and actually ascended the mountain; but Wolff and his servant having concealed themselves in some clefts of the rocks, were not discovered. The natives afterwards said that no one even of themselves had climbed to the parts of the mountain where Wolff had wandered; and the heat was so intense—there was not even a moist leaf to be found to quench his thirst—that he was reduced to the most dreadful extremities. At last he came down from the mountain, and happily found a spring, "on which he fell like a horse."

Soon afterwards he met with some Roumelian shepherds who were tending their flocks. They provided him and his companion with sour milk and bread, and he never before ate and drank so heartily. It was better, he says, than wine of Burgundy or champagne.

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Guided by them, he reached a little town called Shika, whence he proceeded to Salonica, passing through a forest which had been set on fire by robbers, so that he was forced to ride at full speed in order to escape the flames, and was almost stupefied by the smoke.

Arriving in due course at Malta, he was rejoined by his wife and son. They were hospitably accommodated by the Right Honourable Hookham Frere, wit and diplomatist, the translator of Aristophanes, and the friend of Canning. Wolff had set his heart upon going to Timbuktu, but Frere said to him, "If you go there, you will dwindle away into a simple traveller, and you ought to maintain your missionary character. And therefore I will point out to you on the map the road to Bokhara and Afghanistan, where you will find not only Jews, but traces of the ten lost tribes of Israel." Mr. Frere showed him the map, and Wolff shouted, "To Bokhara I will go!"

When he communicated his intention to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the committee replied that he must first come to England and receive fresh instructions. But Wolff did not want to be fettered by "instructions," and replied that he would certainly come back to London, but it would be by way of Bokhara, Afghanistan, and Calcutta; therefore he would undertake the journey at his own risk. Mr. Frere generously came to his assistance with a loan of £500, and having made arrangements for the comfort of his wife and child, and obtained letters of recommendation from the British Government, he started on his new adventure on the 31st December 1830.

From Constantinople he crossed into Asia Minor, and travelled rapidly forward to Tokat, where he visited the grave of that fervent young missionary, Henry Martyn. Thence he proceeded to Erzeroum, Tabreez, Bayazid,

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Khoy. Wolff never stops to describe the lands he traversed or the cities he visited; he seems to have had no eye for the glories of nature and no sympathy for the memorials of antiquity; all his interest was in men and their manners. At Astara he was cordially welcomed by the British ambassador, who procured him letters of introduction to the chiefs in Khorassan. At Teheran he fell in with some Afghan merchants, who spoke to him very plainly about the dangers of his projected journey. "They will kill you in Khorassan," was their cheerful conclusion, "because they cannot bear Christians; and if you should slip safely through Khorassan and arrive in Sarakhs, where there are 6000 tents of Turkomans, they will keep you in slavery; and if you even slip safely through Sarakhs and arrive at Merv, you will still be in the same danger; and if you should slip safely through Merv and arrive in Bokhara, you will either be kept there and never be allowed to leave, or killed, as they killed Morecroft, and Guthrie, and Trebeck six years ago, after Shah Hyder had received them with the greatest kindness, and after they had given him immense presents." They added, "You have physical impediments, because you are short-sighted, and do not see when robbers are coming."

And Wolff must confess (he says, with his usual naïveté and frank egotism) that he was the most unfit of travellers, because, as they justly observed, he was short-sighted, and also he was not able to ride upon a good horse, nor even upon a donkey; he could not swim at all; he could not cook his own victuals, nor sit, as the natives do, with crossed legs like tailors; and his habit of walking about in a pensive manner was always offensive to Easterns of every description, until they had found him out to be a dervish, who was absorbed in meditations on higher matters.

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Having hired four camels, which he loaded with Bibles for distribution on the journey, and engaged two Persian servants, whom he characterises as tremendous rogues, he joined a caravan bound for Khorassan. On the fourth day they were alarmed by the sudden appearance of a large company of Turkomans. To the surprise of all, they did not fire or make any attack, though they approached within a couple of yards of the travellers. Said the robbers, "Where do you come from?" Wolff replied, "From the land of Ajam" (that is, Persia). Shaking their heads, they said one to another, "There is danger, for the plague exists in Persia at this time." Gathering from these words that they were afraid of the plague, Wolff began to walk up to them, upon which they wheeled round immediately and galloped off at full speed. Rejoicing greatly, the caravan went on to Borstan, the government of which at that time was in the hands of Ismail Mirza, one of the sons of the king of Persia. Wolff, who had a letter of recommendation from his Majesty, waited upon the Prince. "I am your humble servant," said his courteous Highness. "Ask of me whatever you wish me to do for you, and I will do it."

Wolff replied that he desired nothing more than that his Highness should send him on to Bokhara in safety, either as a freeman or a slave, in order that he might be able to converse with the Jews there about Jesus Christ, and inquire into the truth of their idea that they were descendants of the ten lost tribes. He added, that, after accomplishing his mission in Bokhara, he would, in case he went there as a slave, write to the governor of Orenburg, in Siberia, and enclose a letter to the Foreign Secretary, sending him bills to obtain money to pay for his ransom in Bokhara.

The Prince rejoined, "There is no need why you

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should be sent on as a slave; I can send you on as a freeman, and you may carry as much gold on your head as you please. There is nobody will touch you, and you need not go with a caravan; one man is enough to conduct you safely into Bokhara. I require from you only this condition. I don't want money from you, but my father writes that you are a very great man in England. Therefore give me a writing in which you promise, in the name of the King of England, that after your safe arrival in Bokhara he will allow me a life pension yearly of 6000 tomauns" (equal to £3000).

At this modest request Wolff smiled and said, "I can give you a paper that his Majesty should settle on you 40,000 tomauns, but I doubt whether he will honour the bill!"

Thereupon he replied, "Then I fear your paper will be good for nothing."

Wolff answered, "So do I!"

"Then," exclaimed the Prince, "you may go to the devil!"

Not a whit disheartened, the indefatigable Wolff began making inquiries among the townspeople, and soon ascertained that there was another route to Bokhara by Burchund, Herat, and Samarcand, which, on account of the scarcity of water, was free from the predatory Turkomans. "In case you take that road," they said, "you must provide yourself with water for seven days in skins, and also with pomegranates, from which you may squeeze out a tumbler full of juice, and that juice, mixed with water and sugar, you will find a delicious draught to take when you are thirsty, and you must provide yourself with enough roasted chickens to last you seven days, and so you will be able to arrive on the seventh day at Burchund." A caravan of between forty and fifty persons was soon

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formed, and the adventurous missionary set out for the desert of Cayeu with his fellow-travellers and servants.

On the way a quarrel arose between two of the travellers, one saying to the other, "Thou stupid fellow, thou art ignorant of thy religion." "Ask me a question," replied the man thus aspersed, "and see if I cannot answer it." The other said, "Then tell me what was the name of the Prophet's daughter who married Ali?" No reply was made. Wolff, who had overheard the discussion, called out, "Fatima Khatoon" (Fatima the lady) "was her name."

The man who had challenged the other exclaimed, "See, now, this Christian dervish knows it, but thou dost not know!"

Wolff again interposed. "Now, I will ask you, who boast so much, some questions. Answer me! With whom did Muhammad travel, and to what place did he travel, when he was thirteen years of age? And who invited him to a sumptuous dinner?"

The man was wholly unable to reply. Then said Wolff, "He travelled with Abu Taleb, his uncle, and came near Bassora in Syria, on his way to Jerusalem; and it was by Bahurak the monk that he was invited with his party to a sumptuous dinner."

As Wolff concluded, a dervish rose from amidst the caravan, and approaching him, said, "Verily, Yousuff Wolff, thou art a dervish indeed! Untruth is not in thee!"

Whence it is plain that even in the desert of Cayeu flatterers flourish.

Wolff at once presented the complimentary dervish with a Bible, and began to speak about religion, which he always did on the slightest opportunity.

At Burchund Wolff was arrested on suspicion of being a Persian spy, and brought before the Ameer. The

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interview, as described by our much-travelling missionary, so brings out the prominent features of his character, its mixed simplicity and diplomatic artifice, and its genuine, earnest devoutness, that we cannot refrain from a quotation.

Wolff was at this time in his Persian dress, and carried a Bible under his arm, as was his universal custom in travelling. The Ameer first opened his mouth, and asked Wolff—

"Whence do you come?"

Wolff. "I am from England, and I am going to Bokhara."

Ameer. "What do you intend to do in Bokhara?"

Wolff. "I, having been a Jew, visit people of that nation all over the world, and wish to go to Bokhara in order to see whether the Jews there are of the ten tribes of Israel, and to speak to them about Jesus."

All in the audience-chamber exclaimed, "This man must be possessed of a devil!"

But a dervish of high repute who was present called out, "Silence! this man is not devil-possessed. I shall examine him." And he proceeded to question Wolff in the most extraordinary manner, asking him—

"Do you know Sir John Malcolm?"

Wolff. "Yes."

Dervish. "Do you know Sir Gore Ouseley?"

Wolff. "Yes."

Dervish. "Do you know Lord Hastings, Governor-General of India?"

Wolff. "Yes."

Dervish (more loudly). "Do you know the padri" (*i.e.*, missionaries) "of Calcutta, Serampore, Madras, and Bombay?"

Wolff. "Yes."

Then said the dervish, "Thou art a padre;" adding,

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with exultation at his own shrewdness, "Have I found you out?" Wolff answered, "Yes;" upon which the dervish turned to the Ameer and said, "Now, go on asking him questions and I will help you."

The Ameer resumed his interrogations:—

"How far is England from Bokhara?"

Wolff. "Seven thousand miles straight forward, going by sea to Constantinople, and from Constantinople by land to Bokhara; but, as I have come, it is upwards of fifteen thousand miles."

Ameer. "Why do you take such trouble? Why do you mind what they believe in Bokhara? Why not remain at home, eat and drink, and live comfortably in the circle of your family?"

Wolff (balancing himself from side to side, and speaking in a kind of singing tone, as is the custom of the dervishes). "Sadi says, 'The world, O brother, remaineth not to any one. Fix therefore your heart on the Creator of the world, and it is enough.' I have found out by the reading of this book (the Bible) that one can bind one's heart to God only by believing in Jesus; and, believing this, I am like one who walks in a beautiful garden, and smells the odour of the roses, and hears the warbling of the nightingales; and I do not like to be the only one so happy, and therefore I go about in the world for the purpose of inviting others to walk with me, arm-in-arm, in the same beautiful garden."

They all arose simultaneously and exclaimed, "A man of God! drunk with the love of God! A dervish indeed!" And they gave him a pipe and a bowl of tea, after which he distributed among those present upwards of forty Persian and Arabic Bibles. And being allowed to go free, he resumed his wanderings after a sojourn of fourteen days, and was captured at a place called Sangord by a company of Turkoman marauders, who

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stripped him naked, tied him with a long rope to a horse's tail, and caused him to be severely flogged. They then dragged him on to Torbud-Hydarcca, where they threw him into a dungeon; but eventually he obtained an audience of the great Khan, and was allowed to purchase his freedom.

We find him next at Meshed, "the holy city," preaching the gospel of Christ to both Jews and Muhammadans. In February 1832 he set out for Bokhara. At Sarakhs he found a number of Jews—wanderers from many lands—and ministered among them with his usual enthusiasm. Seven days' journey through the desert brought him to Merv or Mowr, the ancient Antiochia-Marochiana, in the kingdom of Khiva. Here he took up his abode in the tent of a Jew who regarded all religions with sceptical contempt, and whom he had to make a Jew before he could preach to him the gospel. He was a witness while at Merv of an interesting sight. The dervish Abd-Arrahman, who bore the title of "King of righteousness," in the same tent with a holy man, a Jewish dervish, Yussuf Talkhtoon by name (an Oola), who was sitting on the ground with his head on the earth. Surrounded by Jewish disciples, the pious twain were continually singing. First it was Yussuf Talkhtoon—

> "For Zion's sake I will not rest,
> I will not hold my peace."

To which his disciples responded—

> "For Zion's sake we will not rest,
> We will not hold our peace."

Wolff suddenly interrupted them by singing—

> "The Mighty shall build the city of Zion,
> And give her to thee.
> Then shall He raise from the dust the needy,
> And from the dunghill the poor."

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On hearing which they all rose and said—

> "Blessed art thou,
> Who comest in the name of the Lord!"

Till late in the night Wolff conversed with both Jews and Muhammadans on the gospel of Christ.

Crossing the frozen Oxus, Wolff arrived at Bokhara, of which, contrary to his usual custom, he gives a brief description. It contains, he says, above one hundred colleges, where rhetoric, poetry, and logic are taught, but the Kúran is the chief study. It is surrounded by deserts; but being watered by the little river Wafkan, forms a rich and fair oasis. It has all the fruits of Asia and Europe in perfection. It has eleven gates, and a circumference of fifteen English miles; and it has 360 mosques and twenty-two caravanserais. The population amounts to 180,000 souls, including Tatshicks, Nogays, Tatars, Afghans, Marwee, Osbegs, and about 15,000 Jews, who are, of course, distinguished from the rest by their clothing, their physiognomy, their trade, and all their pursuits. They are like an island in the midst of the surrounding ocean. They wear a small cap, and a girdle round the waist. They are dyers, silk traders, spies, and writers of charms for the Turkomans.

Wolff's residence in Bokhara was unmarked by any incident of special interest. Having obtained a passport from the Khan to enable him to go to Cabul, he set out on this second stage of his adventurous journey in April 1832, and in three or four days reached Balkh, which must once have been, he says, a mighty and most extensive city, like Rome itself, for one goes often for a whole day through a desert filled with ruinous houses, and then one comes again to one of the gates, whence one sees what were the dimensions of the city.

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A strangely romantic experience, truly Oriental in its character, befell him as he pushed on his way to Mozaur, which is distant about eight miles from Balkh. Crossing over a bridge, he encountered a fine-looking, tall Osbeg on horseback, who proved to be both hadji and mollah—pilgrim and priest—and was well acquainted with Arabic, in which language our traveller conversed with him. He offered Wolff and his party hospitality for the night, which offer they gratefully accepted, and Wolff and the Osbeg placed the palms of both their hands together and stroked their respective beards. "There!" said Wolff, "are we brothers now?" The Osbeg replied, "Yes, praise be to God." Then Wolff said, "I will not deceive a brother. I tell you, therefore, who I am. I am an Englishman. Will you protect me?" The Osbeg clasped his hands above his head in despair, and exclaimed, "So long as you are in my house none can touch you, but the moment you leave it, the governor, who is my cousin, will send after you and put you to death. Therefore you must promise to do what I tell you. You speak Arabic, so I will introduce you as an inhabitant of Mecca, and tell my cousin when he comes that you were once my host in Mecca, and then he will ask your blessing and depart." Wolff answered, "I shall do no such thing. All I order you," and he added, turning round to his followers, "and you also, is not to say one single word about me when he comes, but refer him to me, and I shall answer all his questions to his entire satisfaction, not hiding anything from him."

With this understanding the Osbeg took Wolff to his house. In the evening came the governor, as the Osbeg had said, and seeing Wolff, he came straight up to him and asked him, "Where do you come from?"

Wolff. "From Malta."

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Governor. "What town is Malta?"

Wolff. "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Ham had again a son, whose name was Canaan. Malta was peopled by the descendants of Canaan (because they are descendants of the Phœnicians).

Governor. "Whereabouts is Malta?"

Wolff. "The contrivances of men and their inventions for their convenience are wonderful, but every nation has its own ways. Here you have boats made of skins. At Malta are boats called steamboats" (Wolff used the English name, and of course the governor could not tell whether it was English or Chinese), "and these are dragged on by smoke, which makes a whirring sound" (here Wolff imitated the noise), "and entering such a boat, one reaches Stamboul from Malta in four days."

Governor. "Who rules in Malta?"

Wolff. "The name of the governor is Ponsonby Khan, son of Bessborough Khan, and his wife's name is Amalee Khatoon" (Emily the lady), "daughter of Bathurst Khan."

[Observe: Wolff pronounced these names in a broad Eastern way and *ore rotundo.* The reader will remember that his "fine voice" was the theme of admiration at the Roman Missionary College.]

Governor. "Where were you born?"

Wolff. "Here we must go to the Holy Book, the history of the world."

But here the governor's patience now showed signs of giving way, and exclaiming, "This man is too learned for me!" he rose to take his departure. He came back, however, and Wolff began to read from the 10th chapter of Genesis, 3d verse, "I was born in the land called Ashkenaz." Now Ashkenaz is the Hebrew name for Germany; this, however, Wolff did not think it necessary to

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explain to the governor, who was perfectly satisfied with the whole of the information, and gravely said, "Verily thou art full of truth, and there are no lies in thee."

The clever hoax was completely successful; but, obviously, it was somewhat hazardous, and to carry it out required undaunted courage, consummate ease of manner, and unfailing self-confidence,—qualities in which, as we have seen, Joseph Wolff was by no means deficient.

Steadfastly marching towards the Indian Caucasus, the range of the Hindu Koosh, he came one day into the most beautiful valley he had ever seen. It lay between two immense mountains, which rose like sloping walls on each side, and was enriched with the most exquisite verdure and flowers. Thence he entered the country of the Dooab, and fell into the hands of a fiercely fanatical tribe of Muhammadans, who threatened, unless he repeated the Muhammadan formula, "There is God, and nothing but God, and Muhammad the prophet of God," to sew him up in a dead donkey, burn him alive, and make sausages of him.

Said Wolff, "There is God, and nothing but God, and Jesus the Son of God."

They at once gave a signal, and all their moollahs assembled in a large cave hewn out of the rock. Wolff's Afghan guides, as well as his three servants, trembled with anguish, and said to him, "Say the creed, and the moment you are on your journey again you may just be what you were before." Said Wolff, "Leave me, and let me alone. I will manage them. All you have to do is to disperse, and leave me only with my three servants. Some of you go towards Amdoz, but don't go far." He then bade one of his servants bring him his writing materials, and sitting down calmly and unconcernedly, wrote as follows:—

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"MY DEAR LORD AND LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK,—The moment that you read this letter you must be aware that I am no longer in the land of the living—that I have been put to death. Give to my servants some hundred rupees for their journey, and write the whole account to my wife, Lady Georgiana.—Your affectionate

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

Into the hands of his servants he put this paper and said, "Now I will make one more attempt to save my life. If I succeed—well! If not, go on as far as Loodhiana, and the first redcoat you see, give it to him, and he will bring you to the Governor-General, and you will be rewarded. Now bring me my firman from the Sultan of Turkey." With the firman in his hand, he stalked into the cave where the moollahs were seated with the Kúran open before them, deciding that he must be put to death.

Said Wolff, "What answer is this? You cannot dare to put me to death. You will be putting a guest to death."

They replied, "So the Kúran decides."

Wolff. "That is a lie! The Kúran says, on the contrary, that a guest should be respected, even if he be an infidel; and here, see the great firman that I have received from the Khalif of the whole Muhammadan religion at Stamboul. You have no power to put me to death. You must send me to Muhammad Moorad Beyk at Kondoz. See you not how little I fear you? I have told the Afghans already that they should disperse, and probably some of them have before this set out for Kondoz."

On hearing the name of Muhammad Moorad Beyk they actually began to tremble, and asked Wolff, "Do you know him?" As Wolff could not reply in the affirmative, he simply said, "That you will have to find

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out." They rejoined, "Then you must purchase your blood with all you have." Wolff answered, "This will I do; for I am a dervish, and do not care for either money, clothes, or anything."

And thus Wolff had to give up all he had. Naked, like Adam and Eve, and without even an apron of leaves with which to cover his shame, he continued his journey; and as soon as he was out of sight of the aggressors he witnessed an incident which he never thought to have seen among Muhammadans. All his Afghan companions knelt down, and one of them, holding the palm of his hand upwards to him, offered the following extempore prayer:—

"O God! O God!
Thanks be to Thy name
That Thou hast saved this stranger
Out of the lion's den.
Thanks, thanks, thanks
Be to Thy holy name.
Bring him safely back
Unto his country,
Unto his family.
Amen!"

With the snowdrifts beating in his face, and cold winds smiting his naked limbs, and his feet benumbed by contact with the frozen ground, Wolff accomplished the journey—some six hundred miles—to Cabul, and here Lieutenant (afterwards Sir) Alexander Burnes received him cordially and provided him with clothing. He was presented to the Ameer, Dost Mohammad Khan, and to his son, the unfortunate Shah Sujah, and, enjoying a splendid hospitality, remained in the Afghan capital for thirty days. He went on to Peshawur, where he saw a certain truculent villain named Abdul Samut Khan, whom we shall meet hereafter; traversed the Khyber Pass, crossed the Indus, visited General Avita-

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bile, the French adventurer, at Wazurabad, and Runjeet Singh, "the lion of the Punjab," at Umritsir. With Runjeet he had a remarkable conversation, and he loaded the adventurous missionary with handsome presents. At length he descended like a conqueror on the startled society of Simla, where he was made much of by Lord and Lady William Bentinck, and preached, and prayed, and talked, relating anecdotes and cracking jokes, taking good-temperedly the jests of which he was the frequent victim, and generally contriving to turn the laughter against his assailant, and in all things comporting himself like the fresh, genial, vain, enthusiastic, clever, and simple fellow which Joseph Wolff really was. An excursion into Cashmere was for our ubiquitous traveller a pleasant little pastime, which enabled him to pay his respects to the Maharajah, Shere Singh. Thence he recrossed the frontiers of British India proper, went on to the sacred city of Delhi, to Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Benares. At Cawnpore we may note that he met with Captain Arthur Conolly, on whose account, ten years later, he undertook, as we shall see, a second perilous journey to Bokhara. We have not exhausted the record of his travel in India, but considerations of space compel us to conduct him to Calcutta (March 1833). There, before brilliant audiences, he lectured on some of his favourite topics; and, apparently stronger and fresher for his long and hazardous pilgrimage and all his harsh experiences, actually preached twelve hours a day for six days in succession before a congregation of one thousand persons.

On the 27th of April he left the "city of palaces," and, by way of Masulipatam, repaired to Haiderabad, where he took great pains to acquaint himself with the history of that extraordinary body of murderous fanatics, the Thugs. At Ramahpatam he suffered from a severe

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attack of cholera, and he was still very feeble and ill when he arrived at Madras. On recovering he went as far south as Calicut, whence he crossed the peninsula to Goa and Bombay. He left the great seaport of Western India for Mocha and Suez on the 11th of December. After much farther wandering to and fro, he arrived at Malta, and rejoined his wife and child on the 4th of April 1834.

On his return to England our intrepid traveller was warmly welcomed, as he deserved to be, by a multitude of friends. But he could not rest. He travelled all over the three kingdoms, lecturing and preaching on behalf of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. Then, in the month of October, he went back to Malta, and in January 1836 to Alexandria and Suez. With special interest he revisited the monks of Mount Sinai, afterwards proceeded to Jeddah, and thence sailed to Massowah, learning the Amharic language on the way. At Massowah the Muhammadan chief solemnly informed him that there were four great Sheikhs in the world, one to each quarter of it. Every Sheikh, he added, has forty bodies, of which thirty-nine count as nothing, and he may commit with them every fault and every crime, but with the fortieth he serves God.

During his travels in Abyssinia he met with a curious adventure. Six years before, Kyrellis, the Aboona of Abyssinia, had died, and the people were expecting the immediate arrival of another from Cairo. The new Aboona, when he comes, always comes in disguise, for the shouts of joy from the people all over the country are too great to be endured. "They carry him upon their shoulders, bring to him hundreds of cows, and great barrels of wine, and casks of honey as offerings; thousands fall down to be blessed by him, and to be

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spit at by him, so that he would not be able in a year's time to reach the capital of Abyssinia, *i.e.*, Gondar, which is the capital of Amhara, a chief province of Abyssinia, were he not to disguise himself. During Wolff's conversation one day with Hylov (the chief of a place called Asmara) and the priests about religion, Hylov, the priests, and the people around him suddenly shouted, 'He is our Aboona in disguise!' At once they fell down at Wolff's feet, kissed them, implored his blessing, and desired him to spit at and upon them. They compelled him to submit to their washing his feet, and then they drank the water! All his protestations were in vain; and, as it is a great crime for an Aboona to smoke, Wolff brought forth his pipe and began to smoke, but they declared this to be a mere stratagem to deceive them. Hundreds of cows were brought to him as presents, and corn, milk, &c., and Wolff had to spit at them until his mouth was dry. This absurd triumph continued till he had reached Adwah, where the people were undeceived; for Wolff immediately went to Mr. Gobat, and he was known as one who, being a missionary, had tried to convert them."

At Hodeyah he was introduced to Ibrahim Pasha, a nephew of the famous Muhammad Ali, and held with him a curious conversation, which was carried on in Persian. Here is a specimen of it:—

Ibrahim. "Why do you not go to Constantinople to convert the Sultan, who shows a great tendency towards Christianity, and even dresses himself *à l'Européenne?*"

Wolff. "Christianity does not consist in wearing an European dress. Christianity consists in bringing the heart, mind, and reason from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, by believing in Jesus and being baptized in His name."

Ibrahim. "What is divinity?"

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Wolff. "A systematic exposition of the existence, attributes, and counsels of God; of the relation of the whole created world to God, and of the relation of men to God."

Ibrahim. "This definition is too general. What is Christian theology?"

Wolff. "The systematic exposition of the knowledge of God in Jesus, and the design of His coming upon the earth."

Ibrahim. "Do you believe everything which the Bible tells you?"

Wolff. "Certainly; I am ready to die for the truth of it."

Ibrahim. "Wonderful! A French physician whom I had told me that there was no God."

Wolff. "It must be said, to the honour of the French nation, that these are only exceptions; for the French moollahs, such as Massillon, Bourdaloue, Fénélon, Bossuet, have written in defence of Christianity."

Ibrahim. "Do you believe that Jesus was the Son of God?"

Wolff. "Yes; for he was born by the Holy Spirit in the womb of the Virgin."

Ibrahim. "Why do you go chiefly to the Jews, and not to the Mussulmans?"

Wolff. "I go chiefly to the Jews because I was a Jew myself, and they already believe in the Bible; but I have also always stated my belief to Muhammadans and Pagans as well as to the Jews."

Ibrahim. "If I should come with my army to Sanaa, *In sha Allah* (if God please), I will give you every assistance and protection in converting the Jews. Where do you intend to go after you have been at Sanaa?"

Wolff. "To Abyssinia and the interior of Africa."

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Ibrahim. "Pray, do not go there, for there is great danger."

Wolff. "For a good cause one must not shun danger, and *Allah kebur!*" (God is great).

Ibrahim. "It is true that God is great, but God does not say, 'Cast thyself into the sea and I will assist thee.'"

Wolff. "For a great object one may expect the assistance of God in the time of danger. Your Highness exposes your life among the wild Arabs, with the object of bringing them to order and subduing them to a more civilised government."

Ibrahim. "Yes, but I am provided with arms."

Wolff. "And I am equally provided with arms."

Ibrahim. "With what kind of arms?"

Wolff. "With prayer, zeal for Christ, and confidence in His help. The Kúran justly says, *Allah koll shoye kadeer* (God is mighty above all things). I am also provided with the love of God and my neighbour in my heart, and the Bible is in my hand."

Ibrahim. "I have no answer to that."

During a second visit which he paid to Hodeyah, Wolff was seized with typhus fever. He recovered from the attack, but it left him in such a state of weakness that he was compelled to abandon his intention of traversing the mountains of Abyssinia, and sailed from Jeddah to Bombay. Thence on board a Swedish vessel he sailed for the United States, accomplishing the long voyage in safety, and arriving at New York in the month of August 1837. While sojourning there he was admitted into the diaconate by Bishop Doune, after which he preached before the House of Congress, and at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, with his usual abundant and apparently inexhaustible energy.

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Leaving New York on the 2d of January 1838, he arrived in the Isle of Wight on the 28th of the same month. He met Lady Georgiana on the 3d of February at Richmond, and was soon involved in the whirl of London society, where his *bonhomie*, his vivacious conversation, and his attractive personality made him a great and general favourite. Crossing to Dublin, he was invited to dine with the Lord-Lieutenant, and was complimented by Archbishop Whately with the remark that he was "a missionary Shakespeare." He preached before the University of Dublin on the "External Evidences of Christianity," and received the distinction of D.D. from the university "without fees." By the Bishop of Dromore he was admitted to the priesthood.

On his return to England he was presented to the small living of Linthwaite in Yorkshire,—touching which Henry Drummond wrote to him frankly, "Your call is to be an evangelist for all the nations on the earth, and for this you are fit; but, to use your own simile, you are as fit for a parish priest as I am for a dancing-master!" The climate of Linthwaite being too cold for his wife's health, Wolff exchanged it for the curacy of High Hogland, which he occupied for five years.

While he was engaged there in the quiet performance of his pastoral duties, he received information early in 1843 of the imprisonment of the East India Company's agents, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, in Bokhara, and immediately determined on the remarkable chivalrous enterprise which constituted the last great act of his life. Recalling to his mind that in all his misfortunes it was invariably a "British officer" who came to his assistance, he felt called upon "to pay back a debt of gratitude" by attempting the deliverance of those two unfortunate gentlemen. "Trusting," as it has been very well said, "to his quick wit and old experi-

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ence, and to the effect which his clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat, and the title of 'Grand Dervish of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of the whole of Europe and America,' which he meant to assume, would have upon the ignorant and brutal court of Bokhara, the good man went forth in full canonicals, with a Bible, English and Hebrew, open in his hands, into the jaws of the lion. A most notable, vain, generous, and noble enterprise, . . . which must commend Wolff to every man who has anything of the Quixote in his veins—as most men have whose good opinion is worth asking."

Wolff entered into communication with the Foreign Secretary, who informed him that, in their own minds, the Government were convinced that both Stoddart and Conolly had been put to death, and that they could not take upon themselves the responsibility of sending him on so perilous a mission, as he might meet with a similar fate. But if he were still resolved to undertake it, they would give him every recommendation he could require. The necessary funds were soon forthcoming, and Wolff sailed from Southampton on the 14th of October 1843. On the 3d of November he arrived at Constantinople, where he was well received by Sir Stratford Canning, and had interviews with the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh Islaam, and other important personages. Furnished with letters recommendatory from the Sultan, he left Constantinople on the 24th of November, and three days later reached Trebizond, famous in history as the spot where Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks, on their retreat from the Persian capital, first gained the coast, exclaiming, as they saw the bright and bounding waters before them, "Thalatta! Thalatta!" Here he delivered several lectures, and then, on the 1st of December, started, by way of Erzeroum, for Teheran,

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at which place he arrived on the 3d of February 1844. From the Shah of Persia he experienced a very generous reception, and his Majesty favoured him with a letter written by himself to the Khan of Bokhara. To a question put by Sheil, the British Minister, Wolff said, "I confess I feel very uncomfortable, not at the thought of going to Bokhara, but at the thought of being obliged to go again through Khorassan." He added, "It was in Khorassan that they stripped me and tied me to the horse's tail, and it was in Khorassan that they put me into a dungeon, and it was in Khorassan they offered me for sale for £2, 10s. And now," continued he, "I am afraid I shall again meet with dreadful hindrances in that horrid country; however," and here he snapped his fingers, "I am determined to continue my journey."

So on the 14th of February he passed the frontiers and entered Khorassan, travelling, as we have said, in full canonicals, and wearing the robe and hood which he afterwards wore in his own pulpit. At Sebzawar, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, where Timour built a tower (says tradition) of the skulls of men whom he had defeated in battle, he pitched his tent outside the walls. Multitudes of people immediately resorted thither, exclaiming, "People of Muhammad! wonder of wonders! signs of the times! Joseph Wolff, the English dervish, has arrived, two hundred years of age!" They entered the garden, staring at him, and said, "There can be no doubt this man is two hundred years of age; only look at him; see how he stares! how he gapes!" One of the visitors, however, seemed doubtful, and asked Wolff, who was seated upon a carpet in his tent smoking a galyam, "How old are you, sir?" "I am forty-nine years of age." The crowd around bluntly exclaimed, "He lies, because he is ashamed of his age!" Wolff

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replied, "Well, if you think I lie, give me two thousand years, and then you will be near the mark."

The 11th of March found Wolff at Meshed, where he was received with a good deal of consideration by the Assaff Ooddawla, or governor-general of Khorassan. "You go," he said, "to the dangerous city of Bokhara. There are about 50,000 Mervee, the worst of people, but wealthy, and of great influence with the Khan of Bokhara. Now, if one goes among rascals, one should take a greater rascal for protection, and therefore I shall send with you nine rascals of the Mervee tribe, and if they don't behave well, I will burn their wives and children who remain in my hands." Wolff bethought himself that he must needs do as the governor said, and therefore he took with him the nine Mervee and a couple of servants, and with these clever scoundrels, after a week's travelling, arrived at Sarakhs, a place "in the land of Nod," as the Jews say, "to which Adam came every morning from the island of Ceylon to till the ground, and returned every evening; for Adam was so tall that he reached from the earth to the sky, and he was able to step from one end of the ocean to the other at a stride without inconveniencing himself."

At Sarakhs he was again among the Al-Amaan and the children of Israel, and though fourteen years had elapsed, he was readily recognised by all. The people of his race delighted him with their chant of jubilation, "The King, the King, the Mighty shall come—the Mighty of the mighty is He." He wrote from Sarakhs to the king of Khiva, and also to the Hajarat tribe at Daragrass, explaining the object of his mission, in order that he might not be exposed to the danger of being secretly made away with.

At Mowr he fell in with a company of dancing dervishes from Yarkand, who, in their wild fantasy, stripped

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themselves and danced about until they sank on the ground. The son of the grand dervish, who bore the title of Khaleefa, was inspired by the spectacle to follow their example,—a singular illustration, as it seemed to Wolff, of a passage in the Book of Samuel (1 Sam. xix. 24), "And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Wolff hastened to greet his old friend Abdurrahman, the great Khaleefa, who bore also the distinguished title of *Shahr-ooddalat* ("King of righteousness"). He came out of his tent with bread and lemonade and asked a blessing, and insisted that the "great dervish" should share his tent with him until another had been prepared.

The first question put to him by the impatient Wolff was, Had he any news of Stoddart and Conolly? "My dear brother,—for you are a dervish as well as myself,—I will not deceive you. Stoddart and Conolly are dead, and many others of your nation have been killed with them by the tyrant. However, you will hear more from the Jews here, several of whom were present at their death." He added, "I myself do not dare now to go to Bokhara, for the king has lost the fear of God. He has killed the best of men, the *Goosh-bekee*, his prime minister, a man of high integrity, who did all for the good of his king and monarch."

Soon afterwards the Jews entered and said to Wolff, "By thy life! by thy life! we beseech thee do not go to Bokhara; for as sure as there is now daylight, so sure it is that both Stoddart and Conolly have been put to death." And they told the following story: *—

* We take this from the "Travels and Adventures," vol. ii. pp. 377–379. A briefer and less interesting version is given in Wolff's "Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara" (ed. 1848), pp. 164–165.

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First of all, Stoddart arrived in Bokhara riding on horseback; when he came near the palace of the king of Bokhara, the king himself came with his retinue on foot from outside the town, where he had performed his devotions at the tomb of Babadeen, the holy dervish who is the patron saint of the Mussulmans of Bokhara. Stoddart being on horseback and in British uniform, was informed by the Sheikh-ad ("master of the ceremonies") that "majesty" was present, and that he should therefore dismount from his horse and make his bow before Hasrat ("majesty"). Stoddart simply touched his hat in the English military fashion,* and said to the master of ceremonies, "I have no order from my monarch to dismount." His words were reported to the king, who said nothing at the time.

The king entered his palace gate, followed by Stoddart on horseback. The master of ceremonies told him that only the ambassador of the Sultan of Constantinople was entitled to enter the palace on horseback. "So am I," said Stoddart, jealous for the honour of his country. He was then introduced into the presence of the Khan, who was seated on the balcony of his house, and the master of ceremonies said to him, "I must now take hold of your shoulders, and you must pass your hands down your beard and then say, 'Asylum of the world! peace to the king!'" But when the master of the ceremonies would have grasped his shoulders, Stoddart stepped back and drew his sword, at which the master turned pale and retired. A good apartment was assigned to Stoddart for his accommodation; but to the *Kanzee-kelaun* (or "grand judge"), who desired him to come and drink tea with him, he sent the

* Stoddart was the first English officer who crossed the mountains from Herat to Bokhara. Conolly travelled by an entirely new route from Cabul direct to Merv, and so on to Khiva, Khokand, and ultimately to Bokhara.

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haughty reply, "He may eat dirt." At last a great number of Osbeg soldiers were ordered to arrest him, and binding tight his hands and feet, they threw him in the *Suyah-jua* ("black well"), which is so narrow that its wretched inmates are forced to sit on each other's shoulders, and all kinds of vermin are nourished there, that they may gnaw upon the prisoners' flesh. After lingering in this den awhile Stoddart was released, and to save his life he became a Muhammadan, and received the name of Mullah Mamoun.

A short time afterwards, ashamed of his renegade surrender, he openly proclaimed himself a believer in Christ. It was then that Captain Arthur Conolly arrived in Bokhara. Unhappily, news arrived of the disaster which had befallen the British arms at Cabul, and both Stoddart and Conolly were brought, bound hand and foot, behind the palace, Conolly exclaiming, "Woe unto us! we are fallen into the hands of a tyrant." Said the grand chamberlain to Conolly, "Conolly, if thou becomest a Muhammadan, the king will have mercy upon thee and spare thy life." "I am a believer," replied Conolly, "in the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is my head." And Stoddart said, "Tell the tyrant I, too, die a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ." Both were immediately slaughtered.

Wolff listened to this tragic tale in silence. At the end of it he said, "If Stoddart and Conolly are dead, I must ascertain all the circumstances of their death, and to Bokhara I will go."

In his clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel-hat, Wolff presented so novel an appearance that crowds of curious sightseers frequented his tent. On one occasion came a dervish of Kashgar, who said to him, "Who is the author of fire and water?" "God," replied Wolff. "Not so," replied the dervish. "Satan is the author of

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both; for fire and water are destructive elements, and therefore it is impossible that God could be their author. And you ought to know that there are two gods; one is God of the world above, who is a good God, and created the light, which doth not burn, and the rose, and the nightingale. But a battle took place between God above and the god below, and the god below marred all the creatures of the God above; and this is a struggle which still continues. Men who act well are servants of the God above and His creatures. Men who act badly are servants of the god below. There shall be another battle fought, when the god below shall ascend to the seventh heaven with myriads of his soldiers. Flying serpents shall soar up with him; but the god below shall be defeated, and, at last, shall become a humble subject of the God above."

Wolff then read to the dervish the 12th chapter of the Book of Revelation, commenting upon it, and illustrating the errors of the dervish's system of theology.

On the 14th of April Wolff quitted Mowr or Merv on the final stage of his journey to Bokhara. The distances he had travelled may thus be estimated:—

From	Southampton to Constantinople .	3300	miles.
"	Constantinople to Trebizond . .	480	"
"	Trebizond to Erzeroum	180	"
"	Erzeroum to Teheran	588	"
"	Teheran to Meshed	556	"
"	Meshed to Merv	346	"
"	Merv to Schaar-joa	60	"
"	Schaar-joa to Bokhara	180	"
		5690	"

In safety the chivalrous adventurer arrived at Schaar-joa, the first place of importance within the Ameer of Bokhara's dominions. He was warned here by the Jews

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not to go on to the shambles of Bokhara; but Wolff never turned back from an enterprise on which he had entered, and, calm in his self-reliance, he pushed forward to Karakol. On his previous visit in 1837 he had been most kindly received by the governor, and treated with horseflesh and tea mixed with milk, salt, and grease. The governor still welcomed him kindly, but told him sternly, "Thee he will kill." Wolff passed the night in that village. In the morning, when he awoke, he called for his servants, but all had vanished except a certain Hussein. "And will you also leave me?" said Wolff. He replied, "I will speak to you words of wisdom. One's own life is very sweet. I see you are in danger, and therefore I stand aloof from you. Should I observe that the king of Bokhara cuts off your head, I will run away as fast as I can. Should I observe that fortune again smiles upon you, I shall once more be your humble servant."

Wolff was dressed in full canonicals—gown, and hood, and shovel-hat—all the way from Merv to Bokhara, being resolute never to lose sight of his dignity as a moollah, on which he saw clearly his safety depended. "I also kept," he says, "the Bible open in my hand. I felt my power was in the book, and that its might would sustain me. The uncommon character of these proceedings attracted crowds from Shahr Islam to Bokhara, all which was favourable to me, since, if I was doomed to death, it would be widely known, and the consequences might be even serious to the Ameer himself of interfering with a sacred character, armed with the book of Moses, and David, and Jesus, protected by the word of the Khaleefa of Merv, supported by the Sultan, the Shah of Persia, the Russian ambassador, the Assaff-ood-Dowla, both by word and letters, and the popular principle among the Mussulmans, as testified

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on my route in shouts of 'Selaam Aleikoum!' (Peace be with you!)"

His entry into Bokhara assumed quite a triumphal character. The air rang with welcoming voices. The roof-tops, the gateways, the streets were crowded with curious spectators—the Nogay Tatars of Russia, the Cossacks and Kirghiz of the Steppes, the Tatars from Yarkand or Chinese Tatary, the merchants of Kashmir, the Afghans, the Serkerdcha or grandees of the king (these were on horseback), water-carriers, Jews with their little caps, traders from Khokand, moollahs from Shikarpur and Scinde, who said to one another, "Inglese sahib," and veiled women screaming, "Englees Eljee" (English ambassador), or contending, "He is not an Eljee, but the Dervish Kelaun, or Grand Dervish of Englistaun." As he advanced towards the palace, the people thronged in masses upon him, demanding, "What book have you in your hand?" to which he replied, "The *Towrat-i-Moosa* (laws of Moses), the *Saboor-i-Dawood* (psalms of David), the *Angeel-i-Esau* (gospel of Christ), and the prophecies of Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and others;" whereupon they devoutly, if ignorantly, kissed the sacred book. The master of ceremonies approaching, asked if he would submit to the mode of salaam in vogue at the court of Bokhara. "In what does it consist?" asked Wolff. "You are placed before his Majesty, and the Shekhawl (minister of foreign affairs) will take hold of your shoulders, and you must stroke your beard three times, and three times bow, saying at each time, 'Allah akbar! Allah akbar! Allah akbar!' (God is the greatest! God is the greatest! God is the greatest!) 'Selaamat Padishah!' (Peace to the king). The courteous Wolff replied, "Tell his Majesty I will do this thirty times, if necessary." So it was settled that he should be presented to the king

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next day, and he went off to his appointed quarters, passing calmly through the staring multitude.

There could be no doubt that he was in a real Tartar capital. The Tshagatay, the Hazarah, the Kalmuk, the Osbeg, with their stumpy little noses, little eyes widely set apart, short thick beards, cotton gowns, large and heavy boots—all were there, as well as Hindus from Scinde and silent observant Jews. The Serkerdcha rode by on stately horses, carrying large sticks on which were written the name of the tribe to which each belonged, and at every corner were gathered a motley group, drawn together by their curious interest in this wonderful stranger, who, in his robe and hood and shovel-hat, looked like a creature from another world.

Wolff's account of his interview with the Ameer must be given in his own racy language. It may possibly owe some slight embellishment to his vivid fancy, but of its accuracy in the main no one can reasonably be doubtful.

On entering the audience chamber, he was placed opposite "the prince of the believers," *Najur-oolah-behadur*, as disagreeable-looking a fellow as Wolff had ever seen. The people of Khiva justly called him "the mule," because he was born of a Persian mother and a donkey-like Osbeg, and was nursed by a Cossack woman. He had little eyes, his face was in continual convulsive movement, and it had a yellow complexion; no smile was ever seen on his face—he stared at Wolff, and Wolff at him. Wolff's shoulders were taken hold of, and he proceeded to stroke his beard with great energy, and in a tremendous voice said, "Asylum of the world! peace to the king!" This he repeated above thirty times, until the grimace-making prince suddenly burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "Enough, enough; I am quite satisfied. Come upstairs to me, and I will look at you."

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Wolff went up and sat down opposite to him, and the king, swaying himself from right to left, looked at him all the while, narrowly scrutinising him. Then he said, "Thou eccentric man! thou star with a tail! neither like a Jew, nor a Christian, nor like a Hindu, nor like a Russian, nor like an Osbeg—thou art Joseph Wolff." After that he at once declared that he had punished Stoddart and Conolly with death. Stoddart had not paid him proper respect, and Conolly had had a long nose (that is, was very proud). The king said to Conolly, "You Englishmen come into a country in a stealthy manner and take it." "We do not come in a stealthy manner," replied Conolly, "but we went openly and in daylight to Cabul, and took it." When the king repeated these speeches to him, Wolff rejoined, "There are in every country different customs and different manners, and therefore Stoddart, ignorant of the customs and etiquette in Bokhara, probably committed mistakes without the slightest intention of offending your Majesty."

The Shekhawl afterwards assured him that his Majesty had deigned to smile upon him, and had remarked, "What an extraordinary man this Englishman is in his eyes, and in his dress, and the book in his hand!"—in which conclusion his Majesty will be joined, I suspect, by most of my readers.

Wolff was next conducted to a small room, where the Shekhawl examined him respecting the purpose of his visit to Bokhara. Wolff stated that he had been there fourteen years before, and had been well received; after him came Sir Alexander Burnes;* then two officers highly beloved and honoured by the British Govern-

* Sir Alexander Burnes was born at Montrose in 1805. His career in the East India Company's service was eminently distinguished, but was cut short by his murder at Cabul on November 3, 1841.

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ment, Stoddart and Conolly; but, alas! it had been reported from the land of Russia, the land of Khiva, and even from the land of Khokand, and also from the land of Hindustan, that they had been put to death, and the shout was heard throughout Europe, and thousands in England exclaimed, "War with Bokhara!" Here the Shekhawl interrupted him by asking, "How far is England from Bokhara?" Dil Assa Khan, the chief of an escort of nine Mervee furnished by the Khan of Khorassan—a man of treacherous and covetous character—exclaimed, "Six months' march." "That is untrue," said Wolff. "England itself is only three months' march from Bokhara; but we have troops at Shikarpur, near Candahar, which is only thirty days' march from Bokhara."

The Minister then said, "What is now your object?"

Dill Assa Khan replied, "His object is to establish friendship between England and the king of Bokhara."

"No," said Wolff, "I have no authority for that; but my purpose is, first, to ask where are my friends, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly? If alive, I beg his Majesty to send them back with me to England; if dead, his Majesty will state his reasons for putting them to death, and also send with me an ambassador to England."

For our adventurous grand dervish perceived that if he did not hold out some hopes of reconciliation the Ameer would be driven to despair, and perhaps would put him to death, and, at the same time, the ambassador would serve Wolff as an escort through the desert.

The Shekhawl. "Has the British Government itself authorised you to come here?"

Wolff. "I am authorised by all the Powers of Europe, and by the Sultan of Constantinople, and by the king of Persia, and by the Emperor of Russia."

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The Shekhawl. "Why are you dressed in red and black colours?" alluding to his hood and gown.

Wolff. "It is a custom of the great moollahs of England."

The Shekhawl. "Have those colours some particular meaning?"

Wolff. "With me they have. The black indicates that I mourn for the death of my countrymen; the red that Wolff is ready to die for his faith."

Wolff then returned to his lodging to find himself a close prisoner, the king's "Makhram," or chamberlain, having been ordered to watch him night and day.

Makhram. "Youssuf Wolff, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to require you to answer two questions which he proposes to you through his slave. The first is, 'Are you able to awake the dead?'"

Here it must be noted that one of the grand moollahs afterwards informed Wolff in confidence that he had propounded this question because he wished that Wolff should recall Stoddart and Conolly to life; for the moment Wolff had departed from the royal presence the Ameer had said, "How wonderful! I have in my empire two hundred thousand slaves, and no soul ever came from Persia to ask after any one of them; and here I have killed a couple of Englishmen, and Joseph Wolff comes with a Bible in his hand, and enters my capital without a sword and without a gun, and demands them! I wish Wolff could make them alive again; his coming here has inflicted on me a wound which will never be healed."

The second question was this, "Whether he knew when Jesus Christ would return here upon earth?" for the Ameer had heard that when Wolff was at Bokhara many years before, he had said "that Christ would return after fifteen years." Wolff replied that "since

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that time he had some doubts of the correctness of his calculation, for the meaning of the numbers mentioned by the Prophet Daniel admits of a twofold interpretation; yet was he convinced by the signs of the times that the day of the Lord's coming was at hand."

Then he read to the Makhram the whole of the 24th and 25th chapters of St. Matthew, and the 21st chapter of St. Luke, and the 24th chapter of Isaiah, expounding them fully in the presence of hundreds of people. Every word spoken by the English grand moollah was written down by the king's servants, so that actually they remained with him the whole day, during which time they had written thirty sheets in Persian, and then they took the writing to the king, who read it to a great number of moollahs of the college of Bokhara, to the astonishment of all.

On the following day the chamberlain came again to Wolff and said, "His Majesty wishes to know the names of the four great Viziers of England, and the names of the twelve little Viziers of England, and the names of the forty noblemen of England."

Wolff perceiving that Stoddart and Conolly must have given information to the Ameer in the Eastern style, replied as follows: "That the four great Viziers were, first, Sir Robert Peel; second, Lord Aberdeen; third, Sir James Graham; and fourth, Lord Wharncliffe." As to the twelve little Ministers, he put together a cabinet of his own. And instead of the names of forty noblemen, he jumbled up fifty dukes, earls, viscounts, and barons as he could recollect them.

But as this list did not tally with Stoddart and Conolly's, the Ameer was much incensed. He summoned Wolff before him, and said, "You have told me lies, for the four great Ministers whose names were

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given to me by Stoddart and Conolly—by each of them separately—agree; but yours do not agree." Wolff at once knew the reason, and said, "I beg your Majesty not to tell me the names given to your Majesty by Stoddart and Conolly, for I will mention those very persons also." He then gave the names of Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, &c. "What has become of these four Ministers?" inquired the Ameer; "has the Queen put them to death?" "No," said Wolff; and he attempted to give the Ameer some idea of the nature of English government, but made in the attempt such a hotch-potch that neither the King nor he himself could understand it.

Wolff was detained at Bokhara for some months by the suspicions of the king and the intrigues of the chief of the artillery, a Persian named Abdul Samut Khan, whom he describes as a villain of the deepest dye, and believed to have instigated the murder of Stoddart and Conolly. But Wolff never lost his courage or his presence of mind, and his fertility of resource made him equal to every occasion. An interesting example of the skill with which he baffled the onerous conditions sometimes imposed upon him may be offered to the reader. The Ameer went on a visit to Samarcand. Previous to his departure the Jews of Bokhara obtained permission to see Wolff, but were forbidden to converse in any other language than Persian, to the end that the Ameer's makhrams and secretaries might write down all that was said.

This, to Wolff, was a most disagreeable order, as he wanted to question them concerning the deaths of the two officers. But he soon hit upon a plan for conversing with the Jews in Hebrew in the presence of the Osbegs without the latter's knowledge. First of all he

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talked with them in Persian for an hour on all kinds of subjects. Among others they said, "Joseph Wolff, sing us a Hebrew melody, for your voice is sonorous and sweet." Wolff sang a plaintive strain, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, for we remembered Zion." He sang also with them the song of the Jews in Turkistan:—

"The King, our Messiah, shall come,
The Mighty of the mighty is He.
The King, the King, the King, our Messiah, shall
come,
The Blessed of the blessed is He;
The King, the King, our Messiah,
The Great One of the great is He."

They then asked Wolff the names of the principal Jews converted to Christianity, and these he gave them; but he would not be sincere, he says, with his usual naïveté, if he did not candidly state he also roused himself at times by singing, not merely sacred melodies, but also German songs, such as Schiller's "Wallenstein"—

"Up, up, comrades,
Let us march to the field,
Let us fight the battles of liberty."

He also sang occasionally the robber-song, "Rinaldo, Rinaldini," until the whole palace resounded with the boisterous strain; and Abbas Kooli Khan, the Persian ambassador, his great friend, rejoiced to see him bearing up so bravely against his untoward fate, surrounded as he was by spies. But Wolff kept to his resolve to speak in Hebrew, and after the conversation had been carried on in Persian for an hour or more, he said to the Jews, "Now let us not always chatter. I wish to read to you

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something in the Hebrew Bible, that you may tell me whether my pronunciation is good or not."

Then he opened the Book of Esther and began to read, or rather chant, in Hebrew the first verse of the first chapter, "Now it came to pass in the days of Ahasuerus (this is Ahasuerus which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces)," and continuing in nearly the same voice, as if he were still reading, and looking also in the Bible, as if it were a continuation of the verse, he said, "Now, my dear friends, to-morrow morning each of you must come with a Bible, and we will first speak Persian, and after that we will read Hebrew, and I will ask you questions exactly as if I were reading from the text; and you will read the following verses in the same manner, and you will answer in the same way as if you were reading from your Bibles."

The Jews immediately perceived Wolff's drift, and turning to the Osbeg spies, said cleverly enough, "Wolff reads Hebrew very fluently, but his pronunciation is wretched. To-morrow each of us will bring a Hebrew Bible, and we will read with him alternate verses, so that he may learn the true pronunciation."

The next day they came, according to agreement, and after conversing with them in Persian for some time upon indifferent subjects, Wolff said, "Now let us read Hebrew again." And he began the second verse of the first chapter of Esther, again chanting, "That in those days, when the king Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan the palace." . . . "Now, my dear friends, tell me what kind of fellow is the king of this country?" A Jew began to read the third verse, "In the third year of his reign, he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces being

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before him." "As to the king of this country, oh! that his name and memory may be blotted out from the book of life; he is a great rascal and tyrant." Another Jew began to read the fourth verse, "When he showed the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honour of his excellent majesty many days, even an hundred and fourscore days;" "but the king of this country is not by far so wicked a scoundrel as that horrid Persian outside the town, who was the instigator of the murder of your countrymen. Ephraim, a Jew, who came here to assist your countrymen, when that villain informed the king of it, was beheaded. And, Wolff, be on your guard."

In this manner Wolff carried on conversations with the Jews for three months without being discovered. At last his position grew so desperate, through the intrigues of his enemies and the capriciousness of the Ameer, that he gave himself up for lost, and wrote a farewell letter to Lady Georgiana:—

"MY DEAREST WIFE,—Never, never, never for a moment lose your love and obedience and faith in Jesus Christ, and pray for me, that I may remain faithful to Him in the hour of trial; and exhort the Churches in England to pray for me to our most blessed Redeemer Jesus Christ. Give my love to Lady Catherine Long, my regards to all my friends.—Your most loving husband, JOSEPH WOLFF."

A day or two after, a moollah came from the Ameer to know if Wolff would embrace the Muhammadan religion. "NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!" said the brave-hearted missionary. "Have you not a more polite answer for the king?" "I beg you to tell his Majesty that you asked Wolff whether he had not a more polite

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answer for his Majesty, and he replied, *No, no, no.*" In the course of a few hours the executioner entered, sent, doubtless, to test Wolff's courage—the same man, it seems, who had put to death the two officers; and he said, making a significant motion at Wolff's heart with his hand, "Joseph Wolff, to thee it shall happen as it did to Stoddart and Conolly." So the lonely Englishman made ready for death. He carried opium about his person, so that he might stupefy himself before the knife was applied to his throat, but this appeared to him cowardly, and he threw it away, prayed earnestly, and wrote in his Bible what he supposed would be his last words:—

"MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,—I have loved you unto death.—Your affectionate husband,

"J. WOLFF.*

"BOKHARA, 1844."

For no such sad fate, however, was Wolff reserved. A letter arrived at this very crisis from the Shah of Persia, entreating or commanding the Ameer to set free his prisoner, and notwithstanding the machinations of Abdul Samut Khan, Wolff had the address and the good fortune to induce the Ameer to comply. The Persian ambassador, moreover, appeared as his champion, and declared that he would not leave Bokhara without him. "Well," said the Ameer, "I make a present to you of Joseph Wolff; he may go with you."

Amidst the congratulations of the people the fortunate adventurer left Bokhara on the 3d of August. He was not wholly out of danger, it is true, for the nefarious Abdul Samut Khan had hired ten assassins

* In his earlier "Narrative" the letter runs thus: "My dearest Georgiana *and Henry*, I have loved *both of* you unto death. Your affectionate husband *and father*, J. Wolff" (p. 279).

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to murder him on the road as soon as he had crossed the frontier; but he had received information of the plot, and was able to baffle it. Moreover, the Persian ambassador took him openly under his protection, so that he eventually delivered himself from all his troubles, and arrived, grateful and jubilant, at Meshed, where many of the inhabitants came to greet him, saying, "Praise be to God that thou hast come back with thy head from that accursed city, Bokhara."

At Teheran the British Minister introduced our hero of many adventures to the Shah of Persia, who expressed his pleasure at seeing him again, and asked him what he had done with his beard. "My beard was so full of vermin," said he, "that I was afraid they would drag me back to Bokhara!"

By way of Erzeroum and Trebizond Wolff proceeded to Constantinople, where a warm welcome awaited him from Sir Stratford and Lady Canning (February 23, 1845). He arrived at Southampton on the 11th April, and finally ceased from his wanderings to and fro upon the earth.

[As vicar of Isle Brewers, near Taunton, Dr. Wolff closed his romantic career. Even in this small village, with its population of only 300 souls, he found scope for his wonderful energy and inexhaustible activity. When he entered upon the living there was neither parsonage-house nor schoolhouse; and as his wife's income was limited, he resolved to build both these necessary adjuncts by his own exertions. From the Queen Anne's Bounty Fund he obtained a loan of £600, to be repaid, with interest, in thirty years, and this annual charge he regularly met. But the total cost of the two buildings was £1800, and the balance he raised by the profits derived from the publication of his

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travels, and from the lectures which he delivered all over the British islands.

His next labour was the erection of a new church in the place of an old dilapidated structure, which was so situated that whenever the waters were out the churchyard was completely flooded and divine service interrupted. To get together the funds for this ambitious effort, he laid under contribution all his friends, and even strangers throughout Great Britain and Ireland. "Members of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, Jews, Plymouth Brethren, Evangelicals, High and Low and Broad Churchmen, noblemen and commoners, dukes and shoemakers and tailors; he not only wrote letters to hundreds of these, but also attacked every one in the railway carriages, and asked money for his church of every one he met; and the moment he got a remittance for the first volume of his autobiography, he gave immediately one half of it to his friend, George Anthony Denison, who most kindly acted as his treasurer."

In those self-denying labours he spent the closing years of his chequered life, and in the midst of the love and respect of his friends, neighbours, and congregation passed away peacefully on the 5th of May 1862.*]

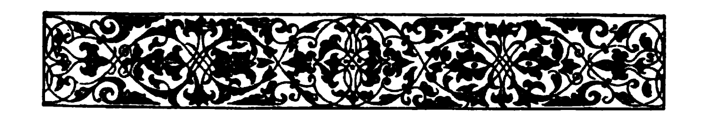
* The preceding sketch is founded upon Dr. Wolff's autobiographical "Travels and Adventures" (London, 1861, 2 vols.), and his "Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara" (Edinburgh and London, 1848). Of the autobiography a writer in *Blackwood* (vol. xc., pp. 152–153) remarks, very justly, that it overflows with character, humour, acuteness, sense, and folly—the most naïve and unreserved self-disclosure. It is as frank, indeed, as the diary of Pepys, while it has all the singular interest of "Robinson Crusoe." And a careful perusal of it will confirm the justice of the following estimate: "He is not a heroic personage, but he is the most light-hearted and dauntless of adventurers, the most amusing of companions. Dipping at random into his stores, it is quite uncertain whether you may light upon a broad modern joke or a quaint Oriental legend of primeval antiquity. His peals of comfortable complacent laughter—the laughter of a man fully satisfied with himself and enjoying his own jests—are interrupted by wild

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chants of the desert and pathetic Hebrew lamentations, pealed forth in a voice that has made itself heard among the clamours of savage tribes, and caused the halls of the Propaganda to ring again. Altogether the book, which is not free from vulgarities, or even a suspicion of tediousness, in the latter part especially, has a fascination quite irresistible. We know neither priest nor traveller of modern times worthy to compare with this son of Levi and the desert, this wandering cross-bearer, this Grand Dervish of Christendom. It would be hard to light upon another Wolff."



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ARCTIC ADVENTURE:—

LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA'S SLEIGH JOURNEY.

I HAVE ventured elsewhere to suggest, what is not, I think, a wholly fanciful idea, that in the frozen wastes and snow wildernesses of the North lies a powerful and perpetual charm, which to the adventurous spirit is irresistible. He who has once entered that wonderful Arctic world, however great may have been his sufferings, seems restless until he returns to it. Whether the secret of this fascination is to be found in the weird splendour of its scenery, the auroral magnificence of its skies, in the mystery which still clings to its remote bays and secluded seas of ice, or in the excitement of a continual struggle with the forces of an inhospitable and forbidding Nature, or in the combination of all these singular features, I cannot stop to inquire. This at least is certain—that the Arctic world has a romance and an attraction about it which exercise a far greater influence over the imagination of men than the luxuriant lands of the tropics, or those "summer isles of Eden," where thrive the bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut palm, the spontaneous gifts of a liberal soil.

I remember a passage in Dr. Hayes' narrative of his expedition in 1858 which enables one to get at a tolerably vivid conception of an Arctic landscape. He was

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returning from a visit to Brother John's Glacier, near the head of Foulke Fiord, and accomplished the latter part of the journey by moonlight. At the base of the glacier prevailed a delightful calm; and the return route down its lower slopes, and across the valley into which it debouched, and over the frozen ice-bridge of the fiord, lay through a scene as picturesque as it was unusual. Sheets of drifting snow flitted above the white-topped hills like squadrons of phantom riders. Signs and witnesses were they that the storm still raged on the heights, though all below was hushed and serene. Not a cloud flecked the azure arch of the infinite heaven, and the stars which studded it shone reflected in the tranquil mirror of the valley-pool. How cold, how wan, how impassive looked the huge glacier! Who, from its silent, death-like aspect, could possibly surmise that, like a river, it was slowly rolling its accumulations of ages down the shuddering gorge? How strong and strange the contrast between its moonlit surface and the shadow of the frowning cliffs! Bestrewn with isles and islets, the dark fiord noiselessly wound its way between the gloomy headlands, and gave up its icy waters at the restless summons of the all-absorbing sea. The lofty, snow-shrouded mountains of the west coast loomed upon the horizon like the walls of a palace of the gods. Upon the sea brooded the cold white mist, obeying in its undulations the impulse of the wind, occasionally revealing the huge mass of a slow-floating iceberg, occasionally flushing with the weird reflections of the aurora; and from behind it came lurid magnetic gleams, irradiating the surrounding darkness, and shooting fiercely among the clustering stars, like "fiery arrows" hurled by the evil spirits of another world.

In another passage we have a fine description of the Arctic night. "Nature," says Dr. Hayes, "is here ex-

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posed on a gigantic scale, and man, standing face to face with it, feels himself dwarfed in its presence, and learns to recognise the true grandeur of its proportions. Out of the crystal sea rise the dark fronts of lofty cliffs, which fling their shadows over the frozen waste of waters. Mountain summits, unprofaned by foot of man, seem to reach the very heavens, lifting to the stars their crests of virgin snow. In massive floods the glaciers silently roll their burden into the sea. The very air, disdaining the gentle softness of other climes, bodies forth a loftier majesty, and seems to fill the universe with a boundless transparency, and the stars pierce it sharply, and the snow fills it with a cold refulgence. There is neither warmth nor colouring underneath this ethereal robe of night. No broad window opens in the east, no gold and crimson curtain falls in the west upon a world clothed in blue, and green, and purple, melting into one harmonious whole, a tinted cloak of graceful loveliness. Under the shadow of the eternal night Nature needs no drapery and requires no adornment. The glassy sea, the tall cliff, the lofty mountains, the majestic glacier do not blend with one another. Each stands forth alone, clothed only with Solitude. Sable priestess of the Arctic winter, she has wrapped the world in a winding-sheet, and thrown her web and woof over the very face of Nature."

Such pictures as these must needs impress the imagination of every reader, and assist him to a comprehension of the magical influence which the Arctic world, as I have said, exercises upon the adventurer. Hence it is that, in spite of many a sad calamity, many a disastrous failure, the long line of Arctic navigators has known no end. Franklin followed Ross and Parry; to Franklin succeeded M'Clintock and M'Clure; while Hall, Kane, Hayes, Koldewey, Payer, Nares, Markham, Leigh Smith,

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and Nordenskioldt are later names upon the glorious record. No more striking examples of the high virtues which illustrate the life adventurous can anywhere be found than in their stirring chronicles of exploration and discovery. But the story has been so often told, and is so familiar to all Englishmen, that we do not design to repeat it here. We shall seek to unfold a more recent chapter, and for an example of Arctic adventure shall select the narrative of Lieutenant Schwatka's sleigh-journey in search of Franklin relics. In this heroic man we recognise the same adventurous temper which animated to "deeds of daring" the voyagers of old—a Frobisher and a Gilbert, a Davis and a Hudson.

It is known to everybody that in the spring of 1845 Sir John Franklin, with Captain Crozier second in command, set out with a couple of ships to prosecute the search after that maritime delusion, a North-West Passage; that is, a channel of communication between Baffin Bay on the west and Behring Strait on the east. I call it a delusion; because, though a passage has been found, it is not, and in all probability never will be, practicable for commercial purposes. On the 26th of July Franklin's ships were seen by a Hull whaler steering into Lancaster Sound. Thenceforward the explorers were no more heard of until the 23d of August 1850, when Captain Parry discovered on Beechy Island the graves of three men who had belonged, as the tablets showed, to the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Numerous expeditions were dispatched in search of the missing navigators, whose uncertain fate provoked the anxious curiosity of the civilised world; but no farther information was obtained till 1859, when Captain M'Clintock, in the neighbourhood of the Great Fish River, learned from some Eskimo that a ship had been wrecked several years before by the ice-pack off the north coast of

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King William Land; but that her people had reached the shore, had travelled across to the Great Fish River and there perished. A complete survey of the surrounding shores led to the discovery of numerous traces of the Franklin expedition, from which it appeared that Franklin died on the 11th of June 1847, and that in April 1848 the survivors, one hundred and five in number, under Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, abandoned their ice-bound vessels, and endeavoured to make their way through the frozen wilderness to one of the Hudson Bay settlements. In the attempt they all succumbed at different times to the harsh influences of fatigue, hunger, and climate; but it would seem that Captain Crozier and a companion were living as late as the autumn of 1864.

Gradually it came to be known through American whalers frequenting the northern waters of Hudson Bay that various memorials of Franklin were scattered over the lands of the Eskimo. It was also rumoured that some of his men had crossed the Boothia Isthmus and reached a point on Melville Peninsula, in the neighbourhood of Hekla and Fury Strait, where they had erected a cairn. To these reports more attention was given in the United States than they received in England, and at length a gallant officer of the American navy, Lieutenant Schwatka, was so strongly influenced by them that he resolved on making an effort to confirm or disprove them.

With three companions, he was landed by a whaler in August 1878 near Chesterfield Inlet, at the northern extremity of Hudson Bay. The stores, provisions, and various appliances which he had brought with him were disembarked at Camp Daly (in lat. 63° 40′ N.), and he resolved to winter there among the natives, adopting as far as possible their habits and modes of living. Then,

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in the spring, he calculated upon inducing them to accompany his party in whatever direction he should decide to travel.

He was not long in ascertaining that no records of Franklin existed eastward of Boothia, and that if the story had any truth at all, its proper locality must be King William Land. And being, as I have said, a man of enterprising temper, he resolved upon making his way thither as soon as spring smiled again upon the frozen world. There was much daring in the project; for he proposed to cross a wholly unknown tract of country for a distance of about 350 miles as the crow flies, and afterwards, on reaching King William Land, to undertake a close and careful survey of its shores over another 600 miles, remaining there until winter again set in, so that he might recross the frozen strait between the island and the mainland (for as he had no boat, he could effect the passage only when the ice-pack afforded a secure bridge), and finally retracing his course to Hudson Bay in the cold darkness of an Arctic winter. Thrice armed in oak, says Horace, must have been the breast of him who first trusted himself to the unstable sea. Of not less sterling stuff was the man who coolly and calmly decided on so bold an adventure. Yes, it was a bold thing to conceive it; to execute it was a bolder. For it could not be carried out in less than a twelvemonth, and Lieutenant Schwatka and his companions had scarcely any other supplies than those the country might furnish them with, and of the possible nature and extent of these they knew nothing. But for the task they had undertaken they prepared themselves in truly workmanlike fashion. Their "*igloo* life" during the winter accustomed them to the rigour of the climate, as well as to the Eskimo dietary, so that when compelled to exist entirely upon the native food, they did not ex-

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perience the unpleasant sensations felt by those to whom it comes as a novelty; while their frequent sledge-journeys taught them the most efficient means of protection against the extremes of Arctic temperature. Thus during their hybernation at Camp Daly they became to some extent acclimatised.

The startling aspects of an Arctic winter have so often been described, that it is unnecessary, I think, to dwell upon them here, and we shall be content with a brief quotation from Dr. Kane in illustration of their formidable character. Writing in the early days of November, he says:—

"The darkness is coming on with insidious steadiness, and its advances can be perceived only by comparing one day with its fellow of some time back. We still read the thermometer at noonday without a light, and the black masses of the hills are plain for about five hours with their glaring patches of snow, but all the rest is darkness. The stars of the sixth magnitude shine out at noonday. Our darkness," he adds, "has *ninety days* to run before we shall get back again even to the contested twilight of to-day. Altogether our winter will have been sunless for *one hundred and forty days.*"

On the 27th of November he writes, "The thermometer was in the neighbourhood of *forty degrees below zero,* and the day was too dark to read at noon."

On the 15th of December: "We have lost the last vestige of our mid-day twilight. We cannot see print, and hardly paper; *the figures cannot be counted a foot from the eyes.* Noonday and midnight are alike, and, except a vague glimmer on the sky that seems to define the hill outlines to the south, we have nothing to tell us that this Arctic world of ours has a sun."

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The longest lane must have a turning, and even an Arctic winter comes to an end. The spring of 1879 opened on the frozen desert with a burst of welcome sunshine, and at eleven o'clock on the 1st of April Lieutenant Schwatka gave the signal to march. His second in command was Mr. W. H. Gilder, and the other white men of the party were Henry W. Klutschak and Frank Melens. But he was accompanied also by thirteen Eskimo, men, women, and children, including "Eskimo Joe," who acted as interpreter, and Nupshark, his wife; Toolooah, dog-driver and hunter; Toolooah-elek, with his wife and child; Equeesik, dog-driver and hunter; Kutchunnark, his wife, and child; Ishnark, Karleko his wife, and Koomana their son; and Equeesik's two younger brothers, Mit-cotelee, aged twenty, and Owawark, aged thirteen. Thus the whole Eskimo community went with the four white men; it was like one of the old patriarchal migrations. There were several kayaks or canoes, made of sealskins stretched over a rude wooden framework, and three heavily-laden sledges, drawn by forty-two native dogs. These sledges, on the day of departure, carried about 5000 lbs. weight; but as a large portion consisted of walrus-meat for the dogs and the Eskimo, the burden, of course, underwent daily diminution. The supply of provisions included 500 lbs. of hard bread, 200 lbs. of pork, 200 lbs. of compressed corned beef, 80 lbs. of corn starch, 40 lbs. of oleomargarine, 40 lbs. of cheese, 5 lbs. of tea, 40 lbs. of coffee, and 20 lbs. of molasses, in all, about one month's rations for seventeen people, which, consequently, were nearly exhausted before our adventurers reached King William Land. They were constrained, therefore, to put their principal dependence on the natural resources of the country through which they passed, and the extent to which this was done may

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be inferred from the fact that in the course of the expedition they killed 520 reindeer besides musk-oxen, polar bears, and seals,—a tolerably large "butcher's bill."

On the 8th of April the monotony of their journey was relieved by the discovery of a beautiful frozen waterfall, about twenty-five feet in height, which shone in the sunlight with crystalline ripples, and sparkled as if its surface were studded with multitudinous flashing gems. From a distance it looked like a mountain torrent which some potent spell of enchantment had suddenly arrested in its course and converted into stone:—

> "Torrent, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
> And stopped at once amidst its maddest plunge!"

Following it up for a short distance from the shore, Lieutenant Schwatka found its source in a shallow brook which had frozen in a level at the top of the hill, forcing the water to the right and left until it spread in a thin sheet over the surface of the rock for a breadth of about fifty feet. In this way successive layers of ice had been formed, producing a very novel and beautiful effect.

While descending a hilly range on the 15th, our travellers met with a misadventure which might have had serious consequences. The first sledge, though not without difficulty, had got down to the bottom, but when the second was about midway, the dogs suddenly took fright, broke their traces, and dashed away in all directions, leaving the sledge to sweep down the frozen declivity by its own momentum, and at such a rate that the sturdy efforts of two of the strongest men could hardly keep it from being hopelessly wrecked.

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For upwards of ninety miles the sledges sped swiftly along the ice-bound surface of a branch of the Back River. On May the 14th, about noon, the expedition fell in with a freshly cut block of snow set up on end, a sure sign that the spot had recently been visited by Eskimo, and, a mile or so beyond, fresh footprints in the snow led them to a "*cache*" or depot of musk-ox meat. Close by stood a deserted *igloo*. From Equeesik Lieutenant Schwatka learned that they had entered the Ooquusik-Sillik country, and as the natives never wander far from the Ooquusik-Sillik or Back River, the Lieutenant began to calculate on speedily meeting them. And so it befell. On the very next day the natives made their appearance. Need we describe them in their strange attire? Well, picturesque it is not—nay, it is ungainly; but then the Innuits know nothing of æsthetic principles, and consult only the important consideration of securing for the person the greatest possible amount of protection against the unpropitious climatic conditions. And they have so far succeeded that they can defy with impunity the sharpest rigours of the Arctic night—its deadly cold, its terrific gales, its biting snow-showers, and oppressive fogs. Their boots, made of sealskin, and lined with the downy skins of birds, are thoroughly waterproof; their large, thick gloves ward off frost-bite; they wear two pairs of breeches, made of reindeer or seal skin, of which the under pair has the close, warm, stimulating hair close to the flesh; and two jackets, of which the upper is provided with a large hood, completely enveloping the head and face, all but the eyes. The women are similarly attired, except that their outer jacket is a little longer, and the hood, in which they carry their children, considerably larger, and that in summer they substitute for the skin jacket a water-tight shirt or *kamluka*, made

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of the entrails of the seal or walrus. They sew their sealskin boots so tightly as to render them quite impervious to moisture, and so neatly that they might almost be included in the category of works of art.

On first coming in sight of each other, both the Innuits and Lieutenant Schwatka's party showed a not unnatural suspicion. The four white men seized their rifles or revolvers, their Eskimo allies armed themselves with snow-knives and spears. They then advanced until within about three hundred yards of the *igloos*, but all the Innuits had retired. Equeesik and Ishuark were sent forward, and began to shout in the Innuit tongue. Presently a man crawled out of the low doorway of an *igloo* and asked a question, which, we may suppose, was satisfactorily answered, as other natives came forth from their *igloos* and ranged themselves at his side. Then all of them uttered a loud cry of welcome; the Schwatka party advanced, and friendly relations were at once established. It was observed that the natives carried knives, but knives which were useful neither as implements nor weapons, being mere bits of hoop-iron or of copper worked down to a blade, and attached to long handles of reindeer horn.

From an aged Eskimo, who had nearly fulfilled the Psalmist's span of life, Schwatka ascertained that only twice before—when he was a little boy—had he seen those phenomenal strangers, white men. He was fishing in Back River when ten of them came in a boat—like gods from the clouds—and shook hands with him. Their leader's name, he said, was Tor-ard-e-wak, which Eskimo Joe thought, from the sound, must mean Lieutenant Back. The next white man he saw lay dead in the bunk of a great ship which was frozen in the ice to the westward of Grant Point, on Adelaide Peninsula. He and his companions had to walk out some three

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miles on sea-ice to reach the vessel. His son (a man about thirty-five years old) was then, he said, a boy. About the same time he observed the tracks of white men on the mainland, at first four, afterwards only three. This was when the spring snows were falling. Having satisfied themselves that the ship was deserted, he and his companions ventured on board, and carried off pieces of wood and iron. They found some red tins of fresh meat, mixed with "something like tallow." Several had been opened, but four remained intact. They saw no bread, but numerous knives and forks, spoons, pans, cups, and plates, with a few books.

In four more marches Schwatka reached Back River, and after examining Montreal Island, crossed the Dyle Point and Richardson Point peninsulas. In a creek to the west of the latter they fell in with a company of Nitchellik Indians, from whom they gained some interesting information. A number of skeletons, they said, had been seen on the shore of an inlet three or four miles westward of their present encampment; also books and papers scattered among the rocks, with knives and forks, spoons, dishes, and cans. There was no sledge, but a boat, which the natives afterwards broke up and carried away. On being shown a watch, one of the men said he had seen several articles like it, some of gold and some of silver, lying about the shore, but the children had made playthings of them, with the usual result.

Equipping one of his sledges, Schwatka dashed off to find the boat-place, which proved to be not more than three miles from the camp. Though the ground was white with snow, and therefore indistinguishable from the coast on either side, our American explorers could not but feel that it was hallowed by its pathetic associations. In their mind little doubt existed but that it was

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the extreme limit in the direction of Hudson Bay which Franklin's unfortunate followers succeeded in attaining. Probably they were few in number—the hardiest only—the brave spirits which to the last had defied every danger and prevailed against every obstacle, in the hope of escape or the anticipation of rescue. Yet here—in this grim land of desolation—their hearts at last gave way. Well might they do so; for few, if any, more striking pictures of Nature in her austerest and most forbidding mood can the whole world furnish. Low and barren lies the dreary shore, so that it can scarce be distinguished from the sea-level when the snow lies thickly upon both. Neither tree nor bush, neither flower nor herb is visible. There is nothing to relieve the ghastly monotony of the scene. No living thing—no sign of life; everywhere the awful hush of a lifeless solitude—of a world of death.

A Nitchellik woman, named Ahlangyah, about fifty-five years of age, stated that many years ago she had seen ten men dragging a sledge on the ice of Washington Bay. The sledge had a boat upon it, and when five of the white men crossed the ice and put up a tent on the shore, the five others remained in the boat. The Innuits erected a tent near that of the white men, and the two parties sojourned together for five days. Meantime the Innuits killed several seals on the ice, and gave them to the strangers, who in their turn presented them with the priceless treasure of a chopping-knife. At the end of five days all set out for Adelaide Peninsula, fearing that, if they longer delayed, they would be unable to cross, as the ice already was in a very rotten condition. The Innuits went first, the white men followed, and as the latter were greatly retarded by the burthen of their sledge and boat, the former halted for them at Gladman Point, but they never saw the strangers again.

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Continuing her deeply interesting narrative, Ahlangyah said that in the following spring, when the ground was almost clear of its winter snow, she saw a tent on the shore at the head of Terror Bay. Dead bodies were within it, and on the earth outside lay others, slightly covered with sand. The survivors had been too feeble to give them further burial. Fleshless skeletons were they, with only the muscles or sinews still attached to them. Numerous articles lay scattered around; knives and forks, spoons, watches, books, clothing, and blankets.

The white men rewarded the Eskimo woman for so patiently telling her simple but touching story. You can understand the profound interest with which they regarded her, for she had actually seen the poor starving explorers whose traces they were anxiously following up. What a tragedy her slow imperfect speech unfolded! She herself seemed in some degree conscious of its painfulness, for her face was full of expression, and it grew sad at times when she spoke of the pitiful condition of the sufferers, and tears filled her eyes as she described the melancholy scene at the tent-place, where so many had perished, and their bodies fallen a prey to wild beasts.

On the evening of the 4th of June, Lieutenant Schwatka's party fell in with a young man named Adlekok, who during the previous summer had discovered a "white man's cairn" near Pfeffer River—a cairn which no other Innuits had ever seen. It was in the immediate neighbourhood of three graves and a tent-place. In the latter he found a pair of wire-gauze "snow-goggles," which Lieutenant Schwatka purchased of him. Adlekok conducted them to this interesting memorial, leading the way across a trackless waste of snow and ice, and never deviating to the right or left,

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though he had neither sun nor landmarks to steer by. A close examination of the cairn revealed an inscription, which had evidently been traced with the point of a sharp instrument, on one of the clay stones composing it :—

"MAY XII. 1869."

On the opposite side was another inscription—

Eternal Honour to the Discoverers of the North We . . . .

Then it became clear that the cairn was the one which Captain C. F. Hall had raised over the bones of two of Franklin's followers, discovered by him on his visit to this place.

From another native, an *amketko*, or "medicine-man," they gathered a dismal story, to the effect that he had seen four skeletons on the mainland, and two on the adjacent island (in long. 95° W.) At the boat-place he had unearthed a tin box, the contents of which were printed books, each about two feet long and a foot wide, and among these books what was probably the needle of a compass or other magnetic instrument, because, he said, when it touched iron it stuck fast. Outside the boat were several skulls—certainly more than four. Beside the boat were four sticks and a quantity of canvas—probably the *disjecta membra* of a tent—as well as some open-faced watches—gold and silver.

On the 17th of June the exploring party started for Cape Felix. Their course was north-westerly, bringing them at night to the head of Washington Bay, where they left the salt-water ice, and struck across the land

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in the hope of coming out upon Collinson Inlet, near the upper end. After a weary and monotonous journey of ten days, they arrived, owing to an error in the Admiralty chart, at Erebus Bay. It was tedious, laborious travelling, owing to the slushy condition of the snow, and to the water, which lay some six to eight inches deep on the frozen surface of the pools and lakelets. In the morning the thin crust of ice formed during the night yielded at every step, and during the day the travellers tramped wearily along, often ankle-deep in slush or water.

The salt-water ice was not much better adapted for travelling. It was very old, and so "hummocky" that our party generally preferred to keep to the southern, though much longer, route by the coast margin. One day, however, to avoid a wide circuit, they struck across the hummocks, and were duly punished for their temerity. For around and among the hummocks lay in dense masses the wind-driven snow, which the constant action of the sun's rays had reduced to a "thawy" condition. Sometimes the travellers sank into it up to their waists, so that their legs dangled in slush and water, vainly attempting to find a firm bottom. Sometimes the sledge plunged in so deeply that, light as was its cargo, the work of extrication taxed their utmost efforts; and when all combined to attempt it, they secured an occasional *point d'appui* only by kneeling on a hummock, or clinging to it with one hand while they tugged away lustily with the other. Even the dogs strained at the yoke in vain. Some would be floundering in the sledge, while others struggled over broken ice; yet such was the skill of the Innuit driver, that, in spite of these and other obstacles, they accomplished ten miles in the day's march of fifteen hours.

Great was their joy when they touched the shore at

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last, some distance below Franklin Point. Pitching their camp, they gave to exhausted nature a couple of days' rest. On resuming their journey, they fell in with the graves of two white men. Near one of them was lying the upper part of a skull, which, with some bones, they decently interred. A mile and a half farther on, Klutschak and Melens came upon the camp which had been constructed by Captain Crozier after the abandonment of the two vessels. Here were several cooking-stoves and their copper kettles, besides clothing, blankets, canvas, iron and brass implements, and, in an open grave, a quantity of blue cloth and of worn canvas, which had evidently been used as a makeshift for a shroud. At the bottom of the grave lay a lens, apparently the object-glass of a marine telescope, and several gilt buttons among the rotting cloth and mould. At the foot of the grave a silver medal, which an inscription on the reverse showed to have been won as a prize at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, by "John Irving, Midsummer, 1830."

This relic at once identified the grave as that of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of the *Terror*. A figured silk pocket-handkerchief, neatly folded, the colours and pattern of which were remarkably well preserved, had been placed under the head. Only the skull and a few other bones were discovered in or near the grave, and these were carefully transported to New York, and thence removed to Edinburgh, where, on the 7th of January 1881, they were honoured with a public funeral, and interred in Dean Cemetery.

The day after this pathetic discovery Lieutenant Schwatka removed his camp to the vicinity of the officer's grave, and spent a couple of days in careful examination of the country round about. The snow lay so thick upon the ground that the search was without results. But when they returned there from Cape

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Felix on the 11th of July, the snow was nearly gone, the ponds were almost dried up, and success crowned their persevering efforts. Among the treasure-trove were a brush with the name "H. Wilks" cut in the side, a two-gallon stone jug, several tin cans, a pickle-bottle, a canvas pulling-strap, and a sledge-harness marked with a stencil plate "T," showing that it had formerly belonged to the *Terror*.

On this second visit Toolooah's wife discovered in a pile of stones a piece of paper which had weathered the Arctic storms of thirty years. It proved to be a copy of the Crozier record originally found by Lieutenant Hobson in the M'Clintock expedition, and is of so much importance that we shall give it here unabridged. The writing being in pencil, was partially illegible.

"*May* 7, 1859. Lat. 69° 38′ N., long. 98° 41′ W.

"This cairn was found yesterday by a party from Lady Franklin's discovery-yacht *Fox*, now wintering in Bellot Strait . . . a notice of which the following is . . . removed.

"*28th May* 1847.

"H.M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice in lat. 70° 05′ N., long. 98° 23′ W., having wintered at Beechy Island in lat. 74° 43′ 28″ N., long. 91° 39′ 15″ W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

"Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well. A party of two officers and six men left the ships on Monday, the 24th May.

"GRAHAM GORE.
"CHARLES F. DES V[OEUX]."

[Lieutenant Hobson, after copying this document, adds:—]

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". . . into a . . . printed form, which was a request in six languages that, if picked up, it might be forwarded to the British Admiralty."

Round the margin of this paper was written the only authentic intelligence we possess respecting the death of Franklin:—

"*The 25th April* 1848.

"H.M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22d April . . . opens to the N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th Sept. 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Capt. F. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69° 37′ 42″ N., long. 98° 41′ W.

"This paper was found by Lieutenant Irving under the cairn supposed to have been built by Sir James Ross in 1831, four miles to the northward, where it had been deposited by the late Commander Gore in June 1847. Sir James Ross's pillar, however, has not been found . . . the paper has been transferred . . . this position, which . . . was erected.

"Sir John Franklin died on the 7th of June 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been . . . officers and fifteen men.

"F. M. CROZIER,
Capt. and Senior Officer.
"JAMES FITZJAMES,
Captain H.M.S. Erebus.

"And start to-morrow for Back's Fish River."

"At this cairn, which we reached . . . noon yesterday; the last cairn appears to have made a selection of your (food ?) for travelling, leaving all that was superfluous strewn about its vicinity. I remained at this

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spot until nearly noon of to-day searching for relics, &c. No other papers . . . been found.

"It is my intention to follow the land to the S.W. in quest of the wreck of a ship said by the Esquimaux to be on the beach. Three other cairns have been found between this and Cape Felix. . . . They contain no infor . . . about it.

"WILLIAM R. HOBSON,
Lieutenant in charge of Party."

"This paper is a copy of a record left here by Captain Crozier when retreating with the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* to the Great Fish River; the information of its discovery by Lieutenant W. R. Hobson is intended for me. As the natives appear to have pulled down a cairn erected here in 1831, I purpose burying a record at ten feet due north from the centre of this cairn, and at one foot below the surface.

"F. L. M'CLINTOCK, *Capt. R.N.*"

A remarkable piece of paper, truly! For upwards of thirty years it had preserved its silent record of brave deeds done by brave men—its indirect testimony to suffering and failure. The storms of thirty Arctic winters had beaten about its hiding-place, thirty springs had come and gone, and thirty brief, bright Arctic summers lighted up the wastes of ice and snow with glorious sunshine. But there it lay, in its rude receptacle of stones, to satisfy the curious gaze of the four adventurous men who had travelled so far in quest of memorials of the expedition to the melancholy fate of which it bore witness.

Lieutenant Schwatka's matured opinion in respect to the Franklin expedition was, that the crews, on abandoning their imprisoned ships, landed at this now historic spot, with no more supplies than they could

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conveniently carry on their sledges. When, after much laborious and exhausting effort, they reached the southern coast of King William Land, they found it necessary to send back some of their number for further supplies. In charge of this party went, we may assume, Lieutenant Irving, who died, however, soon after reaching the camp. Probably the white men who, according to the Eskimo, were on board the ship which drifted down to the island near Grant Point also belonged to this party, but had preferred to remain with their vessel rather than return to the main body on the south coast, whose desperate condition was no better than their own. Or it may very well be that their strength had given way, and that the return journey they could not undertake. It would seem, from the appearances of the boat-place at Erebus Bay, that the ill-fated ship, after the annual break-up of the ice, had floated ashore, but had previously been deserted by everybody who could walk. The history of the last days of the Franklin expedition, however, can never be written. All we know is, that it must have been a melancholy history, marked by the awfullest suffering; a history of the gradual decay of strong men, of famine, exhaustion, death. Sad is it to think of the survivors of Franklin's gallant crews as, with wan and haggard countenances and shrunken forms, they dragged themselves wearily across the rugged ice; steadily tramping onward, though they must have been conscious, I think, of the futility of the endeavour; with thoughts deep at their fainting hearts of the dear faces they would never see again. Sad is it to think of these once stalwart men reduced by hunger and misery to the phantoms of their former selves, every hour growing weaker and less capable of effort, and one by one, as the deadly influences of the Arctic climate prevailed, falling out of the

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dreary, ghastly march—a march of death—and passing away amid the silence of those frozen solitudes.

From Irving Bay Lieutenant Schwatka departed on the 30th of June, and he arrived at Cape Felix on the 3d of July. A wearisome journey! Every day developed new pains and penalties in walking, revealed fresh horrors in the route they pursued. Either they waded through shallow lakes and torrents, which, being frozen at the bottom, were exceedingly treacherous to the feet, or else, with their sealskin boots softened by constant immersion, they painfully plodded over sharp claystones set firmly in the ground, with the edges pointing up, or lying flat and slippery as they stepped upon them, and betraying the unwary foot into a crevice with a shock that threatened to dislocate the ankle. These are but a few of the harsh experiences of travel in King William Land; yet, with courageous pertinacity, our wayfarers accomplished about ten miles a day, and made as complete an investigation as was possible on every side. From want of "civilised food" they began to suffer greatly. Lieutenant Schwatka, it is true, with his double-barrelled shot-gun killed ducks and geese very freely, and Mr. Gilder's rifle brought down an occasional reindeer. In time they were reduced to an exclusively meat diet; and as the flesh was eaten almost as soon as killed, attacks of diarrhœa resulted. But no other food was available until nine months later, when they reached the ship *George and Mary* at Marble Island, except a few pounds of raw starch, which, on their departure for Cape Felix in the previous June, they had left at Cape Herschel. Against all this physical discomfort, however, might be set as a counterpoise the intense delight they had felt in the scenery around them, which in the summer glow shone and sparkled with a weird beauty of its own.

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Having explored King William Land most thoroughly, and interred with decency the remains of Franklin's ill-fated followers, Lieutenant Schwatka, on the 8th of November, when the frozen surface of the sea was again sufficiently hard to bear the sledges, entered upon the return journey. With patient purpose he recrossed Simpson Strait and coasted Adelaide Peninsula on the west, selecting a route about sixty miles westward of his former track. Dense fogs and heavy snow-showers delayed him greatly, and on the 12th he halted at a native camp near the mouth of Sherman Inlet. He was received by the Eskimo—with some of whom he had become acquainted in the spring—in hospitable fashion—and they raised their usual cry of greeting, "Many-tu-me!" Willing hands soon built up an *igloo*, and so long as the white men remained with them they showed a watchful hospitality. It seemed as if an Innuit Robin Goodfellow were on the roof of the *igloo* all the time patching up holes; and the good-natured creatures changed the direction of the doorway whenever the wind changed—an attention which kept them continually occupied.

Resuming his march, Schwatka adopted a south-easterly course for about forty-five miles. The sun had sunk so low that there was neither visible sunrise nor sunset. At noon it was not more than four degrees above the horizon. The adventurers were daily advancing southward, or their sole light in the daytime would have been this noontide glimmer. And, indeed, for several days before they finally struck off from Back River, the sun showed nothing more than its rim above the coast-side hills, and after a brief and tantalising exhibition of its golden disc, left them to toil onward in the long twilight, which was succeeded by the longer darkness. While the days were so short, they could

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necessarily make but little progress, especially as their sledges delayed them considerably. The softness of the snow, which as yet was not thoroughly consolidated, and the minute particles of ice that froze on its surface, were additional impediments. Moreover, the dogs, being but half fed, could not work well. Poor creatures! on two occasions there was an interval of fully eight days between their meals! When an animal fasts for eight days, and yet drags a heavy sledge through ice and snow, we may fairly speak of it as "doing more work with less food than any other draught animal in existence."

On the 20th they had reached lat. 67° 32′ 42″ N., and at night the temperature sank to 38° below zero, or 70° below freezing-point. Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and rail against the weather when there is only a few degrees of frost, can you understand the extreme of cold which these figures indicate? A film of ice formed on the surface of the kerosine oil which was used as an artificial horizon, and had to be constantly removed by breathing upon it. The breath of the observer froze upon the sextant glasses, which had to be cleaned with the fingers, not without risk of blisters. Such are some of the obstacles in the way of astronomical observations in the depth of an Arctic winter. The *mean* temperature for November was actually as low as 23° 3′. In England it is estimated at 43°, so that the difference exceeds *sixty-six degrees.*

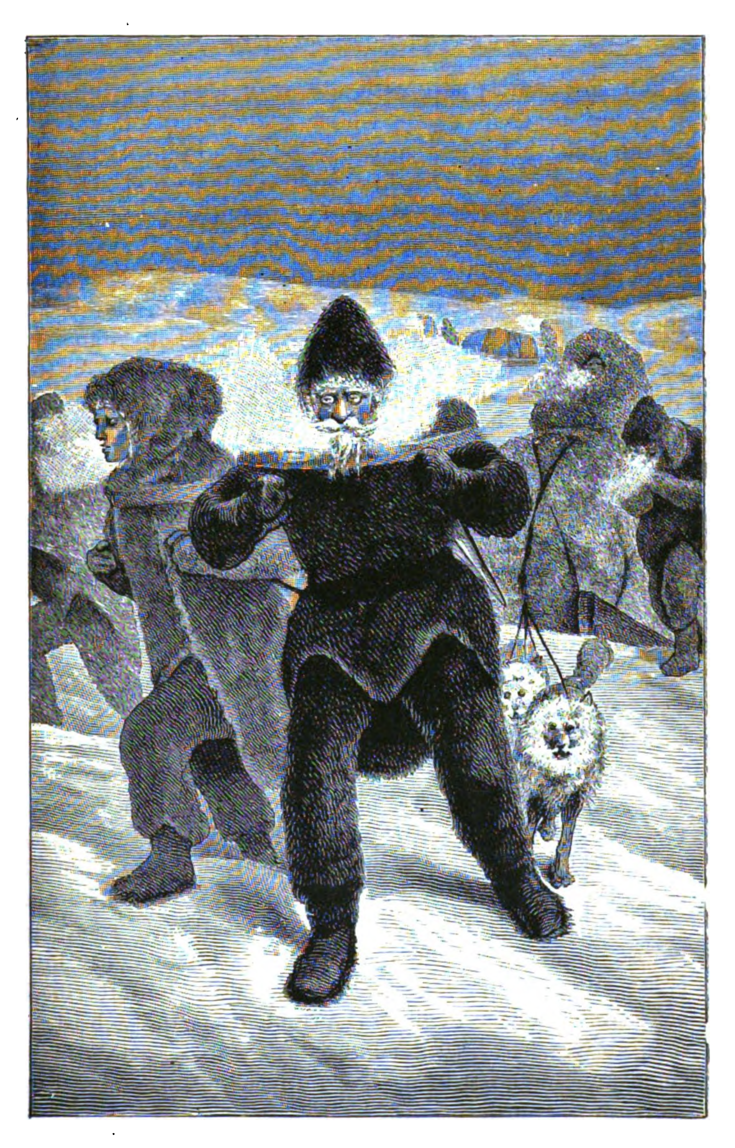
On the 5th of December our adventurers arrived at a point on Back River near the Dangerous Rapids, and proceeded to descend the stream to its mouth in Chesterfield Inlet. This portion of their journey was painfully arduous, owing to the bare ice—ice, that is, without any soft carpeting of snow—in the neighbourhood of the open-water rapids, and the intense cold, which

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filled the atmosphere with atoms of ice from the congelation of the vapour which they threw off. These atoms fell thickly, it appears, on the indurated snow, which would otherwise have afforded a good sledging surface; and as they failed to combine and consolidate, they could be brushed up or blown about like sand, so that progress with the sledges was increasingly difficult. The thermometer frequently registered 50° and 60° below zero, while a strong and bitter wind, cold as man's ingratitude, blew directly in the travellers' faces. At this time their sole article of food was reindeer-meat. The dogs had begun to feel the combined effects of hard work, hard weather, and hard fare; before the end of December they lost a couple, and seven-and-twenty perished on the way to Depot Island.

In order to shorten the journey, Schwatka, on the 28th of December, left the river and struck into the open. On the 3d of January 1880 the thermometer reached the minimum observed throughout the expedition;—in the morning, 70°; at noon, 69°; and at five P.M., 71°. January proved to be a "roaring moon" of gale and tempest, so that, out of its thirty-one days, only eleven were available for travelling, and the number of miles accomplished fell to ninety-one. For about twenty-five miles Lieutenant Schwatka followed up the musk-oxen tracks in the hope of securing some game, but he found that wolves were ahead of him and scared the animals away. The country swarmed with reindeer, whose breath ran like clouds of steam on every hill-side; and when a herd, which the dogs had terrified, scattered in every direction, it looked as if "a host of locomotives had been let loose," the smoke issuing from their snorting nostrils in great puffs, which streamed like meteors to the desert air. On a cold, clear day, when the sledges were in motion, their relative positions could

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ARCTIC FLOATING EXHALATIONS.

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easily be determined, however wide apart they might be, by the exhalations which floated over them. Occasionally, for the advantage of spreading in pursuit of game over a wider area, they pitched their *igloos* at a distance of two miles apart, and even at this distance the condensed breath of the dogs and people could be seen, and their locality identified.

Almost every day the travellers had to lament a vacancy in the canine ranks. The supply of reindeer-meat still continued ample, but it was usually frozen, in which condition it is of comparatively little value, at a time when fat and stimulating food are necessary to maintain the vital warmth. Many of the dogs might have been saved if, for each, a weekly allowance of a seal's skin full of blubber had been forthcoming; but all they could collect had to be reserved for the nocturnal illumination of the *igloos* and for culinary purposes or as fuel, there was none to spare. Their meals, therefore, were as cold as the weather. The frozen meat was of such solidity that it had to be divided by a saw, and then broken up into convenient-sized lumps, which, when first put into the mouth, were hard as fragments of rock. Sometimes a fitful fire was got up with moss gathered from the hillsides, the snow having been threshed off it with a stick; but this was feasible only when our adventurers halted for a day or two, because it took nearly four hours to collect the moss and cook the viands. Now, meat frozen at a temperature of 50° to 70° below zero is by no means appetising. Every piece put into the mouth must first be breathed upon to thaw the surface, or it will stick to the lips and tongue and the sides of the mouth, and blister like red-hot iron.

Wolves were almost as numerous as reindeer, and would prowl audaciously round about the *igloos*. As

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they had killed and devoured four of Equeesik's dogs, and had even made a dash at Equeesik himself when he crawled out of his *igloo* to drive them away, he resolved upon revenge. Two of the marauders were quickly made to acknowledge the deadly aim of his rifle; of others he disposed by contrivances diabolically ingenious. He planted in the ice a couple of sharp knives smeared with blood; the wolves licked them, and in the process sliced or gashed their tongues. At the time they were prevented from feeling these self-inflicted wounds by the benumbing effects of the severe cold; their own warm blood enticed them to continue; and at last the scarified condition of their tongues rendered death inevitable. He also prepared some deadly pills by rolling up a coil of whalebone, held together with sinew, and stuffing it inside a piece of meat. The frozen bolus preserved its consistency until it had passed into the animal's intestines, when the meat having thawed, and the sinew being digested, the whalebone expanded and inflicted fatal wounds.

On the 23d of February, Toolooah, while on the hunting-path, was surrounded by a pack of about twenty wolves. He clambered up a rocky bank just in time to escape their attack, and from that point of vantage kept off the ferocious beasts with the butt end of his gun, until he could get time to take a steady aim. Then he dropped one of his savage assailants, and while the others fought over and devoured the bleeding carcase, he contrived to slip back to camp.

The travellers reached Depot Island on the 4th of March, after an absence of eleven months and twenty days, during which they had traversed 2819 geographical or 3251 statute miles. "Comment on this remarkable undertaking," says Admiral Richards, "seems superfluous. So far as I know, it stands unrivalled

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in the annals of Arctic, or indeed of any other enterprise of modern times; and one scarcely knows which to admire most—the boldness and audacity of its conception, or the unswerving devotion and perseverance which brought it to a successful conclusion." It was the first Arctic expedition which deliberately and systematically relied for the support both of its human members and its draught animals on the game of the country, and this too throughout the year. It was the first, moreover, in which the white men adopted in all respects the dietary of their Eskimo allies. And so well did it accomplish its work, that it is probably not too much to say that not a single member of Franklin's expedition now lies with bleached bones on the inhospitable snow; each has now that decent resting-place for which human nature seems instinctively to yearn. When they had not been anticipated by kindly nature, with its shroud of snow and tumulus of ice, or when Franklin's retreating crews had been unable to perform the last sad offices for their departed comrades, the mission was supplied by the reverent hands of Lieutenant Schwatka's followers. From the fragmentary condition of the skeletons, their almost inextricable confusion, and the wide area over which the bones were scattered, it was not easy to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number interred, and while some placed it as high as forty, others put it as low as seventeen.*

The natives of Depot Island received our travellers with a warm welcome, for on their first visit friendly relations had been established. "About noon," says Gilder, "we were within four or five miles, and saw some natives on the ice in the dim distance. Then all was excitement in our party, and it increased as the

* What had become of the skulls? These, at least, would have afforded satisfactory data.

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distance diminished. I never expected to feel so agitated as I did when I found myself running and shouting with the natives. Toolooah fired a signal-gun, then jumped on the sledge and waved a deerskin, which it had been previously agreed should announce our identity on our return. At last the sledge drew near enough to recognise Annoro, who was looking up to us ahead of the others. When they halted, he grasped Lieutenant Schwatka by the hand, and shook it long and heartily, saying, 'Ma-muk-poo am-a-suet suk-o' (Plenty good to see), and then he came to me, and I noticed as he held my hand that the tears, warm from his dear old heart, were coming down his cheeks. I was moved as I scarcely anticipated at the tenderness and earnest warmth of our reception."

At Depot Island Lieutenant Schwatka had expected to find either some whalers wintering or ample supplies of provisions, which, according to an arrangement made at the outset of the expedition, were to have been left in charge of the Eskimo. In both expectations he was grievously disappointed; but learning that a vessel lay at Marble Island, farther to the south, he proceeded thither as soon as the weather permitted. Meanwhile the Eskimo, as well as the white men, suffered severe privations; walrus-hide was the sole available article of food, and of this the quantity available was so small that a ration was issued once only in the twenty-four hours. From hunger one of the Eskimo women unfortunately perished, but this was the only fatal case. The remainder of the party, after enduring great hardships, arrived safely at Marble Island, and from a whaler lying there obtained a welcome supply of provisions.

The summer was rapidly passing away, and a rapid retreat from the world of ice was needful if they did not

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wish to spend another winter in its inhospitable climate. On the 7th of August, embarking on board the whaler *George and Mary*, they sailed from Marble Island, and made towards Whale Point, in order to hail any other vessels that had come into Hudson Bay, and ascertain if they had brought any news. They found very considerable quantities of ice already collected in Daly Bay and in the channel opening upon Rouse's Welcome, while a natural bridge or causeway of solid ice extended from Whale Point to Southampton Island.

On Sunday the 8th, while proceeding slowly through the ice-pack, which had already collected off Cape Fullerton, they sighted a she-bear and her cub lying asleep on a large cake of ice about a quarter of a mile from the ship. One of the boats was immediately lowered and dispatched in chase. The bears seemed at once to apprehend that there was danger in the movement; they took to the water with a rush, the old one, in the strength of her maternal affection for her cub, carrying it on her back. When she found that the swift oars gained upon her, she abandoned the water and stood at bay upon a cake of ice. Lieutenant Schwatka fired; his bullet struck the she-bear's backbone and down she dropped. To put an end to her sufferings Mr. Williams shot her through the head. They were anxious to take the cub alive, but the poor little creature, partly from affection, partly perhaps from fear, clung close to its mother's bleeding body. And truly it was a pitiful sight to see how it sought to cover and protect her with its own little self, to see it lick her face and wounds, occasionally rising on its hind-legs and growling a fierce defiance of its enemies. At last Lieutenant Schwatka sprang upon the ice, and, after several ineffectual efforts, succeeded in lassooing the poor cub, which was towed

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alongside the ship and hoisted upon deck together with its mother's dead body.

The remainder of the homeward voyage passed unmarked by any incident of importance. On Tuesday, the 20th of August, "Land ho!" was shouted from the masthead, and soon to those on board the *George and Mary*, the low white shore of the island of Nantucket became distinctly visible. Before Wednesday night, the 21st, they had landed in New Bedford, with all their honours thick upon them.

A bold idea had felicitously been carried out, an arduous enterprise accomplished with the courage and the discretion that seldom fail to command success. The annals of Arctic discovery are full of records of gallant effort and happy achievement, but we doubt whether the sledge-journey of Lieutenant Schwatka does not deserve a place among the most notable. And of the man himself one might almost venture to predict that the world will surely hear again. With his adventurous temper, his bravery, his accurate judgment, his skilful management of resources, he can hardly sink into the obscurity of the "common lot." At all events, this much is clear: that to the chivalrous exertions of Lieutenant Schwatka we owe all the knowledge we are likely to gain of the fate of the later survivors of the gallant crews who, under Sir John Franklin, had set out, so strong and buoyant, to play their heroic part in that great drama of Polar exploration which had long been their country's pride. The problem which Lady Franklin's loving devotion, and the energy and effort of so many brave and generous spirits, so anxiously endeavoured to solve, perplexes us no longer. We know *how* those gallant sons of England died, and *where*, and we might almost say *when*. All honour to their memories! and all honour to him who, with such

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patience and perseverance, traced out and collected their relics, the young officer of the United States navy, Lieutenant Schwatka.*

* We have based our narrative upon Mr. Gilder's interesting letters in the *New York Herald*, September and October 1880, and on some articles which appeared in the *Illustrated London News.*



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THE DISCOVERY OF THE ALBERT NYANZA:—

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

IT was early morning on the 14th of March 1864, when an Englishman and his wife, after toiling up a long grassy ascent in the very heart of Africa, stood at last upon the summit of the ridge, and saw before them, shimmering in the broadening light, a glorious expanse of water. To the south and south-west it presented an apparently boundless sea-horizon, which blended with the soft azure of the far-off skies; while on the west it was limited by a picturesque mountain range, which rose from the bosom of this great basin to a height of about 9000 feet above its level. From a remote island in the grey and misty ocean of the North our travellers had wandered many thousands of miles to enjoy the rapture of this moment,—that they might be the first of Europeans to gaze upon that great equatorial lake. And now they could say, *Opus consummatum est.* There, below them, lay the reward of all their labour and suffering; there, the recompense of years of steadfast resolution and fixed purpose. From that inland sea flowed the famous African river, the mighty historic stream which in the history of civilisation has played so important a part. League by league

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SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

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the courage of dauntless explorers had traced its upward course to the central tableland of the African continent, had followed one of its parent streams to the Victoria Nyanza; and now the latest of the heroic band had carried the work of discovery to a triumphant completion, and reached, as he supposed, the very source and fountain of the fertilising waters of the Nile.

"Long before I reached this spot," says our traveller, "I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style; but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory. . . . I was about 1500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliffs upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind, that source of bounty and of blessing to millions of human beings; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake 'The Albert Nyanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the true sources of the Nile." *

* The Albert Nyanza constitutes a vast basin of water lying far below the general level of the country, and receiving (as Sir Samuel Baker supposed) all its drainage. It lies surrounded by steep cliffs, which have but a narrow belt of sand between them and the rolling waves, and on the west and south-west is bounded by huge mountain ranges from 5000 to 7000 feet in height. Sir Samuel Baker, after a careful survey, concluded that it was the one great reservoir which received everything, from the passing

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Accompanied by his devoted and courageous wife, who may worthily rank with Madame Ida Pfeiffer, Mrs. Burton, Mademoiselle Tiuné, Miss Gordon Cumming, Mrs. Isabella Bird, and other heroines of travel, Sir Samuel Baker* started from Cairo on the 15th of April 1861. A voyage of twenty-six days carried them down the Nile to Korosko, where they landed and struck across the Nubian Desert in order to cut off the western bend of the river, touching it again at Abou Hamad. Eight days more and they reached Berber, whence a caravan route crosses the sandy wastes to Suakim, on the Red Sea. The travellers remained at Berber until the 11th of June, when they started on a tour of exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile, especially of the Atbara and the Rahad. Descending the latter river, they traversed a narrow strip of country to the west and reached the river Dindu, which they followed up to its confluence with the Bahr el Azruk or Blue Nile. Down this noble

shower to the roaring mountain torrent, that drained from Central Africa towards the north. The Victoria Nyanza—the immense lake discovered by Speke and Grant in 1861—is a reservoir situated at a considerable elevation, which receives the waters from the west of the Kitangulé river, its principal feeder; but as the Albert Lake extends much farther north, it takes up the river from the Victoria and monopolises the entire head-waters of the Nile. In Sir Samuel Baker's opinion, "The Albert is the grand reservoir, while the Victoria is the eastern source; the parent streams that form these lakes are from the same origin, and the Kitangulé sheds its waters to the Victoria to be received *eventually* by the Albert, precisely as the highlands of M'fumbrio and the Blue Mountains pour their northern drainage *direct* into the Albert Lake." Mr. Stanley's researches, however, have imposed on geographers the necessity of considerably modifying Sir Samuel Baker's hypothesis, though in no wise diminishing the importance of his discovery. The Albert Lake really holds an inferior position to the Victoria Nyanza, which without question receives the parent waters of the Nile, but at the same time it forms one of its principal reservoirs.

* Though we use his familiar title, he had not then been knighted, but was plain Mr. Baker.

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stream they made their way to Khartoum, and arrived there exactly twelve months from the day on which they had left Berber.

Recent events have given to Khartoum a special and an enduring interest, yet few places of such importance, commercially and strategically, present to the traveller so unattractive an aspect. "A more miserable, filthy, and unhealthy spôt can hardly be imagined. Far as the eye can reach, upon all sides, is a sandy desert. The town, chiefly composed of huts of unburnt brick, extends over a flat hardly above the level of the river at high-water, and is occasionally flooded Although containing about 30,000 inhabitants, and densely crowded, there are neither drains nor cesspools; the streets are redolent with inconceivable nuisances; should animals die, they remain where they fall, to create pestilence and disgust." Such was Baker's description of it in 1863. A few years later Dr. Schweinfurth writes of it as greatly altered. "A large number of new brick buildings, a spacious quay on the banks of the Blue Nile, and some still more imposing erections on the other side of the river, had given the place the more decided aspect of an established town. The extensive gardens and rows of date-palms, planted out nearly half a century back, had attained to such a development that they could not be altogether without influence on the climate; in spite of everything, however, the sanitary condition of Khartoum was still very unsatisfactory." While Gordon Pacha reigned there as governor-general of the Soudan, his activity effected many improvements, and the town was surrounded by fortifications.

Khartoum has long had an evil reputation as the great emporium of the slave-trade of Equatorial Africa. How that accursed traffic is carried on Sir Samuel Baker shall tell us. There are, he says, two classes of

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White Nile traders, the one possessing capital, the other being penniless adventurers; the same system of operations is pursued by both, but that of the former will be evident from the description of the latter.

A penniless adventurer forms an expedition, borrowing money at 100 per cent. to defray the charges, and undertaking to repay it in ivory at one half its market value. He proceeds to hire several vessels, and to engage from 100 to 300 men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have found an asylum in Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. The men receive five months' wages in advance at the rate of forty-five piastres (nine shillings) per month, and beyond the five months are to be paid as much as eighty piastres monthly. These wages are paid partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for clothes at an exorbitant price. To each man is given a strip of paper, on which is written, by the clerk of the expedition, the amount received in goods and money; this document he must produce at the final settlement.

The expedition sails about December, and on arriving at a suitable point, the men disembark and strike into the interior until they come to the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish amicable relations. He eagerly receives their powerful aid against an obnoxious neighbour. Under his direction they make a nocturnal march, and when within an hour's distance of the doomed village, bivouac until dawn. Then, surrounding the village while its inmates are still asleep, they set fire to the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Forth from the chaos of flames and smoke rush the unfortunate victims, and the men are shot

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down with pitiless indifference, while the women and children are taken prisoners. The destroyers then hasten to the kraal or zeriba, and drive off the herds of cattle with great rejoicing. The women and children are quickly fastened together, the former being secured in an instrument called a *aheeba*, a kind of fork, the prisoner's neck being fitted into the fork and fastened by a cross piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. As for the children, they are attached to the women with a rope, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the headquarters of the slave-hunters in company with the captured herds. Should there be any ivory in huts not destroyed by the fire, it is, of course, appropriated; nothing escapes the fury of the plunderers. They dig up the floors of the huts to search for the negro's greatest treasure, iron hoes. They rifle and destroy the granaries, and they cut the hands off the bodies of the slain in order to detach more easily the copper or iron bracelets that are usually worn. Loaded with spoil, the hunters return to their negro ally, who is wild with exultation at the defeat and destruction of his enemy; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle and a captive girl, and his happiness is complete.

Now trade begins. The trader has captured, perhaps, two thousand head of cattle, and the negro chief covets them. They are to be had for ivory, and soon the ivory is forthcoming—a tusk being given for a cow, according to size. So the business of exchange goes briskly on; but there are still some well-understood formalities to be observed. The slaves and two-thirds of the captured cattle belong to the trader; his men claim the other third as their own share. When these have been divided, the slaves are put up to public auction

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among the men, who purchase such as they require, the amount being entered on the receipts (*serki*) of the purchasers, to be set off against their wages. For fear of disagreeable consequences if the papers should fall into the hands of the European consuls, the entries are made for fictitious articles. Thus, if a slave be purchased for one thousand dollars, the amount on the document in question will appear under fancy headings.

Soap	50	piastres.
Tarboosh (a cap)	100	"
Araki	500	"
Shoes	200	"
Cotton cloth	150	"
	1000	"

The slaves bought among the men are continually being resold or exchanged; but should the relatives of the kidnapped women and children wish to ransom them, the trader takes them from their temporary holders, cancels the amount of purchase, and restores them to their relatives for the amount (payable in elephants' tusks), agreed upon. But should any slave attempt to escape, he is punished either by brutal flogging, or shot or hanged as a warning to others.

An attack or razzia of this kind generally ends in a quarrel with the negro ally, who is plundered and murdered in turn, while his women and children fall into the hands of the hunters.

In a good season a party of a hundred and fifty men will become possessed of about 200 cantons (or 10,000 lbs.) of ivory, which at Khartoum should realise £4000. The men being paid in slaves, the wages should be *nil*, with a surplus of four or five hundred slaves for the trader's own profit, worth on an average £5 to £6 each.

The boats are accordingly packed with a human

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cargo, and a portion of the trader's men accompany them to the Soudan, while the remainder encamp in the chosen locality, and plunder, burn, massacre, and enslave until the return of their master with the boats in the following season, by which time they are supposed to be ready with another cargo of slaves and ivory. The business being thoroughly established, the slaves are landed at various points within a few days of Khartoum, where agents or purchasers are waiting to pay for them in cash. For the most part the vendors and purchasers are Arabs. The slaves are then marched across the country to different places, suffering terribly from thirst and fatigue, and not a few dying. Some are sent to Sennaar, some to Cairo, and many to Suakim and Massowah, whence they are shipped for Arabia and Persia.

Such was the slave-trade of Equatorial Africa in its palmiest period, before it was crippled by the gallant exertions of Baker and Colonel Gordon; such it still remains in various parts of the Soudan; and such it will remain until the demand is stopped, or at least until it is rendered practically impossible for the hunters to dispose of their booty. When they once find no market for their living wares they will speedily cease to collect them. To exterminate the slave-trade, render it unprofitable!

Having purchased and provisioned three vessels (including two large nuggers or sailing barges, and a good decked vessel with comfortable cabins, the well-known Nile diahbiah), and engaged forty-five armed men as escort, and forty men as sailors, so that, with servants and attendants, the whole party numbered ninety-six, Baker set out from Khartoum on Thursday, December 18, 1862. On Christmas Day, when in "Merry England" the country-folk were summoned by the chiming bells

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to church, through lanes with leafless trees and hedgerows, he was slowly ascending the historic river in the shade of immense green forests, composed chiefly of acacias. This is the kind known as the *soont* (*Acacia avalica*), which produces an excellent tannin, the fruit being used for that purpose, and yielding a rich brown dye. Its straight, smooth trunk is thirty to thirty-five feet high, and about eighteen inches in diameter. When the trees are in full foliage, the forest, seen from a distance, wears a picturesque aspect, but on a closer approach it appears little better than a desolate swamp, with a mass of fallen dead timber protruding from the stagnant waters, a solitary crane perched here and there upon the rotten boughs, floating water-plants intermingled among the sunken trunks and branches, and forming green floating islands, which slowly descend the sluggish current, and carry with them many a silent stork, spectre-like "voyaging on nature's rafts to freer lands unknown." Scenery of this dismal character continues along the river for a considerable distance, and so long as it lasts deprives the Nile of the romance with which it has been invested by the imagination of poets. Its landscapes are deficient alike in beauty and interest. What is there attractive in its low flat banks studded with squalid villages? The flooded plains, however, afford abundant pasturage for the herds of the Shillooks, who, in their choice of a locality, are governed by considerations of utility rather than by æsthetic principles.

In latitude 10° 31′ the Nile receives the waters of the Sobat, which at the point of confluence is a hundred and twenty yards broad, and flows at the rate of two miles and a half per hour. The Nile valley for league after league presents the same general features—broad river-side tracts of marshy vegetation, with dull and arid plains beyond, unrelieved by variety or vividness of

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colouring. On the 5th of January 1863 the expedition reached the mouth of the Gazelle river or Bahr-el-Ghazal, which Baker describes as "a system of marshes, stagnant water overgrown by rushes and ambatch wood, through which a channel has to be cleared to permit the passage of a boat. Little or no water," he adds, "can descend to the Nile from this river, otherwise there would be some trifling current at the embouchure. The Nile has a stream of about a mile and a half per hour, as it sweeps suddenly round an angle, changing its downward course from north to east. The breadth in this spot does not exceed one hundred and thirty yards." Winding through a very level country, the river in the rainy season, however, expands into a series of extensive lakes. Its course is greatly obstructed by masses of floating vegetation, which breeds an innumerable host of mosquitoes. The people on its banks belong to the Nuihr tribe;* the women pierce the upper lip, and wear an ornament about four inches long of beads upon an iron wire, which projects like the horn of a rhinoceros. The men are tall, robust, and well made; they are armed with lances. Addicted to much smoking, they use pipes that will hold nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco; when their supply of "the Nicotian weed" fails, they resort to charcoal.

* The Nueir of Dr. Schweinfurth, who thus describes them ("Heart of Africa," p. 119):—"With regard to apparel, it will suffice to say that the men go absolutely naked, the women are modestly girded, and the girls wear an apron formed of a fringe of grass. Their hair is very frequently dyed of a tawny-red hue by being bound up for a fortnight in a compo of ashes and cow-dung, but occasionally it is cut quite short. Some of them weave cotton threads into a kind of peruke, which they stain with red ochre, and use for decoration when natural locks are not abundant. Their huts resemble those of the Dinka. Always clean, the dwellings are surrounded by a trampled floor; the sleeping-place inside is formed of ashes of cow-dung burnt perfectly white, and is warmer and better than any mosquito-net."

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The monotony of the voyage was interrupted one day by the appearance of a hippopotamus close to Baker's boat. As he was only about half grown, a score of Baker's men at once jumped into the water to seize him. The captain caught him by the hind-leg, and then the crowd rushed in, and with ropes thrown from the vessel slipped nooses over his head. A lively contention ensued, but as it seemed likely to result in a victory for the hippopotamus, Baker slew him with a rifle-ball. The Arab seamen, who are as fond of trivial and minute arguments as the mediæval schoolmen, discovering from the marks on his side that the animal had been "bullied" and scarred by some stronger hippopotamus, plunged headlong into a fierce controversy on the point whether he had been thus misused by his father or his mother. As they could not settle this knotty point, they referred it to Baker, who satisfied both parties by the happy suggestion that perhaps the oppressor was his uncle. They set to work immediately to cut up the ill-treated hippopotamus, which proved to be as fat as butter, and made most excellent soup.

Continuing his course "up river," our traveller came to the country of the Kytch tribe. Such individuals as presented themselves were pitifully noticeable for their emaciated and miserable condition. The young women wore no clothing except a small piece of dressed hide across the shoulders; the men for the hide substituted a leopard skin. There was a greater appearance of intelligence in the termites or "white ants" than in these poor half-starved wretches. The white ant-hills here rise like castle towers above the water of the marshes. Their inmates build them ten feet high in the wet season, and when the rains come, ascend to the upper storeys, where they live in security. Humanity, meanwhile, apparently incapable of devising for itself any

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sufficient shelter, sickens in the stagnant swamp, and lingers out a degraded and painful existence.

The Bohr and Aliab tribes rise a degree or two higher in the scale of civilisation, but a much more advanced tribe is that of the Shir. The men are armed with well-made ebony clubs, a couple of lances each, and a bow and arrows; they carry on their backs a neatly wrought ebony stool, along with an immense pipe. The females are not absolutely naked; they wear small lappets of tanned leather as broad as the hand; at the back of the belt which carries this apron (if such it may be called) is a tail depending to the lower part of the thigh—a tail of finely cut strips of leather, which has probably originated the Arab report that a tribe in Central Africa had tails like horses. The huts of the Shir, and of the Nile tribes generally, are circular in shape, with entrances so low that their occupants are forced to creep in and out on their hands and knees. The men decorate their heads with tufts of cocks' feathers; they have a curious habit of standing on one leg supported by a spear, while the uplifted leg is rested on the inside of the other knee.

All the White Nile tribes hasten, in the season, to gather the crop of the lotus or waterlily seed, which they grind into flour and make into a kind of porridge. The seed-pod of the white lotus resembles an unblown artichoke, and contains a number of light red grains about the size of the mustard-seed, but in shape like those of the poppy, and resembling them in flavour. The ripe pods are strung upon reeds about four feet long, formed into large bundles, and carried from the river to the villages to be dried in the sun and stored away until wanted.

The 1st of February brought with it a very welcome change in the aspect of the river scenery. The marshes

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gave place to dry ground, the well-wooded banks rose four feet above the level of the waters, the thickly populated country bloomed like an orchard. At Gondokoro the landscape was fresh and pleasant, with a distant view of high mountains and neat villages grouped under the shade of evergreen trees. Gondokoro, though it fills a considerable place in narratives of African travel, is not a town, but merely a station of the ivory-traders, and for nine or ten months of the year is almost a solitude. Its climate is hot and unhealthy. Baker did not meet with a friendly reception. The men who profited by the slave-trade looked upon him with ill-concealed hostility; they believed he had come to examine into their doings and report them to his Government. He was wholly unaffected, however, by their sentiments, and amused himself, while the expedition remained at Gondokoro, by riding about the surrounding country and investigating the manners and customs of its inhabitants, who belong to the Bari tribe. The men are well grown; the women are not attractive, but their features are good, and they have no sign of negro blood except the woolly hair. They tattoo themselves on stomach, sides, and back, and anoint their bodies with a peculiar red clay which abounds in oxide of iron. Their principal weapon is the bow and arrow; the latter is steeped in the juice of the euphorbia and other poisonous plants. It is barbed with "diabolical ingenuity;" sometimes the poisoned head fits into a socket, so that it is detached from the arrow the moment any effort is made to withdraw it, and remains in the wound, diffusing its virus through the whole system.

The surprising cleanliness of the native dwellings, equalling that of the famous Dutch village of Broek, greatly interested our travellers. Each house was enclosed by a hedge of the impenetrable euphorbia, within

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which the area was neatly paved with a cement of ashes, cow-dung, and sand. Upon this well-kept surface stood one or more huts, surrounded by granaries of neat wickerwork, thatched, and erected upon raised platforms. The huts are built with projecting roofs for the sake of shade, and provided with an entrance about two feet high. If a member of the family die, he is buried in the courtyard, his last resting-place being indicated by a pole with a bunch of cock's feathers, and ornamented with a few ox horns and skulls. Each man carries with him wherever he goes his weapons, pipe, and stool, all of which (except the stool) he holds between his legs when he is standing.

Through the intrigues of the slave-traders Baker's escort was induced one evening to break out into open mutiny, on the pretence that they had not meat enough, and demanded leave to carry off the oxen of the natives. The ringleader, an Arab, was so violent that Baker ordered him to receive twenty-five lashes. The vakeel, Saati, advanced to seize him, when many of the men, seizing their sticks, rushed to his support. Baker was compelled to interfere. The Arab then rushed at his employer, who, knocking him back into the middle of the crowd, caught him by the throat and called to the vakeel for a rope to bind him. As all the mutineers immediately sprang forward to his assistance, how the affray might have ended seems doubtful, had not Mrs. Baker, who lay ill with fever on board the diahbiah, and had witnessed the whole of it, rushed out, forced her way into the middle of the crowd, and called on some of the better-disposed to assist. The men wavered, and Baker seized the opportunity to order the drummer-boy to beat his drum. As its clamour filled the air, Baker, in his loudest tones, gave the word of command, "Fall in!" The instinct of discipline prevailed, two-

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thirds of the men fell in and formed in line, while the others retreated with the ringleader, whom they declared to be badly hurt. Baker insisted that they should all form in line, and that the ringleader should be brought forward. At this critical moment his wife, with true feminine tact, requested her husband to forgive the man if he kissed his hand and asked forgiveness. By this generosity the men were completely conquered, and called on their ringleader to apologise, and that all would be right. Thus the affair ended, but it suggested to Baker some disagreeable apprehensions of future difficulties; for, according to the custom obtaining on the White Nile, the men had five months' wages in advance. He had, therefore, no control over them, yet he and his wife were about to penetrate into the midst of a doubtful population with an escort on whose fidelity he could place no reliance.

On the 15th of February Captains Speke and Grant, fresh from their great discovery of the Victorian Sea, arrived at Gondokoro,* after a journey on foot of thirteen hundred miles. Cannot the reader imagine with what pleasure they greeted the friendly voices of Mr. Baker and his wife? And was it not a strange, a romantic incident this meeting of those white men from

* These two gallant and adventurous men had set out from Zanzibar in October 1860, and crossed the great equatorial tableland of the interior until they reached the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. They kept along the outline of this immense basin until they discovered its main outlet, which proved to be the Nile; then they descended the great river to Gondokoro. Their patient energy and tenacious resolution thus helped to solve, in a great degree, the geographical problem which had been the mystery of ages, and lift up the clouds which had so long concealed from the curious gaze of science the sources of Egypt's famous river.

"The mystery of old Nile was solved; brave men
Had through the lion-haunted inland passed,
Dared all the perils of desert, gorge, and glen,
Found the far source at last."

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CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT MEETING SIR SAMUEL BAKER AND HIS WIFE.

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a remote island of the melancholy northern seas in the heart of the African wilderness? The information which Speke and Grant had to give affected materially Baker's plans. It appeared that the exploration of the Nile sources had not been completed, that an important area still remained to be surveyed; for after tracking the river from the Victorian Sea to lat. 2° 17', they had lost sight of it, owing to its making an abrupt curve westward, until they struck it again in lat. 3° 32'. Further, they had learned from the natives, and especially from Kamrasi, "king" of Unyoro, that the Nile, from lat. 2° 17', flowed westward until it fell into a large lake called the Luta N'zige (or "Dead Locust"); that this lake stretched to the south, but that the Nile, entering at its northern extremity, almost immediately made its exit, and as a navigable river continued its northward course through the Koshi and Madi countries. Speke and Grant had been prevented by various circumstances from extending their explorations to the Luta N'zige, and endeavouring to answer the important questions, What was the exact position of this lake in the basin of the Nile? What was its relation to the great river?

These questions Baker resolved upon an effort to settle; and as soon as Speke and Grant had resumed their homeward journey (February 26th), he began to prepare for his journey to the Luta N'zige. Considerable delay was caused, however, by the mutinous conduct of his escort, and by the obstacles which the ivory-traders and slave-hunters threw in his way, so that it was the 26th of March before he was able to take his departure. Then, with his escort reduced in number to fifteen men, with two faithful servants ("Richam" and the boy "Sali"), and a heavily-laden caravan of camels and donkeys, with Mrs. Baker

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mounted on a good strong Abyssinian hunter, Tetel ("Hartebeeste"), and Mr. Baker himself on his horse Filfil ("Pepper"), and the British flag waving proudly above the imposing procession, he left Gondokoro, and began his march into Central Africa.

Through a park-like country, which was withered, however, by the hot tropical summer, the expedition slowly took its way. The soil was sandy, but firm; numerous evergreen trees enlivened the landscape, which was farther heightened and diversified by clusters of quiet villages, each surrounded by its living rampart of euphorbia. As the travellers advanced, they perceived that its character varied greatly; sometimes they were lost in the shadows of a noble forest, sometimes they tramped knee-deep in thick jungle-growth, and sometimes they crept with difficulty through a labyrinth of rocky ravines. The view of the valley of Tellogo was exceedingly picturesque. On the east side a wall of granite rose precipitously to an elevation of fully one thousand feet; from this rude height huge blocks had fallen, strewing the bottom with a chaos of fragments, among which stood a native village. Through the hollow sparkled a pretty stream, reflecting on its glassy surface the fig-trees that lined its banks. At Ellyria Baker narrowly escaped a hostile encounter with a slave-trader's party; but through the tact and cool firmness of himself and his wife, not only was it avoided, but friendly relations were established with its leader. The natives, however, would not furnish provisions; and their general behaviour convinced the English adventurer of "their capability of any atrocity had they been prompted to attack him by the Turks."

Crossing the Kariolti, a tributary of the Sobat, Mr. Baker arrived at Wakkala, which he describes in favourable terms. The soil is rich, and a fine lush grass grows

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freely, because the spreading branches of the tall trees protect it from the burning sun. As a matter of course, the good pasturage and the copious supply of water attract and support large companies of wild animals, such as antelopes, rhinoceros, buffaloes, elephants, and giraffes. At Latomé, a strongly palisaded town in the Latooka country, another mutinous outbreak occurred, of which Baker furnishes the following graphic account:—

"I observed," he says, "that Belláal [one of the most rebellious of the escort] was standing very near me on my right, in advance of the men who had risen from the ground [to load the camels], and employed himself in eyeing me from head to foot with the most determined insolence. The fellow had his gun in his hand, and he was telegraphing by looks with those who were standing near him, while not one of the others rose from the ground, although close to me. Pretending not to notice Belláal, who was now, as I had expected, once more the ringleader for the third time, I ordered the men to rise immediately and to load the camels. Not a man moved; but the fellow Belláal marched up to me, and looking me straight in the face, dashed the butt-end of his gun in defiance on the ground, and led the mutiny. 'Not a man shall go with you! Go where you like with Ibrahim; but we won't follow you, nor move a step farther. The men shall not load the camels; you may employ the niggers to do it, but not us.'

"I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment. This was the burst of the conspiracy; and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me. 'Lay down your gun,' I thundered, 'and load the camels.' . . . 'I won't,' was his reply. 'Then stop here,' I

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answered, at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw.

"He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hand, and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him and did the good Samaritan. Following up on the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching first one by the throat, and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon their immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, mechanically obeyed. Richam and Sali both shouted to them to 'hurry,' and the vakeel, arriving at this moment and seeing how matters stood, himself assisted and urged the men to obey."

Thus the conspiracy was crushed, but soon afterwards Belláal and two of his mutinous comrades deserted and joined a Turkish slave-hunter's party.

Along the base of the Lafut mountain chain, which reached a general elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet, the expedition slowly made its way, and in due time arrived at Tarrangollé, famous for its noble trees, and the principal settlement of the Latookas, a fine, frank, and courageous race, who may be compared to the Irish in their readiness to take part either in feast or fray. The town contains three thousand houses, each of which, as well as the town itself, is surrounded by an ironwood palisade. The cattle are kept in large kraals, and at various points high platforms are erected, and sentinels stationed to keep watch and ward both day and night. The wealth of the country lies in its herds, and some idea of this living wealth may be gained from the fact that in every large town from ten to twelve thousand head are housed. To guard against the depredations

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of neighbouring tribes the natives exercise unfailing vigilance.

"The houses of the Latookas," says Baker, "are generally bell-shaped, while others are precisely like huge candle-extinguishers, about twenty-five feet high. The roofs are neatly thatched at an angle of about 75°, resting upon a circular wall about four feet high; thus the roof forms a cap descending to within two feet and a half of the ground. The doorway is only two feet and two inches high; thus an entrance must be effected upon all fours. The interior is remarkably clean, but dark, as the architects have no idea of windows. It is a curious fact that the circular form of hut is the only style of architecture adopted among all the tribes of Central Africa, and also among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, and that, although these differ more or less in the form of the roof, no tribe has ever yet sufficiently advanced to construct a window. The town of Tarrangollé is arranged with several entrances in the shape of low archways through the palisades; these are closed at night by large branches of the hooked thorn of the kitten-bush (a species of mimosa). The main street is broad, but all others are studiously arranged to admit of only one cow, in single file, between high stockades; thus, in the event of an attack, these narrow passages could easily be defended, and it would be impossible to drive off their vast herds of cattle unless by the main street. The large cattle-kraals are accordingly arranged in various quarters in connection with the great road, and the entrance of each kraal is a small archway in the strong ironwood fence, sufficiently wide to admit one ox at a time. Suspended from the arch is a bell, formed of the shell of the dolape palm-nut, against which every animal must strike either its horns or back on entrance. Every tinkle of the bell announces the passage of an

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ox into the kraal, and they are thus counted every evening when brought home from pasture."

While at Tarrangollé Mr. Baker was able to indulge his passion for the chase, and the capture of an elephant testified to his skill and prowess There is a great difference, or rather there are three great differences, between the African and the Asiatic elephant; the back of the former is concave, that of the latter convex; the former has an enormous ear, the latter a comparatively small one; the head of the former has a convex front, while that of the latter exposes a flat surface a little above the trunk. The African animal is much larger than the Asiatic, and while the latter seeks the forest depths during the day, and does not wander forth upon the plains till towards evening, the former remains all day in the vast open prairies, where the thick grass springs to a height of eleven feet. The African elephant feeds largely on the foliage of trees, the Asiatic upon grass.

The elephant is hunted by the natives for the sake both of its tusks and its flesh. Their methods of capture are numerous: pitfalls are sometimes used; at other times the prairie grass is fired, and the elephants are gradually driven back into a confined space, where they are surrounded and speared to death. Or if it be known that a herd of elephants is pasturing near a village, the hunters, armed with heavy-bladed lances, creep in among the trees and conceal themselves in ambush, while the rest of the population drive the animals through the forest, and those which pass near enough are speared between the shoulders. Famous among African Nimrods are the Bagara Arabs. Armed with spears of bamboo tipped with an iron head, two of them mounted on good horses sally forth to secure a prize. As soon as they come in sight of a herd, they single out the

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finest tusker, and use all their skill to separate it from the others. One man then leads the charge; the animal, hotly pursued, turns ever and anon against the horse, which the rider so manages as to draw the infuriated elephant farther and farther after him, while watchful to keep a safe distance ahead. Meanwhile the second hunter keeps close at the elephant's heels, until, suddenly throwing himself from his horse in mid-career, he drives his spear into its body about two feet below the junction of the tail, thrusting it with all his strength into the abdomen before he withdraws it. With all speed he remounts his horse or takes to flight on foot, the elephant fiercely pursuing, till the attention of the huge beast is diverted to its first assailant, who, in his turn, repeats the stroke of his companion. Sometimes the first wound proves fatal; sometimes the animal does not fall until after two or three wounds; and it may so happen that it overtakes its enemy, in which case the fate of the latter need not be described.

The African explorer, however great his thirst for adventure, may satisfy it abundantly. Apart from the perilous excitement of the chase or the probable treachery of his escort, he incurs the risk of hostile attack from the natives. While at Tarrangollé Baker escaped a collision with the Latookas only by the firm front he presented and the skill with which he had fortified his camp. He succeeded, however, in overawing them so completely, that during the remainder of his stay in their vicinity they rendered him valuable services. I may add that they arranged for him a grand elephant-hunt, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Here is Baker's own account of the adventure:—

"The elephant was standing in bush, facing us at about fifty yards' distance, and immediately perceiving us, he gave a saucy jerk with his head and charged most

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determinedly. It was exceedingly difficult to escape, owing to the bushes which impeded the horse, while the elephant crushed them like cobwebs; however, by turning my horse sharp round a tree, I managed to evade him after a chase of about a hundred and fifty yards. Disappearing in the jungle after his charge, I immediately followed him. The ground was hard, and so trodden by elephants that it was difficult to single out the track. There was no blood upon the ground, but only on the trees every now and then, where he had rubbed past them in his retreat. After nearly two hours passed in slowly following upon his path, we suddenly broke cover and saw him travelling very quietly through an extensive plain of high grass. The ground was gently inclining upwards on either side the plain, but the level was a mass of deep hardened ruts, over which no horse could gallop. Knowing my friend's character, I rode up the rising ground to reconnoitre. I found it tolerably clear of holes, and far superior to the rutty bottom. My two mounted gun-bearers had now joined me, and far from enjoying the sport, they were almost green with fright when I ordered them to keep close to me and to advance. I wanted them to attract the elephant's attention, so as to enable me to obtain a good shoulder-shot. Riding along the open plain, I at length arrived within about fifty yards of the bull, when he slowly turned. Reining 'Tétel' up, I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder: for a moment he fell upon his knees, but recovering with wonderful quickness, he was in full charge upon me. Fortunately I had inspected my ground previous to the attack, and away I went up the inclination to my right, the spurs hard at work, and the elephant, screaming with rage, *gaining* on me. My horse felt as though made of wood, and clumsily rolled along in a sort of cow-gallop;

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in vain I dug the spurs into his flanks, and urged him by rein and voice; not an extra stride could I get out of him, and he reeled along as though thoroughly exhausted, plunging in and out of the buffalo-holes instead of jumping them. . . . I kept looking round, thinking that the elephant would give in; we had been running for nearly half a mile, and the brute was overhauling me so fast that he was within ten or twelve yards of the horse's tail, with his trunk stretched out to catch him. Screaming like the whistle of an engine, he fortunately so frightened the horse that he went his best, although badly, and I turned him suddenly down the hill and doubled back like a hare. The elephant turned up the hill, and entering the jungle, he relinquished the chase, when another hundred yards' run would have bagged me. In a life's experience in elephant-hunting I never was hunted for such a distance."

On the 2d of May 1863, leaving five men in charge of his camp and baggage, Baker started for Obbo, crossing the Kanisti river, and passing through a bold and romantic highland country. He found the vegetation of Obbo very rich and diversified in character; it included nine varieties of yams * and many capital kinds of fruit. Tobacco is successfully cultivated, and groundnuts are plentiful. Wild flowers, some of which are full of fragrance, brighten the copses, and innumerable wild grape-vines hang in festoons from tree to tree. As for the people, they are entirely unlike the Latookas both

* One species, the "Collolollo," seems indigenous to Obbo. It produces several tubers upon the root, and also upon the stalk; it does not spread upon the ground, like most of the vines that characterise the yams, but climbs upon trees or upon any object that may tempt its tendrils. From every bud upon the stalk of this vine springs a bulb, shaped somewhat like a kidney, which gradually increases in size, until, when ripe, it is as big as an ordinary potato. So prolific is this plant that one vine will yield about a hundred and fifty yams.

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in language and appearance. Usually they wear the skin of an antelope or a goat mantle-wise across their shoulders; but when on the war-path they go quite naked, painting their body with stripes of red and yellow. Baker was received with much ceremony by Katchiba, the chief of Obbo, a great rain-maker and sorcerer; and a native dance, in which vigour rather than grace seemed the distinctive feature, was got up for his entertainment. About a hundred men formed in circle, each holding in his hand a small cup-shaped drum, fashioned out of hollowed wood, with the skin of an elephant's ear stretched lightly over the perforated end. In the centre was stationed the chief dancer, who carried, suspended from his shoulders, an immense drum, also covered with elephant's ear. The dance commenced with a wild but agreeable chorus, the time being marked by the big drum, while the smaller drums struck in at intervals with so much precision as to produce the effect of a single instrument. The figures varied continually, and the whole was concluded with a "grand galop" in double circles at a tremendous pace, the inner ring turning in a contrary direction to the outer.

Baker returned to Latooka, where the Turkish slave-hunters had executed a destructive razzia, and collecting his baggage and escort, started again for Obbo on the 23d of June. Here they were detained for several months waiting for a favourable opportunity to resume their southward march, and experiencing great difficulty in obtaining supplies of provisions. Their stock of quinine being exhausted, they suffered from frequent attacks of fever. In lieu of horses Baker purchased and trained for their projected journey three robust oxen, which he named respectively "Beef," "Steaks," and "Suet." He also engaged the services of a number of porters, and with Ibrahim, a friendly trader, concluded

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an agreement by which he undertook to furnish an escort of one hundred armed men. On the 5th of January 1864 the expedition started. At the outset, however, one of the trained oxen bolted, and was seen no more; another had to be purchased of the Turks at the cost of a double-barrelled gun. Three days' march through a beautiful and populous country brought them to the river Asnea, in lat. 10° 12′ N., at a point about 2875 feet above the sea-level. The river was a hundred and twenty paces broad, and from the bed to the top of the perpendicular banks measured about fifteen feet. It carries the drainage of the country into the Nile, but during the hot season is almost dry, a narrow channel of about six inches deep being all that remains of the roaring winter torrent.

On the 13th Baker arrived at Shooa, where the landscape by its picturesque variety might claim poetic consecration. A noble mass of granite rises in a sheer precipice for about 800 feet from its base; perfectly abrupt on the eastern side, in other directions it slopes very greatly, is studded with fine forest trees and numerous agreeable villages. The surrounding country, with its groves and streams and meads, might be taken for an English shire but for the granite rocks that start up here and there like the ruined towers of ancient castles.

Shooa, indeed, blooms like a garden in the wilderness. It rejoices in the blessing of plenty. Our travellers obtained fresh provisions at prices which would have delighted a village gossip, and the Shooa women flocked to see the white lady, bringing her gifts of milk and flowers, and receiving beads and bracelets in return. Their manners were gentle and genial, and there could be no question as to their desire to establish friendly relations with the strangers. Mr. Baker was much

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impressed with their agricultural skill. Large quantities of sesamum are grown and carefully harvested, the crop being carefully collected in oblong frames about twenty feet long and twelve feet high. These are inclined at an angle of about 60°, the pods of the sesamum plants hanging on one facet, so that the frames resemble enormous bushes. When fully dried the crop is removed to the granaries, of which there are two kinds—one of wickerwork plastered over with cow-dung, and supported on four posts with a thatched roof; and one of simpler construction, namely, a stout pole about twenty feet long is fixed upright in the earth, and at about four feet from the ground a bundle of long and strong reeds is fastened tightly round it. Strips of wickerwork surround these bundles at intervals, so that the structure may be compared to an inverted umbrella half expanded. When this is filled with grain, fresh reeds are added, until the fabric reaches to within a few feet of the top of the pole. The whole is then completed with a thatching of reeds securely bound, and its final shape is that of one of those cigars which bulge slightly in the middle.

At Shooa Mr. Baker's Obbo porters quietly decamped, being afraid to enter Unyoro, the country of king Kamrasi, who seems to have been as much a "Bogey" to them as "Bonaparte" was to our Devonshire peasants in the days of the great French war. He found it so difficult to supply their places that he determined—or rather was forced—to leave behind all but the most indispensable articles. No untoward circumstances, however, could daunt our explorer's adventurous spirit, and, resolute to discover the parent-source of Nile's mysterious waters, he set out from Shooa on the 18th of January. After passing Fatiko, a village perched like an eagle's eyrie on the summit of a lofty

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cliff of granite, he entered upon a vast green expanse of verdure—"an interminable sea of prairies, covering to the horizon a series of gentle undulations inclining from east to west"—relieved here and there by clumps of dolape palms. As his guide lost the road, Baker proposed to clear the country to the south by firing the prairies, and a spectacle of amazing picturesqueness was the result. In a few moments there was the roar of flames before them, and waves upon waves of fire, and clouds upon clouds of smoke rolled away to the southern horizon. Flocks of buzzards and swarms of beautiful flycatchers thronged to the scene to prey upon innumerable insects that endeavoured to escape from the approaching conflagration, which continued to extend until arrested by a reedy swamp.

And now for one or two illustrations of the rough aspects and harsh experiences of African travels, which are scarcely realised by the mob of gentlemen who sit at home at ease.

"The march," says Baker, "was exceedingly fatiguing; there was a swamp at least every half-hour during the day, at each of which we had the greatest difficulty in driving the oxen, who were above the girths in mud. One swamp was so deep that we had to carry the luggage piecemeal on an angarep (a kind of litter) by about twelve men; and my wife being subjected to the same operation, was too heavy, and the people returned with her as impracticable. I accordingly volunteered for service, and carried her on my back, but when in the middle of the swamp the tenacious bottom gave way, and I sank and remained immovably fixed, while she floundered frog-like in the muddy water. I was extricated by the united efforts of several men, and she was landed by being dragged through the swamp. We marched for upwards of ten hours per day, so great were

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the delays in crossing the morasses and in clearing off the grass jungle by burning.

"On the fourth day we left the prairies and entered a noble forest; this was also so choked with high grass that it was impossible to proceed without burning the country in advance. There had been no semblance of a path for some time, and the only signs of game that we had seen were the tracks of elephants and a large herd of buffaloes, the fire having scared all wild animals from the neighbourhood. An attack of fever seized me suddenly, and I was obliged to lie down for four or five hours under a tree until the fit had passed away, when, weak and good for nothing, I again mounted my ox and rode on."

On the 22d of January the expedition reached the Victoria White Nile (or Somerset River of Captain Speke), at a point 3864 feet above the sea-level. Through the noble forest that lined the river-bank he marched on to the Karuma Falls, which are exceedingly insignificant in themselves, not more than five feet deep, but most picturesquely situated. The river here is about a hundred and fifty yards wide, and tumbles and foams and seethes and roars in a sunken rocky channel. On either side rise tall grey cliffs, covered with groves of bananas and palms, and festooned with wild vines, while verdant islands, in mid-stream, are bright with populous villages and thickets of plantains. Just above the falls is a ferry, by which Mr. and Mrs. Baker crossed into the territory of Unyoro, and at the village of Atada (of which Speke and Grant furnish such pleasant accounts) were heartily welcomed by King Kamrasi's people. They were feasted with plantains and plantain-wine; a large hut was set apart for their accommodation; and in exchange for fresh beef, which Baker supplied by slaughtering one of his oxen, the gratified

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natives furnished liberal quantities of flour, beans, and sweet potatoes. A lively trade was soon set agoing under the shade of fig-tree and palm, and women and girls arrived in quick succession with baskets full of provisions. The women were neatly dressed in short, double-skirted petticoats: many had the bosom bare, others wore a piece of bark cloth, plaid-wise, across the chest and shoulder. Bark cloth, which is a great commercial medium in Equatorial Africa, is the produce of a species of fig-tree, the bark of which is stripped off in large pieces, soaked in water, and beaten with a mallet. In appearance it is like unto corduroy, in colour unto tanned leather. The finer qualities are peculiarly soft to the touch, like woven cotton. You will find this tree in every garden in Unyoro, on account of its indispensability to the wardrobe of the inhabitants. When a man takes a wife he plants a certain number of trees, so that they and his children may grow up together, and the latter never be in want of a decent outfit.

Baker—a keen and accurate observer—was much impressed by the difference between the Unyoro people and the tribes he had previously come in contact with. On the north side of the Nile the natives were either quite naked, or wore only a piece of skin across their shoulders; but he now seems to reach the boundary of savagedom, and on the southern side the inhabitants of Unyoro are apparently as convinced as Teufelsdröckh himself that "clothes give us individuality, distinctions, social polity;" that "clothes have made men of us." Their higher civilisation is indicated not only by their decent clothing, but by the superiority of their manufactures. Their smiths are as skilful as Tubal Cain, and use iron hammers instead of stone; they convert into fine wire the thick copper and brass wire which they import from Zanzibar. Their potters also evince a considerable

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degree of taste. "They make a fine quality of jet-black earthenware, producing excellent tobacco-pipes, most finely worked in imitation of the small egg-shaped gourd. Of the same earthenware they make extremely pretty bowls, and also bottles copied from the varieties of the bottle-gourds. Thus, in this humble art, we see the first effort of the human mind in manufactures in taking Nature for a model, precisely as the beautiful Corinthian capital [traditionally] originated in a design from a basket of flowers."

The Unyoro huts are spacious, about twenty feet in diameter, made entirely of reeds and straw, and very lofty. Internally they resemble huge inverted baskets, or large bee-hives. Everything inside is clean and methodically arranged. The natives in all they do exhibit a most laudable neatness. The wares they bring for sale are carefully packed in the neatest parcels imaginable, formed generally of the bark of the plantain, and sometimes of the inner portions of reeds stripped into snow-white stalks, which are fastened round the parcels with the utmost precision. Should the plantain-cider, "marona," be brought to you in a jar, be sure the mouth will be neatly covered with a fringe-like mat of these clean white rushes split into shreds. If tobacco be brought for sale, it is packed with equal care. During a journey, a pretty, bottle-shaped, long-necked gourd is carried with a store of plantain-cider. The mouth of the bottle is stopped with a bundle of white rush shreds, through which a reed is inserted that reaches to the bottom. Thus the drink can be sucked up during the march without the necessity of halting, nor is it possible to spill it by the movement of walking.

"The natives prepare the skins of coats very beautifully, making them as soft as chamois leather. These they cut into squares, and sew together as neatly as

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could be effected by a European tailor, converting them into mantles which are prized far more highly than bark cloth on account of their durability. They manufacture their own needles, not by boring the eye, but by sharpening the ending into a fine point, and turning it over, the extremity being hammered into a small cut in the body of the needle to prevent it from catching.

As soon as Kamrasi was apprised of Baker's arrival at Atada, he invited him to visit him at his capital, and sent a large body of natives to carry his baggage. Mrs. Baker suffered much from illness on the journey, which she performed in a litter, and Mr. Baker was also attacked by a debilitating fever. His first interview with "the king" (surely too noble a title to apply to a savage African chief?) took place on the 10th of February. He describes him as a fierce-looking man, whose extremely prominent eyes gave a peculiar expression to his countenance; in stature about six feet, dressed in a long robe of bark cloth, which hung in graceful folds. His complexion was a dark nut-brown, like that of an Abyssinian. A copper stool served him for throne, and underneath it was spread a leopard skin; half a score of his principal chiefs were in attendance upon him. Of his character as a man Baker speaks in the bitterest terms, and paints him as greedy, mendacious, mean, and cowardly. His great object was to detain our travellers at M'roole until he had wheedled or bullied them out of all their valuables. At length, by dint of courageous self-assertion, Baker obtained from him a supply of natives to carry his baggage to the long-wished-for lake, where canoes were to be provided for the voyage to Magungo, the village situated at the embouchure of the Somerset Nile.

The negotiation being successfully completed, our two travellers hastened to take leave of the royal

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barbarian. What was their astonishment when he coolly demanded that Mrs. Baker should be left with him! Baker drew his revolver and held it within two feet of the royal chest, while Mrs. Baker, springing from her seat, uttered a torrent of invectives in Arabic, which Bacheeta, the female interpreter, translated as closely as possible into Unyoro. With an air of real or pretended astonishment Kamrasi mildly apologised. "Don't be angry," he said; "I had no intention of offending you by asking for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it: if you don't like it, there's an end of it; I will never mention it again." Mr. Baker did not accept the apology warmly, and insisted upon starting; and as Kamrasi was somewhat ashamed of himself, he refrained from interposing any farther delay.

On the road to the great lake an incident occurred which shook even Mr. Baker's iron nerves. About an hour or two after noon, and while the sun was still high in the burning heaven, the travellers arrived at the Kafoor river. It rolled through the middle of a marsh, and although deep, was so covered with thickly matted water-grass and other aquatic plants, that a natural floating bridge was formed about two feet thick. Across its undulating and uncertain surface the natives lightly made their way, not sinking more than ankle-deep, though there were several feet of water below the intertangled vegetation. As it was not possible to ride or be carried over so unstable a causeway, Mr. Baker prepared to cross it on foot, and requested his wife to follow closely in his track. The river was about eighty yards wide, and Mr. Baker had scarcely accomplished a fourth

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of the distance, when, looking back, he was startled to see her standing on one spot, and sinking gradually through the weedy growth, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. In a moment she fell as though shot dead. Baker rushed to her side, and, with the help of some of his men, dragged her through the yielding vegetation to the other bank. There he laid her under a tree and bathed her head and face with water, thinking she had fainted; but he soon perceived that she was suffering from a sunstroke, and, after her clothes had been changed, she was placed, still unconscious, on a rude litter, and carefully carried to the nearest village. Constantly the bearers had to halt and support her head, as a painful rattling in the throat threatened suffocation. In a wretched hut she was placed for the night, Mr. Baker keeping anxious vigil by her. He opened her clenched teeth with a small wooden wedge, and inserted a wet rag to moisten her tongue, which was dry as fur. But she gave no sign of returning consciousness. Morning came, and as no provisions were to be obtained in the neighbourhood, it was necessary to move forward. Once more Mrs. Baker was laid upon the litter, and the melancholy procession resumed its onward course.

"I was ill and broken-hearted," says Mr. Baker, "and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild park-lands and streams, with thick forest and deep marshy bottoms, over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse. We halted at a village, and again a night was spent in watching. I was wet and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place; she had never

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moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile?"

A second day was spent in the sad, slow, spiritless march. There came a third night of watching, and once more the morning broke with the full glory of tropical sunrise on the lonely watcher by the side of his still unconscious wife. He rose and went to the door of the hut to catch a breath of fresh morning air. Low on the silence fell the faintly muttered words, "Thank God!" and with overflowing heart he turned towards his wife. Alas! she had awoke from her strange death-in-life, but she was mad!

For seven days she lay a victim to brain-fever. Day after day want of provisions compelled Baker to hurry forward, and day after day he carried with him the unfortunate sufferer. On the eighth day she fell into a deep sleep, and when again she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear; the fever had gone—she was saved! This most terrible of experiences was at an end, and all that remained was, tenderly and watchful, to nurse the patient into convalescence and restore her vigour of mind and body. After two days' rest the march was resumed, for Mrs. Baker would not allow any consideration for herself to delay her husband's accomplishment of the enterprise which was to immortalise his name. On arriving at a village called Parkáni, the travellers

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were informed that next morning would bring them to the lake—yes, to the reservoir and head-waters of the Nile. It was true; at dawn next day, the 14th of March 1864, they ascended the high hills which form the eastern boundary of the M'wootan (or Luta) N'zige and looked down upon its shining waters!

The height on which they stood was about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the lake, so that he could survey its entire circumference. He resolved that thenceforward it should bear, for all civilised nations, a new and an honoured name; and as the great eastern reservoir of the Nile had been christened after the Queen of England, he determined that the western should commemorate her lost and lamented consort. It is known, therefore, on our maps as the Albert Lake.

Their hearts swelling with mingled emotions, the two adventurous travellers descended to the shore of the lake, and took up their quarters at a village called Vacovia,* where they busied themselves in collecting all the information available in reference to their great discovery. The chief of the village told him that its breadth was very great, and that it took a large canoe four days and nights to cross from side to side with hard rowing. The western shore belonged to the great kingdom of Malegga, whose people traded with those of Unyoro from a point opposite to Magungo, where the lake contracted to the width of one day's voyage. South of Malegga lay a country named Tori, and the lake extended into the kingdom of Karagwé, whose ruler, Rumanika, figures conspicuously in the narrative of Speke and Grant. Karagwé swept round the lake on its eastern side, and next to it, towards the north,

* In lat. 1° 15′ N.; long. 30° 50′ E.

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came Utumbi, then in succession Uganda, Unyoro, and Chopé.

Having obtained a canoe at Vacovia, Baker and his wife explored the north-eastern shore of the Albert, and after a voyage of thirteen days arrived at Magungo, where the Nile, or Somerset River, after a sinuous course from the Victoria Nyanza, flows into this second basin, to quit it again a few miles farther north, and then roll on in uninterrupted course towards the Mediterranean. At Magungo the Albert Lake is about seventeen miles wide, but to the north it ends in a long narrow neck overgrown with tall green rushes. From its point of efflux the Nile is navigable for boats as far as Agunddo, where it dashes headlong over a precipice of thirty or forty feet.

Having completed this partial survey of the Albert Lake, Baker determined, instead of retracing his steps to Kamrasi's residence at M'rooli, to follow the course of the Nile as far as the Karuma Falls, to which point it had been traced downwards by Speke and Grant. Fever-stricken and feeble as both adventurers were, they undauntedly entered upon this additional task. About two miles from Magungo the river contracted its width from 500 to 250 yards; as they advanced the width decreased to 180 yards; and when the canoe-men ceased paddling, a roar of falling waters could distinctly be heard. Arriving at a bend of the river, they perceived that the sandbanks were covered with crocodiles, which lay together like logs of timber, basking in the hot sun. On either side the cliffs were steep and rugged; but the variety of vegetation with which they were clothed gave them an extraordinary richness of colouring. Foliage of the deepest green clothed each ledge and crag, while the summits were crowned with wild plantains and graceful palms. Through a narrow gap or cleft in the rocks

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thundered down the waters of the river in one vast headlong leap of a hundred and twenty feet, which filled the basin with sparkling foam and spray, and formed the grandest of the Nile cataracts. In honour of a distinguished man of science, then President of the Royal Geographical Society, Baker named it the Murchison Falls.

To pass this mighty sweep of water was, of course, impossible. The voyagers accordingly landed, and collected their attendants and their oxen in order to resume their journey. Their route ran parallel to the river, which continued to flow in a deep and picturesque ravine. From an island called Patooán, its course was diversified by a succession of islets until near the Karuma Falls. These islets belonged to two chiefs, Rionga and Fowarka, who were bitter enemies of the king of Unyoro, Kamrasi, and, at the time of Baker's visit, actually engaged in hostilities. The travellers, therefore, could no longer follow up the river-track. In truth, the natives now hastened to throw obstacles of every kind in their onward path; though these were swept aside by Baker's resolution and courage, and their greatest difficulties arose from their physical weakness and increasing fatigue. The scarcity of suitable provisions was a serious affliction. Such, at last, was their condition of feebleness, that even the brave hearts of Baker and his wife lost hope, and, despairing of reaching Gondokoro, they began to resign themselves to the thought of being buried in that inhospitable land. "I wrote instructions in my journal," says Baker, "in case of death, and told my henchman to be sure to deliver my maps, observations, and papers to the English Consul at Khartoum. This was my only care, as I feared that all my labour might be lost should I die. I had no fear for my wife, as she was quite as bad as I; and if one should

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die, the other would certainly follow. In fact, this had been agreed upon, lest she should fall into the hands of Kamrasi at my death. We had struggled to win, and I thanked God that we had won. If death were to be the price, at all events we were at the goal, and we both looked upon death rather as a pleasure, as affording *rest*. There would be no more suffering, no fever, no long journey before us, that in our weak state was an infliction. The only wish was to lay down the burthen."

To deliver himself from the miseries that had accumulated upon him, Baker at length undertook to assist Kamrasi in his war against Fowarka. I cannot admit that this was altogether justifiable on the part of a scientific explorer, who had no interest in the quarrel of either party; but, after all, it was only a humble imitation of the example set by Clive and Warren Hastings in India. The immediate result was a plentiful supply of provisions, and natives were sent to assist him and his wife in their journey to Kamrasi's camp at Kisoma. But imagine the surprise of Baker when he found that the Kamrasi whom he had "interviewed" and bribed at 'Mrooli was not, after all, the *real* Kamrasi, king of Unyoro, but his brother, M'Gami, whom Kamrasi, in his alarm at the traveller's possible designs, had ordered to personate him. Baker was not unnaturally indignant at this audacious deception, and it was not without difficulty that M'Gami induced him to forgive it. At last he consented to visit the *genuine* Kamrasi — a remarkably handsome man, tall and well-proportioned — and terms of alliance were concluded between the two high contracting parties. Comfortably lodged and well supplied with provisions, Baker and his wife rapidly recovered their health and spirits. Fowarka's military strength lay in the assist-

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ance of a party of ivory-traders, who, as Egyptian subjects, were responsible to the Egyptian authorities at Khartoum; therefore, when Baker hoisted the Union Jack, and declared that Unyoro was under its protection, they thought it advisable to decamp and leave Kamrasi unmolested. Other valuable services were rendered by the English adventurer, for which he received but an inadequate reward. At last the time came for his departure from Unyoro, and in the middle of November, attaching himself to a caravan of ivory-traders under his old friend Ibrahim, he set out for Gondokoro. The caravan consisted of about seven hundred porters and eighty armed men, together with women and children; in all, about one thousand souls. To supply so large a company with provisions was a task of exceeding difficulty. There was no meat, but flour was abundant. Baker's skill as a hunter occasionally enlarged the monotonous bill of fare, and the day on which he brought down a fine hartebeeste was celebrated as a festival.

Five days after leaving the Victoria Nile the caravan arrived at Shooa, where Baker and his wife were welcomed as old acquaintances. In this land of milk and honey the caravan lingered for some months; but it is sad to read of the cruelties committed by the Turks, who organised armed expeditions against the neighbouring tribes, plundered and burnt their villages, devastated their fields, seized their herds of cattle, and carried off women and children to be sold into slavery. On one occasion, among the victims brought into the Turkish camp was a pretty young girl of about fifteen. The day after the razzia she was sold by auction, and fell to the lot of one of the men. Some days later a native from the girl's birthplace appeared in the camp with a quantity of ivory. Scarcely had he entered the

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gateway when the girl, who was sitting at the door of her owner's hut, descried him, and, springing to her feet, ran towards him with all the speed her fettered ankles permitted, and flung herself into his arms with the cry of "My father!" Yes, it was her father, who, to rescue his child from degradation, had nobly risked his life in the camp of his brutal enemy.

The Turks who witnessed this pathetic incident, far from being moved by any feeling of compassion, rushed upon the unfortunate negro, tore him from his daughter, and fastened him tightly with cords. At this time Mr. Baker was sitting in his tent assisting some of his men to clean his rifles. Suddenly, at a distance of less than a hundred paces, he heard three shots fired. The men exclaimed, "They have shot the abid!" "What abid (native)?" inquired Baker; and his men in reply narrated the foregoing little story, one of daily repetition in "the heart of Africa." Baker at first refused to believe it, but on examination found that it was true in every particular; bound to a tree lay the wretched father, shot dead with three balls.

In the month of February 1865 the caravan started for Gondokoro. Pleasant enough was the route, through a fair and fertile country, watered by the Un-y-Amé river, which flows into the Nile in lat. 3° 32′ N. On the north bank of this crystal stream, at about three miles from the point of confluence, stands, or stood, the tamarind tree (the Shedder-el-Showar, or traveller's tree, as the traders call it), which marks the limit of Signor Miani's exploration from Gondokoro. Onward went the expedition through a beautiful park-like expanse of "verdant grass, diversified by splendid tamarind-trees, the dark foliage of which afforded harbour for great numbers of the brilliant yellow-breasted pigeon." Then came a steep and rocky ascent, which, at about eight hundred

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feet above the Nile, afforded Mr. Baker and his wife a panoramic picture of the river-basin. "Hurrah for the old Nile!" he exclaimed, as he surveyed with eager eyes the broad and brilliant scene before him. From the westward came, with many a bend and curve, the broad current of unbroken water, four hundred yards wide, exclusive of its double margin of reedy vegetation. Its course could clearly be traced for some scores of miles, and distinctly visible was the mountain range on the west bank, which Baker had previously sighted on his way from Karuma to Shooa. This range, beginning at Magungo, forms the Koshi boundary of the Nile valley. The country opposite to Baker's position was Koshi, extending along the west bank of the river to the Albert Lake, while that on the east is called Madi.

The Nile here enters a rocky pass between two chains of hills, and foams and frets around the rocky islets and mud-banks which obstruct its channel. Soon it becomes a rocky, roaring torrent, dashing with tremendous violence between perpendicular cliffs, and leaping from level to level in imposing cataracts. In this part of its course it receives the Asnea river, which, however, except in the rainy season, yields but a scanty tribute. Through dense thickets of bamboo and deep ravines, which at times are filled with turbid waters, the caravan dragged its slow length along, but in defiling through a rocky gorge it was attacked by an ambush of the Baris.

"Hardly had we entered the pass," says Baker, "when whizz went an arrow over our heads. This was the signal for a repeated discharge. The natives ran among the rocks with the agility of monkeys, and showed a considerable amount of daring in standing within about eighty yards upon the ridge, and taking steady shots at us with their poisoned arrows. The flanking parties now opened fire, and what with the bad shooting of

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both the escort and the native archers, no one was wounded on either side for the first ten minutes. The rattle of musketry and the wild appearance of the naked vermilion-coloured savages, as they leapt along the craggy ridge, twanging their bows at us with evil but ineffectual intent, was a charming picture of African life and manners. Fortunately the branches of numerous trees and intervening clumps of bamboo frustrated the good intentions of the arrows as they glanced from their aim, and although some fell among our party, we were as yet unscathed. One of the enemy, who was most probably a chief, distinguished himself in particular by advancing to within about fifty yards, and standing on a rock, he deliberately shot five or six arrows, all of which missed their mark; the men dodged them as they arrived in their uncertain flight: the speed of the arrows was so inferior, owing to the stiffness of the bows, that nothing was easier than to evade them. Any halt was unnecessary. We continued our march through the gorge, the men keeping up an unremitting fire until we entered upon a tract of high grass and forest; this being perfectly dry, it would have been easy to set it on fire, as the enemy were to leeward; but although the rustling in the grass betokened the presence of a great number of men, they were invisible. In a few minutes we emerged in a clearing where corn had been planted; this was a favourable position for a decisive attack upon the natives, who now closed up. Throwing out skirmishers with orders that they were to cover themselves behind the trunks of trees, the Baris were driven back. One was now shot through the body, and fell; but recovering, he ran with his comrades, and fell dead after a few yards." In the event, the discomfiture of the natives was complete.

No other incident of importance or special interest

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occurred during the remainder of the journey to Gondokoro, where, after an absence of two years, Mr. and Mrs. Baker arrived in safety. Their disappointment may be "more easily imagined than described" (to use a hackneyed phrase) when they found there neither letters from their friends, nor supplies, nor boats to carry them to Khartoum. Baker, however, always equal to any emergency, contrived to hire a diahbiah (or dahabeeyah) for £40, got his luggage on board with a stock of provisions, took leave of Ibrahim and the friendly traders, and with the British flag flying at his masthead started on his voyage down the Nile. Of course, *en route* he shot some antelopes, as became an English sportsman; and equally of course the progress of the diahbiah was much impeded below the junction of the Bahr-el-Ghazal by that remarkable natural dam of floating grass, rushes, and aquatic plants, ambatch wood, and mud which forms so signal an obstruction in this part of the White Nile. To facilitate the passage of boats, a canal about ten feet wide has been cut; but it requires constant clearance, and not without a good deal of difficulty can its transit be accomplished. It occupied our travellers two days,—two days of steady labour from morning till night. Then, to their great joy, they found themselves once more on the open Nile. But soon after they had passed the mouth of the Sobat they met with a worse evil: the terrible plague broke out on board their vessel. Two of the seamen died, and then a boy named Saat, who had served with admirable loyalty throughout the expedition, and was greatly lamented by Mr. and Mrs. Baker. He was decently buried on the desert shore at Wat Shély, under a clump of green mimosas.

On the evening of the 5th of May they entered Khartoum, and were received by the whole European popu-

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lation as if they had risen from the dead. They set sail for Berber on the 1st of July, and in passing the cataracts narrowly escaped a shipwreck, their boat, as it drove before a strong wind, running hard upon a sandbank. About sixty yards below rose a ridge of rocks, on which it seemed certain that the craft would strike if she cleared the bank; to avoid Scylla was to rush into Charybdis! Mr. Baker, however, was full of resource. He caused an anchor to be laid up-stream; the crew hauled on the cable, and as the force of the current pressed against the vessel's broadside, she gradually wore round. All hands then laboured to clear away the sand, which, when it was loosened by their hands and feet, the rapid current swiftly swept downwards. For five hours the diahbiah stuck fast, its sides creaking and its hold filling with water; but a channel was opened at last; and slipping the cable, Baker hoisted sail, and with the speed of an arrow plunged through the swirling waves and cleared the ridge of rocks by a few inches.



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THE RAJA OF SARAWAK:—

SIR JAMES BROOKE.

ADVENTURES are to the adventurous,—but this wise maxim is daily becoming more limited in its application. In these later years of the nineteenth century occasions of adventure and opportunities for the adventurous are rapidly disappearing, as the whole world submits itself more and more to the compass of the geographer, and the remotest regions are mapped out with scientific precision. To the bravest spirits those achievements are no longer possible which have invested with immortal renown the names of a Cortez and a Pizarro, a Drake and a Cavendish, nor even those lesser but still daring enterprises which have shed a milder glory upon the careers of a Bruce and a Mungo Park, a Cook and a Vancouver. When the electric wire traverses the sandy wastes of Africa, and steamers ply upon the sacred waters of the Nile, when our Arctic navigators have advanced within some five hundred miles of the Pole, when the isles of the great Pacific have all been numbered, and the fury of discovery has carried our travellers even to the highest summits of lofty Pamir, it must be conceded that little remains to be attempted or achieved by the explorer. Yet, as the old adventurous spirit still survives,

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nay, glows as brightly as in the days of the Elizabethans, we may be sure that it will somewhere and somehow find a theatre for its display. If it cannot discover a new world, it will trace the boundaries of an equatorial lake. If it cannot penetrate into an unknown ocean, it will scale the summit of a snow-clad Himalayan peak. If it cannot found an empire, it will plant a colony. Given the adventurer, and behold the adventure! So a Palgrave, disguised as a Mohammedan doctor, crosses the deserts of Arabia, a Stanley builds up a commercial autocracy on the Congo, and a Raja Brooke plants the flag of England on the coast of Borneo.

The last named presents so fine and conspicuous a type of the life adventurous, as exercised, if we may use the phrase, under nineteenth-century conditions, that a sketch of his career seems specially appropriate to the object of the present volume.

James Brooke was the second son and fifth child of Mr. Thomas Brooke of the East India Company's service, and of Anna Maria his wife. He was born at Secrole or Secrore, the European suburb of Benares, on the 29th of April 1803. When twelve years old he was sent to England and placed under the charge of his paternal grandmother, Mrs. Brooke, who resided at Reigate, and of Mr. Charles Kegan, his temporary guardian, who lived at Bath. His education was chiefly received at the Norwich Grammar School, but he did not distinguish himself beyond the average of boys in matters of scholarship. He succeeded, however, in impressing his contemporaries with a strong sense of his latent capacities, his daring, and his force of character, while to his honour be it recorded that he never denied a fault of which he was rightfully accused, and could neither be cajoled nor frightened into telling a

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lie. He left school abruptly; a favourite companion having been removed, Brooke declared he would stay no longer, and started for Reigate without leave asked or given. His parents at this time returning to England, and settling at Combe Grove, near Bath, a daily tutor was engaged for him, but his active and restless disposition chafed under the restraint of home-discipline, and it was a good thing for all concerned that, at the age of sixteen, he received an ensign's commission in the Bengal army.

His life in India calls for little notice. In May 1822 he was promoted sub-assistant commissary-general. He served in the Burmese war in 1825, was severely wounded, and invalided home. Sailing on his return to India in July 1829, his ship was wrecked off the Isle of Wight; he lost his outfit, and was so thrown back in health that he was compelled to apply for longer leave. Circumstances, however, led to a delay beyond the stipulated term, and to avoid complications with the Court of Directors, Brooke resigned his commission immediately on his arrival at Madras, and prepared to return to England. The route was circuitous enough, for it embraced a visit to Penang, Singapore, and Canton, but it helped to widen his views and confirm his experience. At Canton his adventurous temper led him into a very dubious exploit. With a party of young officers he penetrated, in Chinese dress, into the town on the night of the Feast of Lanterns, broke some of the sacred lanterns, and narrowly escaped, he and his companions, with their lives. That they did so escape was almost a miracle, and the escapade was as dangerous as it was unjustifiable.

At home his impatient spirit soon grew weary of inaction. Writing to a friend, he complains of "the growing, desperate, damned restraint, the conscious-

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ness of possessing energies and character, and the hopelessness of having 'a fair field and no favour' to employ them on." "Often and often," he continues, "I say to myself, Can I not bear the tedium of life till the time arrives when I shall be able to give a scope to my spirit of adventure? Sometimes this will keep me going, at others I droop and give up all in despair. . . . In the state in which I live I feel that I am cut up root and branch; it injures my temper and destroys my health, and yet I am obliged to bear it all in silence; for if I say that I fret or pine, the fools turn on me and say, 'You have all a man can desire; you have fine clothes and fine linen, and a soft bed and a good dinner,' as if life consisted in dangling at a woman's petticoat and fiddling and dancing."

No immediate career, however, opened before him, and whatever plans he may have conceived, all were swept away for a time by an attachment which, in 1833, he formed for a young lady, the daughter of a Bath clergyman. It appears to have been reciprocated, and an engagement was formed; but the families on both sides then interposed, and the young lady considered it due to herself to relieve her lover from his vows. Thenceforward he took "ambition as his only bride," and no sweet affection relieved the austere texture of his life. With his father's help, reluctantly given—for the old civil servant had no approval for his son's restlessness and wayward ambition—he purchased in the spring of 1834 a brig, the *Findlay*, of 290 tons burden, which he loaded with a cargo suitable for the Eastern market, and resolved to employ in the Indian Archipelago and Chinese seas. "I wish," he wrote to his sister, "you could see the brig lying like a thing of life upon the water, low and wicked and black—black hull, black masts, black spars—seeming ready to fly whenever the

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sails are hoisted. Picture to yourself the beautiful brig, and connect it with the feeling that she is our home—the gallant vessel that carries our fortunes and our persons over the wide ocean—the speck that shall greet the rising sun over the entire surface of the globe—that shall visit many a wild scene and unknown land—be gazed on by Christian and heathen—brave the tempest and enjoy the favouring breeze—and my enthusiasm will meet with some excuse."

I suppose that most healthy and energetic lads, fresh from the perusal of "Robinson Crusoe" and the wondrous narratives of the old voyagers, indulge at some time or other in a dream of far-away lands and lonely islands, where they may escape from the conventionalities of social life, and reign unopposed as the monarchs of all they survey. But such dreams as we grow older fade away before the blighting influence of the Actual, and if we ever recall them, admirable Common Sense interposes to point out their idle and unprofitable character. In Brooke's case, however, the dream survived the rough experiences of manhood, and, when he found himself on board the *Findlay*, seemed to his excited imagination on the point of being realised. But he was doomed to be rudely awakened from it. He sailed on the 6th of May, to return after a few months with empty pockets and disappointed hopes. He had associated with himself in the enterprise as captain a Mr. Kennedy, but it was soon apparent that the two were unfitted for such close companionship. Quarrels arose, then came divided counsels; they differed as to the objects of the enterprise no less than as to its conduct. The outlay on equipment having been heavier than they had expected, Kennedy proposed to obtain employment under some firm that could afford to pay an exceptional price for an exceptional vessel. Brooke, on the other

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hand, would have laid in a mixed cargo of opium, muskets, hatchets, gunpowder, broadcloths, and so on, and have dashed into the Straits to seek vast returns in rich remote countries, amid barbarous or half-civilised people. As they could not agree, they sold the ship, and Brooke returned to England.

Do not think that his was a spirit to be cowed by failure. The thirst for adventure was as keen as ever, and when, on his father's death in November 1835, he came into possession of a fortune of £30,000, he resolved to expend it, or a portion of it, on an expedition Eastward ho! He cruised in the Mediterranean and wandered over Scotland, but such tame amusements could not satisfy him, and having carefully fitted out his schooner yacht *Royalist* of 142 tons burden, he sailed from Southampton in the latter days of November 1838, bound for North Borneo. His objects were various; he desired to explore the northern coast of that great island, and to penetrate into its interior; to exterminate the piracy which infested the neighbouring seas; to open up commercial relations with the Sulus and Dyaks; to extend the civilising influence of the British flag; and, perhaps, deep down in his heart lay the secret hope of founding an independent settlement which should perpetuate his fame.

The *Royalist* was a quick sailer; she was armed with six 6-pounders and a number of swivels and small-arms she carried four boats and provisions for four months, and she was manned by a picked crew (nineteen), who had been trained under his eye for nearly three years in his Mediterranean voyages. She put into Table Bay on the 15th of March 1839, and afterwards passing through the Straits of Sunda, anchored at Singapore in the last week of May. His daily life during the voyage he thus describes: "I rise always between six and seven,

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bathe, breakfast at half-past eight, compare chronometers, take sights, work them, then read in my vocation till near twelve; then shoot the sun, work the day's work, and dine at half-past one. Dinner over, I read again, repose for an hour or two, drink tea at five. The rest of the evening is dedicated to musket or pistol practice, all hands, or broadsword; games, sometimes active, but usually sedentary; chess amuses us aft, dominoes or draughts forward. At eight we smoke a cigar or two, converse or read till half-past ten or eleven, and then retire for the night, to begin the same life next day."

At Singapore Brooke remained for a couple of months, and assiduously collected information as to his projected sphere of action. What he learned induced him to some extent to alter his plans. He ascertained that Muda Hassim, Raja of Saráwak, and uncle of the Sultan of Bruné, or Borneo, was favourably inclined towards the English, while disliking the Dutch, and resolved on an effort to open up amicable relations with him. For this purpose he stood down the Straits, made the north-west coast of Borneo, and sailed continuously along until he reached the Saráwak River. This he ascended for twenty miles, between banks thickly covered with mangroves and nepa palms, and anchored, on the 15th of August, abreast of Kuching, the capital. He saluted the Raja in royal fashion with twenty-one guns, the Raja replying with eighteen. After breakfast Brooke landed, and paid a visit of ceremony to the Malay potentate.

"He received us in state, seated in his hall of audience, which outside is nothing but a large shed erected on piles, but within decorated with taste. Chairs were placed on each side of the ruler, who occupied the head seat. Our party were placed on one hand, and on the other sat his brother Mahommed, and Makota and some others of his principal chiefs; whilst immediately behind

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him his twelve younger brothers were seated. The dress of Muda Hassim was simple, but of rich material, and most of the principal men were well, and even superbly dressed. His countenance is plain, but intelligent and highly pleasing, and his manners perfectly easy. His reception was kind, and, I am given to understand, highly flattering. We sat, however, trammelled with the formalities of state, and our conversation did not extend beyond kind inquiries and professions of friendship. We were presented with tobacco rolled up in a leaf, each about a foot long, and tea was served by attendants on their knees. A band played wild and not unmusical airs during the interview, and the crowd of attendants who surrounded us were seated in respectful silence. Saráwak is but an occasional residence of the Raja Muda Hassim, and he is now detained here by a rebellion in the interior. On my inquiring whether the war proceeded favourably, he replied that there was no war, but merely some *child's play* among his subjects. From what I hear, however, from other quarters, it is more serious than he represents it; and hints have been thrown out that the Raja wishes me to stay here as a *demonstration* to intimidate the rebels."

On the following day the Raja visited Mr. Brooke on board his yacht:—

"We treated him with every distinction and respect. Much barbaric state was maintained as he quitted his own residence. His sword of state, with a gold scabbard, his war-shield, jewel-hilted kris, and flowing horse-tails were separately carried by the grand officers of state. Bursts of wild music announced his exit. His fourteen brothers and principal pangerans surrounded him, and a number, formidable on the deck of a vessel, covered the rear. He stayed two hours and a half, ate and drank, and talked with great familiarity, till the oppressive heat

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of the crowded cabin caused me to wish them all to another place. However, he departed at last, under a salute of twenty-one guns, and the fatigues of the day were satisfactorily brought to a close."

When thus visiting and being visited by a potentate of the "barbaric East," no doubt Brooke felt that he was realising at last some of the dreams of his restless youth.

On the 21st of August, Brooke, by permission of the Raja, started on an expedition into the interior, taking with him his long-boat and a couple of prahus, all armed. Ascending the Samarahan River, he plunged into a variety of scenery which delighted him greatly. The rich foliage of the jungle approached the river-bank, while here and there rose clumps of stately trees that would have been the pride of any park in Europe. A second expedition, on the 27th, passed up the River Lomdu, and entered the territory of a Dyak tribe named the Sibuyon. The whole of the tribe, about four hundred, men, women, and children, lived in one house, 594 feet long. The front room, or corridor, ran the entire length, and was twenty-one feet broad. In it were suspended cots formed of hollowed trees, which served as seats by day and beds by night. The back part was neatly partitioned into private apartments for the married men, widowers and bachelors occupying the front room, which was public. This huge structure was raised twelve feet from the ground, and reached by means of an awkwardly notched trunk. In front ran a terrace of bamboo, fifty feet broad, which, with the front room, afforded a convenient resort to all the inhabitants and their live stock—"a confusion of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls."

The men of this tribe marry but one wife, and that not until they have reached the age of seventeen or

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eighteen. Their wedding ceremony is curious: the bride and bridegroom are conducted in procession along the great room, where a brace of fowls is placed over the bridegroom's neck. He whirls them seven times round his head. Then the fowls are killed, and their blood is sprinkled on the foreheads of the pair, after which they are cooked and eaten by the newly married couple alone, whilst the rest feast and drink throughout the night.

Like most of the Dyak tribes, the Sibuyon seem to have little or no idea of a God. They offer prayers to Biádum, the great Dyak chief of former days. Priests and ceremonies they have none; they are involved in the darkness of ignorance; but, as Brooke shrewdly remarks, how much easier is it to dispel darkness with light than to overcome the false blaze with the rays of truth?

Some weeks were spent by Brooke in commercial negotiations, and having obtained the Raja's promise that the Singapore merchants should be allowed to trade freely with Saráwak, Brooke returned to Singapore, after a narrow escape from a collision with the Malay pirates. From Singapore he sailed on an expedition to Celebes. In August 1840 we find him again at Saráwak. No progress had been made in the suppression of the rebellion, and the Dyaks in arms assembled within thirty miles of the town. As the restoration of peace was important in the interests of commerce, Brooke assented to a request of the Raja that he would lend him an armed force. But first he insisted that no barbarities should be committed, and that the war should be conducted on the principles in vogue among civilised nations. This may have been some satisfaction to his conscience, but Brooke can hardly have succeeded in persuading himself that his action in joining the Raja

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differed from that of any soldier of fortune who sells his sword to the highest bidder. The Dyaks could give him nothing; the Raja could give him much. After all, it is by such processes that empires have been built up; it is by such processes that the civilised races have gradually established their supremacy over the inferior. It was thus that Clive founded the British power in India; and though the moralist may condemn, the statesman will always approve. I am not sure but that the approbation is at least as just as the censure, for the gain to the world at large by the extension of civilisation to an uncivilised people must be held to outweigh the suffering temporarily inflicted on that people, who themselves must eventually share in the gain.

Brooke brought the Raja a powerful reinforcement in his genius, his guns, and his brave fighting men. A new impulse was given to the war, and Brooke's energetic advance, supported by the well-directed fire of his artillery, drove back the Dyaks from point to point. Defeated and disheartened, they surrendered their last stronghold and sued for pardon and peace. The war, which had been protracted for four years, was closed in about as many weeks. Through the strenuous intercession of Brooke the lives of the rebels were spared, but the leaders were required to give up their wives and children as hostages to the Raja, and all their property was confiscated.

To reward him for his services Muda Hassim conferred upon Brooke the government of Saráwak,* in which, after the usual Oriental delays, he was confirmed by the Sultan of Borneo. He accepted the position with some degree of eagerness, for it gratified his ambition and

* There was some indecision on the Raja's part, but Brooke held him firmly to his promise, and the transfer was formally executed in September 1841.

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fulfilled his dreams. But his ambition was not an unworthy one, and his dreams were those of a high-minded English gentleman. "My intention, my wish," he wrote, "is to develop the [resources of the] island of Borneo. My intention, my wish, is to extirpate piracy by attacking and breaking up the pirate towns; not only pirates direct, but pirates indirect. I wish to correct the native character; to gain and hold an influence in Borneo proper; to introduce gradually a better system of government; to open the interior; to encourage the poorer nations; to remove the clogs on trade; to develop new sources of commerce. I wish to make Borneo a second Java. I intend to influence and amend the entire Archipelago, if the British Government will afford me means and power."

He set himself with abundant energy to accomplish these worthy objects, drawing freely on his own private resources, as the revenue of the state in its then disorganised condition was inadequate to meet the necessary expenditure. He swept away, as with an enchanter's wand, the prevalent systems of exaction and extortion under which the unhappy people groaned; he afforded every possible protection to the Chinese immigrants, whose industry was a principal factor in the hoped-for prosperity of the country. Prompt punishment was dealt out to offenders; a simple code of laws was established and firmly administered; commerce was carefully encouraged. The result of his firm and large-minded government was really wonderful. Never was the ideal of a benevolent despotism more happily realised. In a few months, from a state of distraction and misery the country was restored to peace and order, and the inhabitants cultivated the ground in the happy consciousness of security for themselves and their property. In accomplishing these

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ends Brooke exhibited a thorough knowledge of the native character. He did not attempt root-and-branch reforms on theoretical principles of perfection; he moved slowly and cautiously, step by step. He was well aware of the disgust with which semi-barbarous races regard the introduction of new customs and new forms; and he adapted his system of government to the peculiarities of the Oriental temper. He knew what to set aside and what to leave alone, and in his reforms took care to be supported by the natural instinct of the oppressed and suffering. So that in the spring of 1842 he was able to write, "The native population of Saráwak and the Dyaks are settled beyond my most sanguine hopes, and I have been able to ameliorate their condition in many particulars. My name, *the terror of my name*, and my personally watching the rivers from time to time, have deterred the piratical Dyaks from slaughtering our tribes for the last six weeks, and even this is a great respite, and shows how much may be done in future. . . . If it please God to permit me to give a stamp to this country which shall last after I am no more, I shall have lived a life which emperors might envy. If, by dedicating myself to the task, I am able to introduce better customs and settled laws, and to raise the feeling of the people so that their rights can never in future be wantonly infringed, I shall indeed be content and happy."

To a friend he writes: "My party consists of Muda Hassim and the rebels whom I have reconciled, about eight hundred men, besides the Dyaks, who are all with us. I have four war prahus, and am preparing more in order to attack the pirates, and, if need be, to act on the offensive against the chiefs who are impudent. I have introduced a court of justice, and a brief but comprehensive code of laws, adhering in all things to the

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laws and customs of the natives, only banishing the abuses which have crept in, and reducing the rest to writing; for it is the great fault of Europeans that they introduce new laws and new customs entirely at variance with native feeling, and oftentimes with the state of society in existence. All this with four Europeans besides myself. . . .

"I am housed here in what *I* call a palace—not indeed a very substantial one, but, nevertheless, it is *par excellence the* palace—raised upon posts, and boasting of plank floor and walls. I have likewise two country seats, one called Santah Lodge, and the other Diamond Cottage. These in future are to be coffee, nutmeg, betel, and cocoa-nut plantations, but are yet in their infancy. . . . Diamond Cottage is horribly infested with ghosts. I hear woeful stories when I am there from the old Chinaman employed—how they groan and throw about branches of trees to frighten us from our projects; and to propitiate them the old gentleman each Friday offers dainties at their shrine, rice and fowls, siri leaves, eggs, &c.; but the spirits not eating, he eats the good things himself for his evening meal! The cottage is placed in a most picturesque spot, a clear river winding its way amid luxuriant foliage, and here and there obstructed by rocks sufficiently to cause its waters to murmur.

"Besides these grand projects we have the minor considerations of life to interest us—a farmyard pretty well stocked with goats, fowls, and ducks, all of which I look forward to as sources of abundance as they increase and multiply. Pets, too, there are—monkeys, birds, and bears; and deer, dogs, cats, and pigeons, which litter together with the goats and fowls, are on the most friendly terms, and quite at home in the interior of the palace. Indeed, the interior of the

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THE RAJA OF SARAWAK'S RESIDENCE.

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palace is a place of public resort for man and beast, wild Dyaks and tame animals, except my private apartments, wherein I have a good library and my instruments, my writing-table, and all the means of solitude and literary enjoyment. . . .

"The coming season is big with events for me, and you shall hear again whether for good or evil. If things turn out well, I shall grow rich; if badly, poor; but at all events, I have, I trust, done enough to merit an honest fame events cannot deprive me of, and in playing a great stake I endeavour to lay aside as much as I am able the petty considerations of personal advantage, and look to the benefit and advancement of the unhappy people whom I may say Gòd has in a manner placed me in charge of. To be the benefactor of a race of oppressed beings, to call into existence the resources of a vast island, to open a field for Christianity and new channels for commerce, are objects worth living for, worth dying for."

Here is a fact which will illustrate the wretched condition of the Hill Dyaks, and the necessity that existed for Raja Brooke's autocratic benevolence:—

A couple of Dyaks crept into his presence to claim his protection for their tribe, who lived on the very confines of his territory. Four years before they had formed a flourishing community of seven hundred families, but by massacre and slavery they had been reduced to less than one hundred. Home they had come; a neighbouring chief hunted them like wild beasts in order to enslave their wives and children, and he employed the piratical Dyaks to kill the men and cut off their heads. They lived in the thick jungle, concealing themselves by day, and were afraid even to stir to cut their rice harvest, which was ripe and rotting in the ground.

We must interpose a few words respecting the Dyaks

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or aboriginal inhabitants of Borneo. They are divided, primarily, into Sea Dyaks and Hill Dyaks; and secondarily, into a number of nations or tribes resembling each other in all the most important points of language, religion, manners, and customs. Between the Sea Dyaks and Hill Dyaks we note, however, a great distinction; the latter are industrious, honest, and peaceful; the former are born pirates, and live upon the proceeds of their predatory expeditions. Their frequent inter-tribal wars led to the custom of "head-hunting," so that no young Dyak could marry until, like a North American Indian, he could present his intended wife with a proof of his prowess in the shape of an enemy's head. Now, against this cruel custom and against the Dyak piracy Raja Brooke declared an uncompromising hostility. Within his own territory, and as far as the influence of his name extended, he succeeded in "putting down" head-hunting; but in order to extirpate the Dyak pirates, who made commerce almost impossible in the Bornean waters, he solicited the support of the British Government. At first, however, he was left to carry on the struggle unaided.

In July 1842 the Raja proceeded on a mission to the Sultan of Bruné for the purpose of procuring the release of two ships' crews, British subjects, who were detained at Bruné, and the ratification of the agreement between himself and Muda Hassim respecting the government of Saráwak. He was successful in both objects; the Sultan received him with cordial hospitality, and by the 1st of August the contract confirming him as Raja was signed and sealed, and the liberated crews were safe on board his yacht. He returned to Saráwak triumphant, and on the evening of the 18th the Sultan's letters were produced and read with all due ceremony. On their production they were received and brought up amid the

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blaze of large wax-torches. The person appointed to read them was stationed on a raised platform ; below him stood the Raja, Muda Hassim, with a sabre in his hand; in front, the Raja's brother Jaffer, with a tremendous *kampelim*, or straight-bladed Malay sword, drawn; and around, the other brothers and Raja Brooke, while the rest of the company were seated. The letters were then read, whereupon Muda Hassim descended and said aloud, "If any present disown or contest the Sultan's appointment, now let him speak." All were silent. "Is there any pangeran or any young raja who disputes the question? Pangeran Da Makota, what do you say?" Makota promised willing obedience. One or two other obnoxious pangerans, who had always opposed Raja Brooke, were likewise challenged, and each in turn expressed his submission. The Raja then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, "Whosoever disobeys the Sultan's mandate now received, I will separate his skull!" Simultaneously some half a score of his brothers leaped from the verandah, and drawing their long krisses, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting their weapons at Makota's breast, and striking the pillar above his head. Any movement on his part would have been fatal; he therefore stood perfectly still, with his eyes fixed on the ground. The exhibition was soon at an end, and in ten minutes the men who had been jumping about quite frantically, with drawn weapons and inflamed countenances, were seated in their usual calm and grave composure. The scene was a native custom, the only exceptional circumstance being that it was directed so markedly at the unruly Makota.

Order was now so firmly established in his territory, that the Raja found he could with safety proceed on a visit to Singapore, where he hoped to interest the mercantile community in his plans and projects (February

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1843). While at Singapore he received information that the Home Government had resolved on making inquiry into the condition of Borneo, with the view of taking such ulterior measures as might seem advisable. This held out some hopes for the future, but Brooke was more anxious about the present, and it was with great satisfaction he made the acquaintance of Captain Keppel, who, in H.M.S. *Dido*, had been ordered by his commander-in-chief, Sir William Parker, to the Malacca Straits to protect trade and put down piracy. Borneo was included in Captain Keppel's command, and he readily undertook to assist the Raja in suppressing the piratical Dyaks. On board the *Dido* Brooke returned to Kuching, and as he ascended the Saráwak river on May 16, was received with evidently spontaneous manifestations of gratitude and respect.

"The scene," says Captain Keppel, "was both novel and exciting, presenting to us—just anchored in a large fresh-water river, and surrounded by a densely-wooded jungle—the whole surface of the water covered with canoes and boats, dressed with coloured silken flags, filled with natives beating their tom-toms and playing on wind instruments, with the occasional discharge of fire-arms. To them it must have been equally striking to witness the *Dido* anchored almost in the centre of their town, her mastheads towering above the highest trees of their jungle, the loud report of her heavy 32-pounder guns, the running aloft to furl sails of a hundred and fifty seamen in their clean white dresses, and with the band playing."

A brush with a couple of piratical prahus soon followed. Brooke lent a large boat, which the natives had built under his direction, to Captain Keppel, and the latter placed a man-of-war's crew in it, with Lieutenant Hunt in command. After chasing several suspicious

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craft, Lieutenant Hunt dropped anchor for the night, and his wearied men fell asleep, including even the sentries. About three in the morning they were suddenly roused by a discharge from three or four cannon close at hand and the whizzing of various missiles through the rigging. Springing to their feet, they found themselves closely pressed by a couple of large war-prahus, one on each bow; but, returning the fire, they swiftly cut their cable, manned their oars, and backed a few yards astern in order to get fighting-room. Then a sharp fight followed; no quarter was given or expected; and the quick and deadly volleys of the English marines prevented the pirates from reloading their guns. The Dyaks fell rapidly. One of their boats was captured, but the other escaped round a point of rock, where a third and larger prahu, previously unseen, came to her assistance. Among the prisoners lay mortally wounded the chief in command of the captured prahu—a singularly handsome young Dyak, with a noble countenance and a form of herculean mould. Folding his arms heroically across his wounded breast, he fixed his stern gaze on the British seamen gathered round him; then, with one glance at the ocean which had been the theatre of his wild adventures, expired without a sigh.

An expedition soon afterwards set out against the marauding Dyaks of Sarebus and Sakarran. Ascending the River Sarebus, it successively attacked and destroyed the three chief pirate strongholds, Paddi, which lay seventy miles up the river, and Rembas and Pakoo, which were situated on two of its branches. The punishment inflicted was severe, but it proved to be effectual; and as revolutions are not made, so nests of piracy are not extirpated, "with rose-water."

Soon afterwards the *Dido* was recalled to China, and

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the *Samarang* arrived, with Captain Sir Edward Belcher on board, commissioned to report officially on Saráwak and Borneo proper. Sir Edward was engaged upon his task until the middle of September, but it bore no special relation to Raja Brooke's career, and therefore we are not called upon to deal with it, or with Sir Edward's personal experiences.

Early in January 1844, the Raja received the sad news of his mother's death, which proved to his sympathetic and sensitive nature a heavy blow. For relief of mind he turned to active service and change of scene, accompanying Captains Seymour and Hastings in their expedition to Sumatra to demand redress for outrages on British subjects and commerce. At Murdoo, where the offences had occurred, five hours' stiff fighting took place, and as Brooke, of course, was in the thick of it, he received a shot in his right arm and a spear-wound across the eyebrow.

On his return to Saráwak in May, he found his people armed to the teeth in anticipation of an attack from the Dyak chief of Sadory, who had assembled a fleet of two hundred prahus, and was meditating a resumption of his piratical career. Fortunately, in July Captain Keppel reappeared in the *Dido*; and in conjunction with Brooke he led an expedition against the old pirate headquarters at Paterson, sixty miles up the Batang-Lupar. This was taken and burnt, and the expedition pushed forward in pursuit of the retreating enemy, until, on August 10th, it was checked by a formidable barrier of felled trees, constructed on the Sakarran tributary. Willing arms soon cut a passage through, and the boats advanced to Sakarran, which was captured after a sharp skirmish, both sides of the river being lined with natives, who threw spears and stones in ceaseless volleys, and blew poisoned arrows from their sumpitans. After

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taking and destroying another stronghold, that of Karangan, the expedition returned to Kuching, covered with victory.

A warlike demonstration was next made in the Linga River, and the result of these vigorous measures was soon seen in the pacification of the tribes bordering on Raja Brooke's territory. As the Raja exultingly wrote, "Gallant Keppel has struck a blow at piracy which has done more good than any number of ships have done in the Straits. He has knocked at the door of the pirates, and made them feel something of what they inflict, and this is the only way to deter the natives from piracy." On the last day of 1844 he drew a glowing picture of the condition of his little kingdom. "Saráwak," he says, "is an important place, and now that Muda Hassim has been honourably transported to Borneo, and Sheriff Sahib and his piratical Dyaks driven with dishonour from the coast, the population has increased vastly, and there is a spirit and confidence which is pleasing to observe. I live quietly in my new house and daily transact business in office, where I dispense justice for four or five hours a day. Trade, too, prospers; you may judge what it might have become when I inform you that yesterday four hundred dozen of white plates were sold, and to-day one hundred dozen more, and the demand above the supply. These very plates have been for a year unsold, because the natives would not or dare not come so close to the Raja Muda Hassim's residence. Three hundred pounds' worth of English goods have been sold in three days, and it shows that peace and confidence have had their effect. The same may be said of the two evil tribes, who since Keppel's attack upon them have been anxiously seeking a reconciliation. Sarebus has so far obtained it as to be allowed to trade, and the chiefs only wait until I can receive them."

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Brooke had always been anxious to obtain some degree of recognition from the British Government, and in February 1845 was gratified by the arrival of H.M.S. *Driver*, commanded by Captain Bethune, bringing him an appointment as confidential agent in Borneo for Her Majesty. Captain Bethune was also furnished with a letter for the Sultan and the Raja Muda Hassim, replying to their request for assistance in the extirpation of piracy. Raja Brooke and the Captain accordingly proceeded to Bruné, and were received with banners and volleying cannon and every demonstration of respect. The Sultan, when the Queen's letter was read, exclaimed, "It was good, very good," and showed much anxiety to know when the English would occupy the island of Labuan, which he had ceded to them.

Having obtained information of hostile designs still entertained by some of the most formidable pirates, Brooke hastened to Singapore, and had several interviews with Sir Thomas Cochrane. The Admiral proceeded to Bruné accompanied by Mr. Brooke, and saw the Sultan and Muda Hassim (August 9th), assuring them of his readiness to assist in punishing his piratical enemies. On the 18th his squadron anchored in Malludu Bay, and he dispatched twenty-four boats with a force of 550 men (including marines) to attack and destroy the stronghold of the pirate chief Sheriff Osman, situated on the Malludu River. The action was short and sharp, the victory complete. The forts were razed to the ground, and so severe was the lesson administered to the pirates that for some time the seas were free to the peaceful trader. But the Raja's troubles were by no means over. He had always looked upon the Sultan as a man of small parts, with little taste for or interest in public affairs; his fidelity to the English, however, he

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had never doubted. It is easy, therefore, to understand his feelings when the news arrived in March 1846 of the murder of Muda Hassim and every member of the royal family known to be favourable to the English alliance by the Sultan's orders. It was also ascertained that he had employed a wretch—the Raja's bitterest enemy though he had thrice spared his life—to poison him, or get him dispatched by some safe and secret means.

The Governor of Singapore, on hearing the state of affairs, dispatched the *Phlegethon* war-steamer to be at the Raja's disposal, and in June Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane arrived with his squadron, prepared to take prompt measures to punish the Sultan for his treachery. Accompanied by Raja Brooke he proceeded to the Borneo River (July 6th), and dispatched the boats and small vessels of the squadron to attack the capital. They made their way up the river, quickly silencing the Bornean batteries, but on arriving at Bruné found that its inhabitants had deserted it, and that the Sultan had made his escape. In a few days the inhabitants gained confidence in the kindly intentions of the British, and returned to their homes, when a proclamation was intrusted to the chief of them, reminding the Sultan that he was completely at the Admiral's mercy, and warning him of the consequences of unfriendly or disloyal conduct. Sir Thomas Cochrane then departed, leaving Captain Mundy in the *Iris* to carry out such operations as circumstances might render necessary.

Accompanied by the Raja, Captain Mundy cruised along the coast, and taught the pirates to dread the thunder of British guns, after which Brooke returned in the *Phlegethon* to Bruné, having been intrusted by the Admiral with the task of restoring order. What he did there had best be told in his own words:—

"I had only three days to stop in Bruné, and I

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therefore resolved to meet to a certain degree any advances his Majesty might think proper to make. I did this, first, because he was the Sultan, and I hardly could take on myself to depose him; secondly, because he is a fool, and easily acted upon; thirdly, because the substantial ends of policy and justice would be more likely to be attained. For these good reasons I sent a message to the Sultan to intimate that he might return to his own city, and that I would be answerable for his safety there; and in answer I received a humble letter laying his throne and kingdom at my feet. The next day he arrived at Brunè. He requested pardon and an interview. Pardon, I replied, was only to be received from our Queen, upon whose flag he had fired, and that I must decline any personal interview until he had brought the murderers of the family of Muda Hassim to justice, and until I was convinced that he proposed to rule with justice and call good advisers to his assistance; at the same time I added that he ought to ratify all the agreements he had previously made. The consequence of this was that he addressed a humble letter to the Queen ratifying the two former engagements, and, taking the most humble tone and position, regave me Saráwak; and lastly, at my request, as a matter of policy, he granted me the right of working coal."

To Raja Brooke's patriotic temper it was a high gratification when the British Government took possession of the island of Labuan. The Union Jack was hoisted there by Captain Mundy on Christmas Eve, 1846.

After so many years of incessant activity one might have supposed that the "White Raja" would have been glad to rest in enjoyment of the honours he had so worthily won. But his restless spirit prompted him to continual movement. The early months of 1847 saw

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him at Singapore, at Penang, again at Singapore, and next at Labuan. There, in the middle of May, he embarked on board the war-steamer *Nemesis*, and sped in swift pursuit of a pirate fleet which had been seen off the Bruné River. Overtaking it, he found that it consisted of eleven war-prahus, belonging to the Balaninis, who were sea-robbers by profession. They had anchored in line near Pelimgan Island, with their heads to seaward, and, united by hawsers, gallantly awaited the British attack. A smart fire was opened by the *Nemesis*, but a heavy ground swell sent most of the round shot into the jungle, and after a couple of hours of comparatively ineffectual cannonading her crew took to their boats to fight at closer quarters. A desperate resistance was made by the Balaninis, but the dash and tenacity of British seamen prevailed; two prahus were captured, six lay on the beach deserted, and the remainder profited by a sudden breeze to hoist all sail and bear off.

The *Nemesis* followed, whereupon the pirates who had escaped in the jungle hastily returned, remanned five of the stranded prahus, launched them rapidly, and put out to sea, fighting as they went. Perceiving that the boats were likely to be overmatched, the *Nemesis* tacked about and returned to their support, after which the Balaninis, losing three more prahus, gave up the contest, and made off as best they could. It was estimated that their number was three hundred and fifty; their loss was about sixty. A hundred captives were released from the captured prahus, on board of which they lay bound with rattans.

In June Raja Brooke was again at Kuching, and finding that peace prevailed throughout his dominions, he resolved on a visit to his native country, from which he had been absent for nine years. He left Singapore

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by the mail-steamer in July, was detained a month at Galle, and arrived at Southampton on the 2d of October 1847.

The welcome accorded to him by his country was not unworthy of the great Englishman who had so unselfishly striven to uphold her fame among the islands of the East. The City of London presented him with its freedom; he was enrolled a member of those ancient guilds, the Goldsmiths' and the Fishmongers', and of the two military clubs, the Army and Navy, the Travellers and the Athenæum. The University of Oxford bestowed on him an enthusiastic reception and the distinction of LL.D., not altogether inappropriate in the case of one who, among his various and useful work, had given to his subjects a legislative code. The Queen invited him to Windsor, and made him a K.C.B. Finally, he was appointed Governor of Labuan and Consul-General of Borneo; and when, after four happy months spent in enjoyment of the "sweet humanities" of social life, he returned to the East, he was conveyed on board H.M.S. *Menander*, as one of England's public servants and trusted representatives.

At Saráwak, where he arrived in the middle of September, he was received by his people with the most gratifying tokens of affectionate respect. One of his first actions was to give them a national flag, a red and purple cross out of his armorial shield, upon a yellow ground, yellow being the royal colour of Borneo. Mrs. M'Dougall, in her published letters, describes the occasion on which it was first hoisted. "H.M.S. *Menander*," she says, "was at Saráwak at the time, and their band played 'God save the Queen' as the flag was for the first time hoisted on the flag-staff before the Raja's house. All the English were assembled there, and a great crowd of natives, Malays and Dyaks, whom the

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Raja addressed in the Malay language, telling them that the flag which he had that day given them would, he hoped, be their glory and protection, as the flag of England had long been hers. He said that by the help of his native country he would engage to clear the seas of the Archipelago of the pirates who prevented their trading vessels from venturing along the coasts, and when this was accomplished he trusted to see Saráwak becoming a rich and thriving place, with all the blessings of peace, civilisation, and religion. A great deal more than this, and much more to the purpose than I can remember, our Raja said that day to his people, for his heart was full of desires for their welfare, and hope and trust in the English Government to aid him in the accomplishment of his designs. The Malays listened with love and reverence to his words. . . . Since then the Saráwak flag flies, not only at the fort at the entrance of the town, but at the mast of many a vessel laden with Bornean treasure on all the coasts of the Archipelago."

In October Brooke began the settlement of Labuan, but was greatly hampered in his efforts by the refusal or neglect of the Home Government to support him with an armed force. The *Menander* had been recalled to China, and he was left with only the *Nemesis* for use. The Dutch, who at one time seemed to regard the East Indian Archipelago as their private domain and monopoly, had always shown a great jealousy of Brooke's settlement in Borneo; and it is possible that their complaints may have affected the dilatory counsels of Her Majesty's Ministers. The Raja, however, abated not a whit of his energy, and learning in March 1849 that the Sarebus had made a piratical excursion to the Sadong River, killing upwards of one hundred men, women, and children, he resolved on administering a check to their

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audacity. He succeeded in obtaining from the commander-in-chief on the Chinese station the assistance of H.M.S. *Albatross* and *Royalist*, and with these and the *Nemesis*, and a flotilla of prahus furnished by the friendly Dyaks, he entered upon his campaign. The *Albatross* was left to guard Saráwak, and the *Royalist* was stationed off the mouth of the Batang Lupar; the *Nemesis*, accompanied by the men-of-war boats and eighteen prahus, manned by from twenty to seventy men, and decorated with flags and streamers of the brightest colours imaginable, amid the beating of drums and gongs, and the din of Malay yells and English hurrahs, sailed on their mission of chastisement. They were afterwards joined by the *bangkongs* or war-boats of friendly Dyaks, and the whole force was stationed by Brooke so as to command the entrances to the Kaluka River. On the night of the 31st of July the piratical *ballæ* or war-fleet, consisting of 150 *bangkongs* loaded with plunder and captives, approached the river on their return to their fastnesses. One of the Raja's boats sent up a rocket to announce their arrival. A dead silence followed, broken only by three strokes of a gong, which summoned the pirates to a council of war. A few minutes afterwards and the stillness of the midnight air was suddenly interrupted by a fearful yell; the pirates had resolved to fight, and advanced in two divisions. Soon they came in sight of the *Nemesis*, and then for the first time realised the odds against them. Their gong again sounded; another council was held, and a second yell of defiance showed that they intended to give battle. In truth, retreat was impossible, and the only alternatives were to fight or to surrender.

The pirates made a gallant dash at Point Marro, in the hope of breaking through the cordon of prahus and escaping there among the jungle; but they met with a

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brave resistance, and many of their vessels were sunk or captured. Others succeeded in gaining the shore. The remainder, endeavouring to force their way out to sea, were pursued and cut up by the *Nemesis*. The moon rose upon a terrible spectacle of ruin and defeat. The English officers humanely offered prizes to all who brought in captives alive, but the pirates refused quarter. Waist-deep in water they fought on without surrender, unable to understand a mercy which they never showed to their enemies. Consequently few prisoners were made, and under the cover of the darkness a large number got away into the jungle. The peninsula to which they escaped could easily have been so invested by the Dyak and Malay forces that not a single man of the pirate fleet should have survived to tell the story of its overthrow. The Malays entreated the Raja to complete this blockade, but he refused, believing that the pirates had received a sufficiently severe lesson. The total loss during the night's engagement was not less than 300 killed, and it was estimated that about fifty were killed after the action on their way home, and that fully 450 perished in the jungle, or after reaching their homes.

Every successful man has to reckon with detractors, and with treacherous friends as well as open enemies. Raja Brooke was no exception; and thus it came to pass that a garbled and exaggerated report of his stern but just dealings with the Dyak pirates reached England, and there stirred up that maudlin philanthropy which loves to invest with a romantic interest the savage and the barbarian. A severe attack was made upon the Raja in the House of Commons, but the Government defended him warmly, and a motion of censure was defeated by a very large majority. Brooke felt very keenly the unjust and ungenerous character of this

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assault upon a man who had laboured so earnestly in the cause of civilisation and humanity. Firm and just he had ever been, but never cruel. He knew that in dealing with savage races a firm and just policy is also a merciful policy; but the whole history of adventure does not contain a chapter so free from the stain of blood as that which records the White Raja's reign at Saráwak. To a friend he wrote with becoming dignity, "A man so popular as I was a short time since, ought, as a reasoning creature, to have looked forward to a turn of the wheel of the fickle goddess; and I assure you I am by no means surprised at suddenly being converted, from something better than mortal man, into a blood-stained, slaughter-loving monster in human form. The comfort is, that as the wheel has turned once, it will in the course of events turn again, and bring me from the bottom to the top; and that, wherever the place may be, the value of public opinion is not great, and the censure of faction and ignorance of little moment. I have never courted popular applause, and I would never turn from my course in consequence of popular condemnation. I am certain of my ground; I know what I am doing. I am supported by the consciousness of being of use to thousands of my fellow-men, and I can judge the difference between the good and the bad amongst whom I live, in the same way as the erudite philanthropists distinguish the police from the swell mob, or the Lord Chief Baron from a felon. My astonishment is, that all this outcry is raised in the name of philanthropy. We really must have some new names for the virtues as opposed to the vices, for fear of their becoming utterly confounded."

He pointed out that, in the interests of legitimate commerce, for which some of his assailants professed so anxious a concern, the suppression of piracy was indis-

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pensable. Compel the Sea Dyaks to abandon piracy, and trade would rapidly develop along the fertile coast and rivers of Borneo. Under native rule Saráwak produced nothing; in 1850 its yearly exports were valued at from 200,000 to 250,000 dollars, and the native tonnage yearly had risen to 2000. Saráwak, he said, was by no means superior to most of the rivers, and greatly inferior to several. It was only in its infancy; and no European capital had been applied to its advancement and development. A little good government had done it all. But if every river on the coast produced no more than Saráwak, the result would be a million sterling of exports, and the same of imports, the greater part of which would flow into British markets.

The attacks upon the Raja, however, increased in number and virulence. There seems to be among us a small but noisy party, who look upon "the expansion of England" as a crime, and assail any who promote that expansion as if they were criminals. This party was very active in Parliament and the country, and at last Sir James deemed it desirable to return to England that he might confute his assailants on the spot, and vindicate his character and conduct. His visit was in all respects satisfactory, and convinced him that he had on his side the great body of his fellow-countrymen. A remarkable proof of the esteem in which his public services were held was the dinner given to him at the London Tavern on the 30th of April 1852,—a dinner attended by upwards of two hundred of the most eminent of living Englishmen—members of Parliament, London merchants, princes, officers of the army and navy, barristers, clergymen, and others—a truly representative gathering.

In January 1853, however, a new Ministry came into

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office, under the premiership of the Earl of Aberdeen, and, to the general surprise, Ministers resolved on the appointment of a commission to inquire into the functions which Raja Brooke discharged in Borneo, his relations with the native chiefs, and generally into his position in that island. As this commission was not to be instituted until after his return to Borneo, Sir James hastened his departure from England; but immediately on his arrival at Saráwak he was laid up with an attack of smallpox. Though of a very serious character, the Raja's strong constitution happily surmounted it. We are told that the joy in Saráwak when all danger was over amounted to enthusiasm, both among natives and Europeans. All had been deeply distressed, and many fervent prayers in church, mosque, and temple were offered for his recovery. For all were sensible that it was he who had evolved order out of chaos, had conferred on the country the blessing of peace, had given security to life and property, and diverted the restless energies of the Malays and Dyaks from murder and plunder to industry and commerce. It was he who had made Saráwak an asylum, in the best sense of the word, to all the surrounding tribes, and had attracted thither thousands of the industrious and well-disposed. And, therefore, it seemed so pitiful that on his return from England, where he had been so unfairly and ungenerously assailed, he should come back to his little kingdom only to die. The delight at his recovery was universal; for while all knew the benefits derived from his rule, they were specially appreciated by the Asiatics, who, understanding nothing in the way of government except the direct personal action of the ruler, feared lest with him these benefits should disappear.

In the summer of 1853 the Government issued its instructions with respect to the proposed commission of

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inquiry. As they involved what seemed to the Raja serious misapprehensions of his position at Saráwak as an independent ruler, and were based upon what he alleged to be erroneous statements, he felt it due to himself and his honour to resign the appointments which he held in the public service. At the same time he entered a calm and dignified protest against the unfair spirit in which the instructions were conceived. After a considerable delay the commissioners were appointed, namely, C. R. Prinsep, Esq., Advocate-General of Bengal, and the Hon. H. B. Devereux, of the Bengal Civil Service; and on Monday, September 11th, they opened their inquiry. The charges, however, were so vague, the evidence was so trivial, the Raja's conduct was so straightforward, that this inquiry assumed quite a farcical and ridiculous character; and when it closed on the 20th of November, everybody felt that its result had been the ample vindication of the accused from the calumnies which had been so persistently brought against him. The Government did not act upon the report of their commissioners until the following August, when, in accepting Sir James's resignation, they expressed their satisfaction at the result of the inquiry, and their approval of the manner in which he had discharged his duties as Commissioner and Consul-General. This cold approval was the Raja's reward for his great public services, for the sacrifices he had made in the promotion of British interests, for the chivalrous devotion with which he had toiled in the cause of humanity and civilisation. In May 1856, however, the Government went a little farther. They declared that they had no desire to interfere in the government of Saráwak; that they would allow the Raja's courts to exercise jurisdiction over British subjects; and that they were sincerely anxious Sir James Brooke should be

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enabled to pursue the good work he had already carried on so successfully. In other words, they admitted the groundlessness of the accusations which had been hurled at him by malevolent speculators and maudlin philanthropists, and indirectly condemned their own action in assenting to a commission of inquiry. With this *amende honorable* Sir James was naturally delighted. "Winds have passed away," he wrote; "sunshine has burst upon the darkness of the past years, and I welcome it with thankfulness. The Government has done far more than I expected, and our misunderstanding is at an end."

In February 1857 Brooke's courage and constancy were exposed to a very severe and unexpected trial. On the night of the 18th he was suddenly attacked in his house by a large body of Chinese settlers, who had been incensed by his vigorous efforts to put down opium smuggling. They burned down the house, slew four Europeans, and committed great depredations; but the Raja escaped by swimming across a small creek to the residence of a Malay chief. The opportune arrival of an armed steamer put the rebels to flight; and reinforcements of loyal natives pouring in from all quarters, Sir James at once assumed the offensive, and pursuing the Chinese from point to point, finally drove them into the jungle, where those who had escaped the sword perished of starvation. Their punishment was complete; but nothing could compensate the Raja for the loss of his valuable library. In the whole course of his career no misfortune seems to have afflicted him more keenly.

Soon after this incident the Raja, having made due provision for the administration of public affairs, returned to England, and had the satisfaction of spending Christmas with his surviving relatives. Deeply concerned for the future of the State he had created, he endeavoured to awaken the public opinion to a sense of the advan-

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tages, moral and material, that would result from its open and direct support by England. He advocated its transfer to the crown, with, of course, a due regard to the interests of himself and his representatives, though on this point he showed the liberality of view and generosity of feeling that might have been expected from him. Communications were opened with the Queen's Government, and as an alternative to the immediate transfer of his little kingdom he suggested a protectorate. His great object, he said, was to obtain *permanency* for Saráwak; to ensure that the labour of his life should not be wasted. Addressing an influential meeting at Manchester, he gave a frank exposition of his views. "The simple question is," he said, "shall Saráwak in future be supported as it once was, or be abandoned as it now is?" Was a petty State, ruled by an Englishman, and fostered so long, to be abandoned with all the British interests of which it was the centre? He proceeded to enlarge on the advantages to be derived from its retention. "Imagine stretched out before you our vast possessions in India and Australia on the one hand, and on the other the vaster empire of China. Between them lies the Eastern Archipelago, with its thousand islands, politically important as being the key to China and the connecting link between the two oceans. Now, if you share with me the conviction that the progress of our commerce with China, our trade with that vast and peopled region is to be developed by our energy and our enterprise, you must require from the Government of this country that the means should be appointed to the end; that they should establish British influence on the shores of this East Mediterranean, and that they should provide in due time for the ever-increasing demands of our steam communication. Saráwak holds a position on the southern shore of the China Sea im-

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portant alike for navigation and electric intercourse. . . . A political position, an increasing trade, the development of one of the fairest countries on the globe, and an ample supply of coal are the advantages which Saráwak offers in exchange for permanency and a slight support."

While he was thus endeavouring, with characteristie activity, to awaken public opinion in England, he was struck down by paralysis (October 20), the natural result, perhaps, of his severe continuous labours, and the mental and physical strain he had endured for so many years. From this attack he recovered very slowly. His recovery, to be sure, was not hastened by any encouragement on the part of the Government of the object he had so much at heart. To a deputation of the highest influence, representing some three hundred princes, "the most eminent and the most opulent of this island," who waited upon Lord Derby "to urge the propriety of retaining the state of Saráwak under the protection of the English Government," that Minister replied, with the cold caution of a mediocre statesmanship, raising up difficulties the most chimerical and obstacles the most unreal, and refusing to accept "any of the propositions which had been made by Sir James Brooke." Fortunate is it for England that statesmen of Lord Derby's calibre were not called upon to accept the union of the Canadas, or the conquest of India, or to decide the fate of our Australian dependencies! Fortunate is it for England that in the administration of her affairs timidity was not always regarded as wisdom, or a nervous shrinking from responsibilities as a mark of the highest statesmanship, or it seems probable that our "interests" would have been confined within the narrow limits of the narrow seas.

The Raja gradually regained his physical strength;

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as for his mind, it had lost none of its vigour, and during the remainder of his years he continued to watch with anxious vigilance over the varying fortunes of the little State he had created. In March 1860 he was tempted, in the fulness of his need and the heat of his anger, to invite the protection of the Emperor of the French; but I am convinced that he did not regret the non-acceptance of his offer. Troubles at Saráwak compelled him to proceed thither in the following winter. He arrived at Kuching on the 13th of February 1861, and his firmness and sagacity speedily eliminated the elements of disorder and compelled the submission of the turbulent Dyaks of Muka. In six months he had done all that on leaving England he had proposed to himself to do. He had established cordial relations with Bruné, he had accomplished the subjection of Muka without bloodshed, and he had enlarged the area of his territory by including within it some hitherto disputed districts. After installing his nephew, Captain Brooke, as Raja Muda ("Young Raja," or heir-apparent), he took, as he supposed, a final leave of Saráwak and proceeded to Singapore on the 21st of September. There he was entertained at a public banquet, and with the cordial good wishes of the entire European community sailed for England. But, to his extreme surprise, the extraordinary conduct of his nephew, who had assumed the title of Raja, and denied his uncle's rights of sovereignty over Saráwak, compelled his return thither in the early part of 1863. He found, as might have been expected, that on his reappearance his nephew's pretensions rapidly dissolved, and that the chiefs and people, the English officers, and all classes were still devoted to their old ruler. He convened the Supreme Council, and on the 25th of April a decree was issued depriving the Raja Muda of his rank, title, and privileges, and banishing

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him from the territory of Saráwak for three years. In his place the Raja appointed his other nephew, Charles Johnson Brooke, with the title of Tuan Muda. And having once more re-established an orderly and regular government, he bade adieu to Saráwak and returned to England in November. In the following year he obtained the recognition which he had so long and so eagerly sought from the British Government, and had the satisfaction of knowing that a Consulate at Saráwak was *un fait accompli*. His second great aim and object, an English protectorate, he did not live to accomplish.

The brief remainder of the Raja's adventurous life was spent in retirement in his rural retreat at Burrator, an estate of about seventy acres on the borders of Dartmoor, which he had purchased in 1859. There, among the grey tors and brawling streams of that romantic district, its clustering ferns and foxgloves, its rocky boulders and shining pools, its silence and its loneliness, his active mind found rest. His intellectual energy was in no degree impaired, and he took a lively interest in current theological discussions and archæological researches. Occasional visits were made to old friends at Bath and Winchester, and to Miss (now Lady) Burdett-Coutts at her pleasant residence. On the 22d of December 1866, while he was preparing for a social Christmas, he was seized a second time with paralysis of the right side. Again he withstood the attack with fortitude, partially regaining his power of speech and preserving his mental faculties, but his strength was greatly reduced, and he could write no more. His sympathy with the beautiful and sublime in Nature and his love of flowers bloomed brightly to the last, and of intellectual decay and lethargy he gave no sign. And so he lingered on until Monday, the 8th of June 1868, when a third stroke of his fell disease laid

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him low. He failed to recover consciousness, and was mercifully relieved from his sufferings in the early morning of Wednesday, 11th June.

[The good that such men do lives after them. Under his firm and enlightened rule—a rule based on the truest principles of political wisdom—Saráwak flourished vigorously. Its population rose from 1500 to 15,000; its trade, from a nominal sum, to £250,000 per annum. Order took the place of disorder, peace of murderous strife, prosperity of wretched pauperism. Prior to his appearance on the scene, as a kind of earthly Providence, Malays were incessantly fighting against Malays, and Dyaks against Dyaks. The peaceful Hill Dyaks drank deeply of the cup of bitterness; they were exposed to continual exactions; their children and wives were carried off into slavery; their villages plundered and destroyed by piratical hordes; and their miserable condition was frequently intensified by periods of actual famine.

An independent observer says, that, as far as material comfort adds to human happiness, the Dyaks had every reason to rejoice in the White Raja's coming. They were free to enjoy whatever they earned. Their sole payment to the Government was a tax of four shillings for each household; other taxation there was none. Nor were the Malays less benefited. Formerly their chiefs employed a crowd of relations and followers to collect their taxes and oppress the aborigines, as is the case at Bruné now. If the master demanded a bushel of rice, the man insisted upon two more for himself.

The impulse given by the Raja's colossal energy was so great, that in this savage wilderness a thriving commercial community sprang up with extraordinary rapidity. Trading prahus were built, and voyages undertaken

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which developed a race of hardy and skilful seamen. Singapore, Java, the Malay Peninsula, and even a portion of Sumatra, were brought within the range of their enterprise. Hence came wealth, and the comforts that spring from wealth, as evidenced in the improved dwellings, the larger prahus, the brighter and costlier dresses, and the number and value of the gold ornaments worn by the women.

The traders of Saráwak, in their intercourse with Europeans, showed—at least during Sir James Brooke's *raj*—their entire confidence in the truth of the maxim that "Honesty is the best policy." An Englishman, who greatly facilitated their commercial transactions by loans of money at a rate unusually moderate for the East, where usury has always flourished, informed Mr. Spenser St. John that, in all his wide experience, he had met with only one Malay who wished to cheat him. He never asked for acknowledgments or promissory notes, but contented himself with an entry in his book; yet only in that one instance was the loan disputed.

The following anecdote of a Malay trader affords an interesting illustration of this remarkable integrity. The man, after borrowing a small sum, went on a voyage. In a month he returned, stating that he had lost both prahu and cargo, and asking to be assisted with double the amount originally borrowed. His request was complied with. Again he returned penniless, having been wrecked close to the river mouth. He betook himself to the Englishman and narrated his misadventures, adding, "You know I am an honest man. Disasters cannot always befall me. Lend me the wherewithal to undertake another voyage, and I will repay all I owe you." After a moment's hesitation the merchant complied. The Malay was absent for three months, but his smiling face when, for the fourth time, he appeared

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before his creditor, showed that his perseverance had been appropriately rewarded. He paid off the larger portion of the debt at once, and soon afterwards discharged the remainder.

The secret of Raja Brooke's marvellous success, which reads like a chapter from a romance, was his undeviating firmness, combined with a rare political sagacity. He never hesitated, or delayed, or wavered; never inclined to extremes; was inflexibly just, and always treated the natives as intelligent, rational men, who could appreciate an honest and vigorous rule. Moreover, he wisely associated with himself in the acts of government the principal local chiefs, availing himself of their knowledge of the prejudices and feelings of their countrymen before he attempted the reform of their institutions, imposed taxation, or introduced any novel orders or regulations.

On the whole, it must be admitted, we believe, by every impartial critic, that the life adventurous has in the "White Raja" a very noble and chivalrous type, to which our admiration may honestly be given.]

[AUTHORITIES.—Admiral Keppel, *Expedition to Borneo in H.M.S. Dido;* Admiral Sir G. R. Mundy, *Narrative of Events in Borneo;* J. C. Templer, *Private Letters of Sir J. Brooke;* Gertrude L. Jacob, *The Raja of Saráwak;* Spenser St. John, *Life in the Forests of the Far East;* Charles Brooke, *Ten Years in Saráwak;* Hugh Low, *Saráwak.* The present condition of Raja Brooke's little State is pleasantly described in Mrs. M'Dougall's *Our Life at Saráwak.*]

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ADVENTURES IN THE ARABIAN DESERT:—

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

THE old dramatists, in putting before the public a list of the *dramatis personæ* intended to carry out the action of their comedies, were fond of labelling each, as it were, with an explanatory name, or of describing each as the type of some particular "humour,"—of jealousy or selfishness, cowardice or generosity. In like manner, as everybody knows, Bunyan in his "Pilgrim's Progress," by the names he bestows on his characters enables the reader to understand their peculiarities. Thus we have Mr. Facing-both-Ways, Mr. Two-Tongues, Miss Much-afraid, Mr. Greatheart. Were we to follow this example, the subject of our present sketch would appear, we think, as Mr. Brave-of-Soul, and be presented as the type or embodiment of heroic perseverance. Certainly the enterprise by which he is best known was one that only a bold spirit could have conceived and accomplished; an enterprise which, to be successful, required in him who undertook it a dauntless intrepidity and a resolute perseverance. But the whole career of Mr. William Gifford Palgrave shows that with these high qualities he was gifted in an eminent degree.

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Mr. Palgrave is the son of the late eminent historian, Sir Francis Palgrave, and the younger brother of Francis Turner Palgrave, so well known as a critic, a poet, and a scholar. He was born in Westminster on the 24th of January 1826, and, like his brother, was educated at the Charterhouse. His habits of application and industry seconding and developing his natural gifts, he became captain of the school and gold medallist, and obtained a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. when only twenty years of age, taking a first-class in classics and a second in mathematics. At first his love of adventure inclined him to the military profession, and in 1847 he was appointed a second lieutenant in the 8th Bombay Native Infantry. Religious convictions, however, soon led him to resign his commission; he joined the Order of the Jesuits as a novice, and after the usual course of study and probation was admitted to the priesthood. Leaving Southern India in 1853, he went to Rome, and remained at the headquarters of the Roman Church until the autumn of 1855. He was afterwards employed as a missionary and priest in Syria and Palestine, where he gained an extraordinary familiarity with the habits and feelings of the natives, and acquired a thorough knowledge not only of the written Arabic, but the spoken. Lecturing in 1861, he remarked that he had been a poor missionary for fifteen years, and referring to the dreadful persecution sustained by the Syrian Christians in the Lebanon, said, "I have myself been a witness of horrors and desolations that chill the very blood to read of; I saw them with my own eyes, heard them with my own ears, and only escaped through the providence of God from being among the number of the victims."

In the summer of 1860 Napoleon III. invited him to France to give a full account of the outbreak of Mu-

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hammedan fanaticism in which so many helpless Christians had perished. Afterwards, at the request of the Emperor, he undertook the exploration of Central and Eastern Arabia, traversing the entire kingdom of the Wahabees, and visiting the provinces that border on the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. This, the great work of his life, he accomplished, in spite of its difficulties and dangers, with entire success, exhibiting the highest courage, patience, fortitude, and skill, and collecting an immense amount of fresh and valuable information respecting the moral, intellectual, and political conditions of living Arabia. He himself shall tell us for what objects and with what views he entered upon his mission.

"Once for all," he said to himself, "let us attempt to acquire a fairly correct and comprehensive knowledge of the Arabian Peninsula. With its coasts we are already in great measure acquainted; several of its maritime provinces have been, if not thoroughly, at least sufficiently explored; Yemen and Hejáz, Mecca and Medinah, are no longer mysteries to us, nor are we wholly without information on the districts of Hadramant and 'Ourán. But of the interior of the vast region, of its plains and mountains, its tribes and cities, of its governments and institutions, of its inhabitants, their ways and customs, of their social condition, how far advanced in civilisation or sunk in barbarism, what do we as yet really know save from accounts necessarily wanting in fulness and precision? It is time to fill up this blank in the map of Asia, and this, at whatever risks, we will now endeavour; either the land before us shall be our tomb, or we will traverse it in its fullest breadth, and know what it contains from shore to shore. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*"

No one was better fitted for the task he had accepted.

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He was so intimately acquainted, so thoroughly familiar with the ways and customs as well as the language of the Arabs, with their religion and their usages and their modes of thought, that they looked upon him as one of their own sheikhs or leaders, and on more than one occasion he acted as an "Iman" or "Khatub" in their mosques, though detection of course would have involved immediate punishment. We shall attempt a brief narrative of his adventures, from which the reader will be able to estimate aright the cool, calm courage, the endurance, the tact, and the fertility of resource displayed by Mr. Palgrave—qualities which in the battle of life will always have their value.

Mr. Palgrave started from Ma'an, a small town near the head-waters of the Red Sea, on the evening of the 16th of June 1862. "The largest stars were already visible in the deep blue depths of a cloudless sky, while the crescent moon, high to the west, shone as she shines in those heavens, and promised us assistance for some hours of our night-march. We were soon mounted on our meagre, long-necked beasts, 'as if,' according to the expression of an Arab poet, 'we and our men were at mast-heads.' And now we set our faces to the east. Behind us lay, in a mass of dark outline, the walls and castles of Ma'an, its houses and gardens, and farther back in the distance the high and barren range of the Sheraá mountains, merging into the coast-chain of Hejáz. Before and around us extended a wide and level plain, blackened over with countless pebbles of basalt and flint, except where the moonbeams gleamed white on little intervening patches of clear sand, or on yellowish streaks of withered grass, the scanty product of the winter rains, and now dried into hay."

The travellers were bound for the Djowf, the nearest

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inhabited district of Central Arabia, its outlying station; in fact, a distance of nearly two hundred miles in a straight line. The expedition consisted of Mr. Palgrave, of a young and hardy native of Cœlo-Syria, whom he had engaged as his companion, and on whom he could fully rely, and of three Bedawin, the leader, Salim-el-'Atack, a Haveytat Arab, being of good repute for bravery, good sense, and manliness of temper. The dress of those three worthies merits description:—A long and very dirty shirt, reaching nearly to the ankles; a black cotton handkerchief over the head, fastened on by a twist of camel's hair; a tattered cloak, striped white and brown; a leather girdle much the worse for wear, from which dangled a rusty knife; a long-barrelled and cumbrous matchlock; a yet longer sharp-pointed spear; a cartouche-belt, broken and coarsely patched up with thread,—such was their personal equipment, and such indeed is the ordinary Bedawin guise on a journey.

"Myself and my companion," says Mr. Palgrave, "were dressed like ordinary middle-class travellers of Inner Syria, an equipment in which we had already made our way from Gaza on the sea-coast to Ma'an, without much remark or unseasonable questioning from those whom we fell in with. Our dress consisted partly of a long stout blouse of Egyptian hemp, under which, unlike our Bedawin fellow-travellers, we indulged in the luxury of the loose cotton drawers common in the East, while our coloured head-kerchiefs, though simple enough, were girt by 'akkals or head-bands of some pretension to elegance; the loose, red leather boots of the country completed our toilet."

But they carried with them, hidden away in large travelling-sacks, some costumes of a more elegant and costly character, intended for wear when they reached

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"THE DREARY, WATERLESS, BURNING DESERT."

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better inhabited and more civilised districts. These consisted of coloured over-dresses, the Syrian comb-bag, handkerchief of cotton relieved by silk stripes, and girdles of good material and tasteful colouring. For it was Mr. Palgrave's design to assume the character of a native travelling doctor (or itinerant quack), while his comrade, who passed in a general way for his brother-in-law, was sometimes to figure as a retail merchant, and sometimes as the doctor's pupil or associate. Their pharmacopœia was restricted to a few well-selected and efficacious drugs, chiefly, for the sake of easier carriage, in the shape of pills or powders, enclosed in small air-tight tin-boxes. There were also a few lancets and other articles requisite in medical practice, two or three European books for Mr. Palgrave's private use, which were kept carefully secret from curious eyes, and a couple of Esculapian treatises in good Arabic. Also an ample supply, for sale, of cloth, handkerchiefs, glass necklaces, pipe-bowls, and the like, and a couple of large sacks of coffee, the sheet-anchor of Mr. Palgrave's commercial hopes.

Across a dreary, waterless, burning desert, where the only forms of animal life were the jerboaá or field-rat and the little dried-up lizard of the plain, and the only herb the bitter and poisonous colocynth, the travellers pressed on, suffering severely from heat and thirst and fatigue. On the 22d they were exposed to a sudden blast of the formidable simoom or wind of the desert. It was about noon, and a blazing Arabian sky glared pitilessly on the scorched wilderness, when abrupt gusts of hot wind began to blow fretfully from the south, and the atmosphere increased every moment in oppressiveness. What could it mean? Palgrave turned to inquire of Salim, but he had already covered his face with his mantle, and bowing down and crouching on his camel's

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neck, he was silent. At last, in reply to repeated questions, he pointed to a small black tent some distance in the front and said, "If we can reach that we are saved." Onward they sped as swiftly as the tired camels could carry them, while the gusts grew hotter and increased in violence, and the horizon, darkening to a deep violet hue, closed in on every side like a curtain. At the same time a choking blast, as though from some huge furnace blazing in front, drove right upon them; it was the simoom * in all its fell fury. So dark the atmosphere, so burning the heat, that it seemed as if hell had broken loose; but just at this critical moment they reached the tent, and prostrated themselves on the ground inside it.

Thus they remained for about ten minutes, during which they could feel, passing slowly over them, a still heat like that of red-hot iron. Then the tent-walls flapped again in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the simoom was over. "We got up half dead with exhaustion and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men, and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warnings, to step out and look at the camels. They were still lying flat, as though they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness."

After several days of weary travel they reached a kind of oasis, the Wadi Sirhan, where, in a shallow valley, bushes and herbs and grass refreshed the eye. Some fruit-bearing plants grew spontaneously, and brackish water seethed in the rude wells. A tribe of the Sherarat Arabs was here encamped, and received the strangers with hospitality. They supplied them

* "The blast of the desert."—SOUTHEY, *Thalaba*. Variously spelled Simoum, Simoom, Samiel, or Shamyela.

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with shelter and provisions. At noon Mr. Palgrave was invited to partake of a dish of *samh*, which closely resembled coarse red paste, or bran mixed with ochre. Through the northern desert grows a small herbaceous and tufted plant with juicy stalks and a little ovate yellow-tinted leaf. The flowers are of a brighter yellow, with many stamens and pistils. When the blossoms fall off the place of each is supplied by a four-leaved capsule, about the size of an ordinary pea, which, when ripe, discloses a mass of minute reddish seeds, not unlike grit in appearance, but farinaceous in substance. In July the Bedawin collect this spontaneous harvest; the seed is separated from the capsules, and stored for use in the ensuing year. When wanted, it is coarsely ground in a hand-mill, then mixed with water and boiled. Not so good as wheat, it is better than barley-meal.

A great deal has been said, in books which treat natural history from a picturesque and romantic point of view, about the docility of the camel—the ship of the desert—the traveller's friend. Mr. Palgrave gives a very different account of this over-praised animal, which is "docile" only if docility means stupidity. The camel, he says, unlike the horse or elephant, takes no heed of his rider, cares nothing whether he be on his back or not, walks straight ahead when once set going, merely because he has not intelligence enough to turn aside; or should he be allured from his path by green branch or tempting thorn, pushes forward in this new direction because he is too stupid to turn back into the right road. "His only care is to crop as much pasture as he conveniently can while passing mechanically onwards; and for effecting this his long flexible neck sets him at great advantage; and a hard blow or a downright kick alone has any influence on him, whether to

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direct or impel. He will never attempt to throw you off his back, such a trick being beyond his limited comprehension; but if you fall off, he will never dream of stopping for you, and walks on just the same, grazing while he goes, without knowing or caring an atom what has become of you. If turned loose, it is a thousand to one that he will never find his way back to his accustomed home or pasture; and the first comer who picks him up will have no particular shyness to get over. Jack or Tom are all the same to him, and the loss of his old master, and of his own kith and kin, gives him no regret, and occasions no endeavour to find them again. One only symptom will he give that he is aware of his rider, and that is when the latter is about to mount him; for on such an occasion, instead of addressing him in the style of Balaam's more intelligent beast, 'Am not I thy camel, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day?' he will bend back his long snakey neck towards his master, open his enormous jaws to bite if he dared, and roar out a tremendous sort of groan, as if to complain of some entirely new and unparalleled injustice about to be done him."

Add to these pleasant qualities an exceedingly revengeful and malignant disposition, and you get the camel as he is, not as he was fondly imagined to be in the days when he was lauded by poets, and made a convenient peg for moral commonplaces by the teachers of the young.

In due time Mr. Palgrave reached the Djowf, a broad deep valley, revelling in palm-groves and fruit-trees, which presented an Eden-like contrast to the barrenness of the desert. It forms an oval-shaped oasis, about 60 or 70 miles long by 10 or 12 miles broad, lying between the northern desert that separates it from Syria and Euphrates, and the southern Neford, or sandy waste,

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and interposed between it and the nearest mountains of the Central Arabian plateau, where it first rises at Djebl Shomer. Its principal town, or rather its only town, all the other groups of dwellings being no better than hamlets, bears the name of the entire region. It spreads over an area of four miles in length and half a mile in breadth, almost every house being surrounded by an extensive garden. The better kind of houses consist of an outer court for unlading camels and the like, an inner court, a large reception-room, and several smaller apartments for the accommodation of the family. Sometimes a round tower is added, either contiguous to the building or isolated in a neighbouring garden, each such tower measuring from 30 to 40 feet in height, and 12 or more in breadth. It is built of unbaked bricks, which, from their great thickness and solidity of make, joined to the effect of a very dry climate, almost equal stonework in strength and endurance. The gardens of Djowf are very beautiful in their luxuriant fertility. They are brightened by crystal-clear streams of running water, and produce the date-palm, the fig-tree, and the vine, the apricot, and the peach, gourds, and melons.

In the economy of life among the Arabs the date-palm plays a conspicuous part. It is to the Arab all that the cocoa-nut is to the people of the Polynesian islands. It is the staple of commerce and the staff of life. An admirable description of it is given by the old writer Pococke:—

"The boughs are of a grain-like cane, and when the tree grows larger, a great number of stringy fibres seem to stretch out from the boughs on each side, which cross one another in such a manner that they take out from between the boughs a sort of bark-like close network, and this they spin out with the hand, and with it make cords of all sizes, which are mostly used in Egypt.

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They also make of it a sort of brush for clothes. Of the leaves they make mattresses, baskets, and brooms; and of the branches all sorts of cage-work, square baskets for packing, that serve for many uses instead of boxes; and the ends of the boughs that grow next to the trunk being beaten like flax, the fibres separate, and being tied together at the narrow end, they serve for brooms. These boughs do not fall off of themselves in many years, even after they are dead, as they die after five or six years; but as they are of great use, they commonly cut them off every year (unless such as are at a great distance from any town or village), leaving the ends of them on the tree, which strengthen it much; and when after many years they drop off, the tree is weakened by it, and very often is broke down by the wind, the diameter of the tree being little more than a foot, and not above eight or nine inches where the ends of the boughs drop off; and if the tree is weak towards the bottom, they raise a mound of earth round, and it shoots out abundance of small roots along the side of the tree, which increase its bulk, so that the earth being removed, the tree is better able to resist the wind.

"The palm-tree grows very high in one stem, and is not of a proportionable bulk; it has this peculiarity, that the heart of the tree is the softest and least durable part, the outer parts being the most solid, so that they generally use the trees entire on the tops of their houses, or divide them only into two parts. A sort of bough shoots out and bears the fruit in a kind of sheath, which opens as it grows. The male bears a large bunch something like millet, which is full of a white flower, and unless the young fruit of the female is impregnated with it, the fruit is good for naught. The fruit when fresh eats well roasted, and also prepared as a sweetmeat: it is esteemed of a hot nature, and as it comes in during

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the winter, being ripe in November, Providence seems to have designed it as a warm food during the cold season, to comfort the stomach in a country where it has not given wine. It is proper to drink water with it, as they do in those countries, and so it becomes a good corrective of that cold element."

The principal meal of the inhabitants of Djowf is supper, which takes place always a little before sunset. Its staple dish is djweeshah, that is, wheat coarsely ground and then boiled; butter and meat are added, sometimes vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, and the like; eggs hard boiled are sometimes introduced; but however various the ingredients, they are all piled up in a heterogeneous mass on one large copper dish of circular shape, which often measures eighteen or even twenty-four inches in diameter. As no Arab household possesses forks or spoons, the scalding hot food is eaten with the hand. Bread is not eaten at a Djowf supper, but figures at breakfast in the shape of large unleavened cakes, moderately thick. No drink but water is in vogue, the date-tree wine having passed out of remembrance or being no longer in fashion.

Having laid in a stock of dates and flour, Palgrave resumed his journey on the 18th of July with the view of penetrating through the Nefood or sand-passes into Djebel Shomer. He was accompanied by a party of chiefs of the 'Azyám tribe, a tribe of the Sherarab Bedawin. The Nefood or sand-passes—"daughters of the Great Desert," to use an Arab phrase—are offshoots of the great sand-ocean that covers one-third of the peninsula, into the central and comparatively fertile plateau of which they make deep inroads. Their dreary and dangerous character justifies the terror with which the Bedawin regard them; and that Palgrave should plunge into their inhospitable depths dur-

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ing the hottest days of an Arabian summer testifies to his intrepidity and remarkable power of endurance. But he had undertaken the work, and he was not the man to flinch from it because it assumed an unexpectedly formidable aspect.

His description of the scenes he traversed will enable us to see them in our mind's eye, to realise them for ourselves, if we have but the smallest gift of imagination.

A vast expanse of loose reddish sand, stretching far beyond the bounds of vision, is heaped up in colossal ridges, which run parallel to each other from north to south, each, on an average, 200 or 300 feet high, with sloping sides and rounded crests, furrowed in every direction by the capricious winds of the desert. In the hollows between these ridges the traveller finds himself imprisoned, as it were, in a suffocating sand-pit, hemmed in by burning walls, while, as he toils up the slope, he overlooks what seems a vast sea of fire, swelling under a heavy monsoon wind, and rippled by cross airs into little red-hot waves. Neither shelter nor rest is to be found for eye or limb amid the glare and the heat—the glare of the cloudless sky and the glow of the burning sand.

"Add to this," says Mr. Palgrave, "the weariness of long summer days of toiling—I might better say wading—through the loose and scorching soil on drooping half-stupefied beasts, with few and interrupted hours of sleep at night, and no rest by day because no shelter, little to eat and less to drink, while the tepid and discoloured water in the skins rapidly diminishes, even more by evaporation than by use, and a vertical sun—such a sun!—strikes blazing down, till clothes, baggage, and housings all take the smell of burning, and scarce permit the touch."

The farther they advanced the more hopeless and

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desolate grew the desert, and it was with as keen a delight as Columbus and his companions felt when the first land-bird perched upon the mast of their discovery-vessel, that one day Mr. Palgrave caught sight of two or three sparrows chirping under a wayside bush. They indicated the approach to a fertile and cultivated country, where life was not crushed out by burning skies and sands, and next day the exhausted travellers crawled into the village of Djobbah. Here they found fresh water, shelter, and rest, and abode all the next day, recruiting their exhausted energies and gathering up strength for the continuance of their journey.

But the Nefood was now behind them. An entirely different country opened out in front of them, and they advanced, well pleased, into the mountain region of Djebel Shomer. Three days' march brought them to the capital, the fortified town of Há'yel, a town of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the residence of the great chief and conqueror, Telál. Through folding gates they passed into the interior, and winding along the high-walled street, soon arrived before Telál's palace, the massive earth walls of which, pierced near the summit with loopholes rather than windows, and thirty feet high, extend along a line of 450 to 500 feet. The chief gate, according to custom, is placed in a receding angle of the wall, and flanked by high square towers. Immediately under the shadow of the wall runs a long bench of beaten earth and stone, broken about midway by a sort of throne or raised seat, which is occupied by the sovereign when he holds public audiences.

A strangely picturesque scene greeted the adventurous English traveller as, in his Syrian dress, he stood before the palace portal, silent and unknown.

Some standing, others seated on a stone platform,

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were several of the subordinate officers in waiting, neatly and even cleanly clad in white robes and black cloaks, the civilians carrying long silver-tipped wands, while those whose duties were of a martial character wore silver-hilted swords. The benches on either side of the palace court were thronged by a crowd of the better sort of citizens, who, the day's work over, had assembled in the cool evening air to enjoy a feast of gossip. In the open area, or seated among the well-dressed citizens with true Arab equality, were not a few whose dingy garments and coarse features betrayed their lower social condition. A few Bedawin, mingling with the rest, could easily be distinguished by their scanty ragged dress and cringing attitude.

Seyf, the court chamberlain, perceiving the presence of strangers, advanced to do the honours. "Peace be with you, brothers," was his salutation, uttered in the courtliest possible manner. Palgrave and his friend answered with equal precision. "Whence have you come? May Heaven attend you!" was the first question, to which Palgrave replied that they were physicians from Syria. "And what do you desire here in our town? May God grant you success!" says Seyf. "We desire the favour of God most high, and, secondly, that of Telál." Whereupon Seyf, as in duty bound, launched forth into hyperbolical praises of his master's generosity and many other admirable qualities. Everything seemed to promise well, when, as ill-luck would have it, Palgrave discovered amidst the curious crowd that pressed around a face well known to him six months before in Damascus, that of a trader who was intimate with many Europeans in Syria and Bagdad, a man of great shrewdness and not easily to be imposed upon. Great was Palgrave's dismay; the very last place where he expected to be recognised was Há'yel, the

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capital of Djebel Shomer! And it was of the utmost importance to the success of his mission, nay, to his personal safety, that his identity should not be detected. What was to be done? The inconvenient Damascene approached, saluted him cheerfully as an old acquaintance, and made some natural inquiries respecting his presence and business in Há'yel. The only course open to Palgrave was to affect not to know him, and "fixing a vacant stare," he remained silent. Alas! misfortunes never come singly. Another individual came up and suddenly exclaimed, "I too have seen him at Damascus!" adding some particulars to show that Palgrave was an European. Then came up a third, who, by his mendacity, placed the game in Palgrave's hands. "Oh, I know him perfectly well," he said; "I have often met him at Cairo, where he lives in great wealth in a large house near the Kasr-el'-Equec; his name is 'Abd-es-Salub; he is married, and has a very beautiful daughter, who rides a horse of great price," &c.

This tissue of lies Palgrave was able at once to dispose of. "Aslahek Allah," said he; "may Heaven set you right! Never did I live at Cairo, nor have I the blessing of any horse-riding young ladies for daughters." Then turning to his second interlocutor, "I do not remember having ever seen you; think well as to what you say; many a man besides myself has a reddish beard and straw-coloured mustachios." As for the first, Palgrave annihilated him with his stony stare of non-recognition. Seyf, who at the outset had been gravely perplexed by the accusations of the three witnesses, was now reassured, and addressing Palgrave and his friend, exclaimed, "Never mind them; they are talkative liars, mere gossipers; let them alone, they do not deserve attention; come along with me to the k'háwah in the palace and rest yourselves."

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Rejoiced at his happy deliverance from a position of much danger, Palgrave followed the court-chamberlain through files of wandsmen and swordsmen, Arabs and Negroes, into a small court, where was paraded Telál's formidable artillery, consisting of nine pieces of different calibre, only four of which were mounted on gun-carriages, and out of these four just three were serviceable. Traversing this court, they entered a second, one side of which was formed by the ladies' apartments, duly separated by a high blind wall from profane eyes, and the other by the k'háwah or guest-room, an apartment measuring eighty feet in length by thirty or more in breadth, and of height proportionate. The beams of the flat roof were supported by six large round columns in the centre. Coffee having been prepared and served, Seyf announced that Telál was expected to return in a few minutes from his afternoon walk, and would hold a reception in the outer court. He added that afterwards the guests would be provided with supper and good lodgings for the night, and that so long as they remained in Há'yel the k'háwah and all it contained would be at their disposal.

Attended by Zámib, his treasurer and prime minister, and 'Abd-el-Mahsin, a valued counsellor, the king soon made his appearance—a short, broad-shouldered, strongly-built man, dusky-complexioned, with long black hair, dark and piercing eyes, and a severe expression of countenance. He moved with a measured step and a grave and somewhat haughty mien. His dress was a long robe of Kashmir shawl over the usual white Arab shirt, and a delicately worked cloak of camel's hair from 'Omán—a rare and precious thing in this part of Arabia. He wore on his head a broidered handkerchief glittering with gold and silver thread, which was girt by a broad band of camel's hair entwined

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with red silk. A gold-mounted sword hung by his side, and his dress was scented with musk in a degree better adapted to Arab than to European nostrils. His glance never rested for a moment; sometimes it turned on his nearer companions, sometimes on the crowd; in rapidity and brilliancy it was truly an "eagle eye."

Seyf made a sign to the strangers, who hastened to follow him as he made his way through the crowd, and saluted the king with the authorised formula of "Peace be with you, O the protected of God!" Telál at once directed a penetrating glance at Palgrave and his companion, and addressed a question in a low voice to his chamberlain, who answered in the same tone. The prince then looked at them again, but with a friendlier expression. They approached and touched his open hand, repeating the same salutation as that used by Seyf. Telál returned the greeting, whispered for a moment to Seyf, and disappeared in the palace.

In the course of a day or two the strangers were installed in a comfortable dwelling, and Palgrave immediately prepared it for the reception of any who might come to visit or consult the great Syrian doctor. In an inner room which had been decently carpeted he sat in cross-legged state, with a pair of scales before him, a brass mortar, a glass mortar, fifty or sixty boxes of drugs, and a small flanking line of bottles. A couple of Arab books of medical science by his side answered all the purposes of a diploma; of English or French authorities he had but two, and these were hidden behind the cushion at his back, to be secretly consulted if need arose. Practice came to him much more quickly than it comes to any professional neophyte in Europe. Visitors and patients soon thronged the apartment, and his skill was put to the test in a variety of cases. But he seems never to have been at fault, felicitously dis-

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playing that tact, promptitude, and *resourcefulness* which are the indispensable conditions of success under all circumstances, at all times, and in all places.

We have no space to attempt a description of Mr. Palgrave's daily life at Há'yel; but a scene or two will interest the reader from the novelty and picturesqueness of its features.

We pay a visit to the market:—All is life and movement; the warehouses, filled with rice, flour, spices, or coffee, and, in their inner recesses, even with stores of the prohibited American weed, are open. We salute the owners as we pass, and they return a polite and friendly greeting. Camels are unloading in the streets, and Bedawin strangers standing idly by. The shoemaker and the blacksmith, "those two main props of Arab handicraft," are vigorously plying their trade amid the remarks of some gossiping bystanders. At one corner are seated three or four country-women, with piles of melons, gourds, egg-plant fruits, and other garden produce for sale.

We receive patients:—A stout clown from Mogah, scantily dressed in walking wear, comes forward, and calls Mr. Palgrave's attention to him with an "I say, doctor!" "What ails him?" is the reply. He says he is all made up of pain. The doctor, not satisfied with so general a statement, proceeds to question him. "Does your head pain you?" "No" (an Arab's head *never* does). "Does your back ache?" "No." "Your arms?" "No." "Your legs?" "No." "Your body?" "No." "Well, if neither your head, nor your body, back, arms, nor legs pain you, how can you possibly be such a composition of suffering?" "I am all made up of pain, doctor." The fact is, he is suffering from chronic rheumatism, and does not know how to localise his sensations. The doctor afterwards discovers that, three

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or four months before, he had an attack of the disease in its acute form, accompanied by high fever, and has never wholly recovered.

The doctor continues his interrogatory, much to the amusement of the lookers-on. "What was the cause of your past illness?" "I say, doctor, its cause was God." "No doubt of that, but what was the particular and immediate occasion?" "Doctor, its cause was God; and, secondly, that I ate camel's flesh when I was cold." "But was there nothing else?" "Then, too, I drank camel's milk; but it was all," sums up the devout Arab, "all, I say, from God, doctor."

The doctor considers the case and determines on its mode of treatment. Next comes the important question of payment, which must be settled beforehand, and rendered conditional on success, or else the doctor will receive not a stiver. Such is the custom in Arabia; were it introduced into England, a great many medical practitioners, we fear, would soon be reduced to insolvency. Mr. Palgrave inquires what he will give him on recovery. "Doctor," answers the peasant, "I will give you, do you hear? a camel." "But I do not want one." "I say, remember God [that is, be reasonable]. I will give you a fat camel; every one knows my camel; if you choose, I will bring witnesses, I say." The camel, however, is steadily refused; and then the Arab offers butter, meal, dates, and other articles, until at last a settlement is made.

A visit to the great mosque:—

Here a decent number of worshippers have assembled for the Salát-el'-asr, or afternoon prayers. When the ceremony is over, above half the congregation depart. Those who remain assemble in the centre of the building, and seat themselves in concentric circles on its pebbly floor, some leaning against the rough square pillars that

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support the roof, others playing with the staff or riding-switch in their hands. The person selected as reader, because he is supposed to be better acquainted with letters than most of his countrymen, and rejoices in a good sonorous voice, holds on his knees a large manuscript, containing the traditions of Muhammad, or the lives of his countrymen, or perhaps El-Bokhâree's commentaries, or something of the kind. From this he reads, in a clear but somewhat monotonous tone, for from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour. The congregation listen in becoming silence, those who profess to be devout looking down on the ground, or fixing their eyes on the reader and his volume. Others, who are younger or have no character to keep up, sit at their ease, while a few whisper a sceptical criticism to their neighbours, or exchange sarcastic glances at the recital of some wonderful exploit, or even more wonderful vision. For scepticism has found its way even into the Djebel Shomer!

When Telâl is present, he generally makes a sign to the reader, after ten minutes' patience, that his conscience is satisfied; then the reader closes his book, and the service is at an end. But in the king's absence the reader is generally succeeded by one of the older and more respectable members of the semi-literary, semi-religious class, or by the Imâm or the Khatub himself, who offers a short verbal explanation of the passage that has been read, or in a familiar way delivers a kind of extemporary sermon.

When the readings or the reading and sermon together are concluded, every one remains seated in silence for a minute or so, partly as though to reflect on what they have heard, and partly to give the more important personages present free time to retire before the press of the throng. Telâl is naturally the first

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to rise and leave the building, accompanied by Zámib and his brothers or 'Abd-el-Mahsin, and he takes his place on a stone bench in the courtyard without, there to hold a short afternoon audience. On such an occasion minor causes, and whatever has not been deemed of sufficient importance to occupy the morning hours, will often be discussed; and Telál himself occasionally relaxes into a condescending smile when some Bedawin presents his uncouth complaint, or two townsmen, guilty of having called each other hard names, are brought into his presence. "I was more than once," says Palgrave, "an amused spectator of these scenes. Telál's manner was concise and sarcastic, the decision very frequently to administer a few stripes, nowise severe ones, to both parties, the royal judge wisely observing that insult was almost always the offspring of provocation, and that where the fault was equally divided the punishment should be so too."

On the 8th of September, provided with a safeguard or passport by Telál, and attended by three Arab guides, Palgrave and his companion resumed their adventurous journey to the Nijed. The country they had to traverse was happily different from the sandy and stony wastes of the desert; it was a region of culture and pasture lands, of villages and habitations; water was not wanting, and the mountain air was cool and bracing. Their fellow-travellers, moreover, were of a higher and pleasanter class than the savage Bedawin who had escorted them to Há'yel; they were men from town or village life, civilised beings,—a little company of eight-and-twenty all told (including women and children), mounted on camels or horseback, and fairly honest and peaceable. Across the elevated table-land of Upper Kasum, sprinkled with some forty villages and peopled by nearly thirty thousand souls, they made a steady pro-

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gress day by day. The soil was fertile, and they met with large clusters of the date-palm, as well as with fruit-trees of various kinds, besides corn, maize, millet, vetches, and the like. In due time they reached the large and important town of 'Eyoon, a centre of active commerce, owing to its situation on the great northern and western lines of communication. After a brief rest they continued their march to Bereydah, which, with its massive watch-tower nearly a hundred feet in height, its minaret of scarcely inferior proportions, its mass of bastioned walls, and its green and glossy groves, formed a picture of absolute brilliancy. Here Palgrave remained for some days while seeking a guide to take him and his party farther to the east. Of course the principal features of the place were carefully noted by so vigilant an observer, and it will be interesting to accompany him on a morning visit to the camp and market, to the village gardens and wells, and enjoy the advantage of such intelligent companionship :—

In the Persian camp all is alive and stirring as soon as the morning breeze clears the pure and mistless sky. Ranged on the sand are baskets full of eggs and dates, flanked by piles of bread and little round cakes of white butter; bundles of firewood are heaped up close at hand, with clusters of pails of goat's or camel's milk, and amid these articles sit the sun-browned peasant women, chaffering with tall Persians or with the dusky servants of Táj-Djehán, who in broken Arabic try to beat down the prices, and are so far successful that in the end they do not pay more than double what they ought. "The swaggering broad-faced Bagdad camel-drivers, and the ill-looking sallow youths of Meshid-'Alee, stand idle everywhere, talking downright ribaldry, insulting those whom they dare, and cringing to their betters like slaves. Persian gentlemen, too, with grand hooked

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noses, high caps, and quaintly-cut dresses of gay patterns, saunter about discussing their grievances, or quarrelling with each other to pass the time. . . . Not a few Bereydah townsmen are here, chattering or bartering, and Bedawin switch in hand. If you ask any chance individual among those latter what has brought him hither, you may be sure beforehand that the word 'camel' in one or other of its forms of detail will find place in the answer. Criers are going up and down the camp with articles of Persian apparel, cooking-pots, and ornaments of various description in their hands, or carrying them off for higher bidding to the town."

We pass on now to the market-place, where, on first entering, we see on either side a long range of butchers' shops, filled with joints of mutton and camel's flesh, and anything but clean. Next we come to a series of cloth and linen warehouses stocked with articles, imported and home-made—Bagdad cloaks and head-gear, Syrian shawls and Egyptian slippers. Through dense crowds of men, women, and children, avoiding every now and then a string of loaded camels, we push on to the leather and shoemakers' shops, and next to the workshops of the copper and iron smiths, where is kept up such a din and clangour as might almost awake the dead.

Thence we emerge on the central town-square or piazza, one side of which is half taken up by the great mosque, an edifice near two centuries old, with a shapely and lofty minaret. Along another side runs an open gallery, in the shade of which the townsmen group together to discuss news or business. The central area is occupied by camels and bales of various goods, including coffee, henna, and saffron.

From this square diverge several streets, each containing a market appropriated to some particular ware, and terminating in a portal which divides it from the

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ordinary habitations. The vegetable and fruit market, which is very extensive, is kept almost exclusively by women, as are also the shops for spices and grocery. Rock-salt from Western Kasum, remarkable for purity, whiteness, and beautiful crystallisation, is an article which commands a ready sale.

But we have now seen enough of the town. Through narrow, hot, and dusty streets we make our way to the wide street that, like a boulevard in France, runs immediately along but inside the walls. Through an open gate we pass without, and in a minute's time inhale the fresh, cool air from the breezy pasture-lands. Before us are stately palm-trees and deep shadows; the ground is velvet green with the autumn crop of maize and vetches, and intersected by a labyrinth of watercourses, some dry, others flowing, for the wells are at work.

"These wells are much the same throughout Arabia; their only diversity is in size and depth, but their hydraulic machinery is everywhere alike. Over the well's mouth is fixed a cross-beam, supported high in air on pillars of wood or stone on either side, and in this beam are from three to six small wheels, over which pass the ropes of as many large leathern buckets, each containing nearly twice the ordinary English measure. These are let down into the depth, and then drawn up again by camels or asses, who pace slowly backwards and forwards on an inclined plane leading from the edge of the well itself to a pit prolonged for some distance. When the buckets rise to the verge, they tilt over and pour out their contents by a broad channel into a reservoir hard by, from which part the water-courses that irrigate the garden. The supply thus obtained is necessarily discontinuous, and much inferior to what a little more skill in mechanism affords in

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Egypt and Syria, while the awkward shaping, and not unfrequently the ragged condition, of the buckets themselves causes half the liquid to fall back into the well before it reaches the brim. The creaking, singing noise of the wheels, the rush of water as the buckets attain their turning-point, the unceasing splash of their overthrow dripping back into the source, are all a message of life and moisture very welcome in this dry and stilly region, and may be heard far off amid the sand-hills, a first intimation to the sun-scorched traveller of his approach to a cooler resting-place."

We have thus described the day-occupations of our traveller while he remained at Bereydah, visiting camp and market and the public places, surveying with curious and observant eye every phase and aspect of Arab life, and filling up his leisure with the practice of his assumed profession. His evenings were spent in pleasant fashion. After supper, according to the universal Arab custom, he betook himself, with some of his acquaintances, to the flat house-roof, where they smoked and talked for hours, or listened to the call to vespers from the Persian tents, sounding melodious and full among the harsh voices of the native population. Harsh voices; yes, for no country in the world except, perhaps, China, is so unmusical as Arabia, no people have so little feeling for harmony as the Arabs. On the other hand, the Persians are a sweet-voiced race, and their music is by no means disagreeable.

Under the blue vault of the Arabian sky conversation was carried on for hours, almost every conceivable topic being gravely and carefully discussed, until, as night drew near to morning, Mr. Palgrave's friends retired to their respective houses, and he and his companion remained to take their rest on the cool, breezy terrace.

The zodiacal light, which, at this season of the year,

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was in its full equinoctial display, would linger in the west with its luminous cone for full three hours after sunset, perfectly distinct in colour, shape, and direction from the last horizontal glimmer of daylight, while its reappearance in the east long before morning was not to be confounded with the early coming of the dawn. Shooting-stars glided suddenly along the blue concave. All night long the watchmen on the towers cried and answered at intervals, "Allahu Akbar," the password of their province, and the city lay in silent slumber with its still groves and sands around.

At nightfall on the 3d of October Mr. Palgrave left Bereydah to push on to the next stage of his enterprise, the town of Ri'ad. Crossing the frontier of the Nefood, he once again had experience of the desert, and plunged into burning waves of sand, in which the camels often sunk knee-deep. The character of this dreary region much resembled that of the Nefood north of Djebel Shomer, but the ridges were higher and the hollows deeper, while the sand itself was lighter and more treacherous. Neither blade of grass nor shrub was visible throughout the greater part of its monotonous area; here and there, indeed, a scanty vegetation struggled through, but it was coarse and unlovely. A little before noon on the third day of their march the caravan reached the edge of an immense crater-like hollow, certainly three or four miles in circumference, where the sand-billows receded on every side, leaving in the midst a pit seven or eight hundred feet in depth, at the base of which was discernible a white gleam of limestone rock and a cluster of houses, trees, and gardens, forming the village and oasis of Wásit, that is, "the intermediary," so called because it is the meeting-point of the three provinces of Kasum, Sedeyr, and Woshem, yet belongs to neither of them. A long winding path

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led down to this out-of-the-world nook,—*facilis descensus Averni;* but to get out of the hollow proved a difficult and tedious task, and some hours elapsed before the caravan climbed to the northern rim. Then before them lay what seemed a storm-driven sea of fire in the red afternoon glow. Through its undulations they slowly toiled, until, an hour before sunset, they fell in with a kind of track or furrow, which led them gradually down a long declivity to the important commercial town of Zulphah. Beyond it rose the steep precipices of Djebel Toweyk, the heart and central knot of Arabia; and cheerfully did Mr. Palgrave look upon them, for he knew that in their rear, across the Nefood of Dahná, shone the blue waters of the Persian Gulf.

Towards this great gloomy mountain ridge, after a brief rest at Zulphah, the "Syrian doctor" and his companions pushed their way. It rises about 3000 feet above the sea, and from 1000 to 2000 feet above the surrounding level of the Arabian peninsula, a mass of limestone rock, with some peaks of granite towards the east and south, the whole of it intersected by a labyrinth of valleys, some broad, some narrow, some long and winding, some very small, but almost all bordered with steep and at times precipitous banks, and looking as if they had been cut out in the limestone mountain by Titanic hands. "In these countless hollows is concentrated the fertility and the population of Nejed, gardens and houses, cultivation and villages, hidden from view among the depths while one journeys over the dry flats (I had well-nigh called them 'denes,'" says Mr. Palgrave, "for they often reminded me of those near Great Yarmouth) above, till one comes suddenly on the mass of emerald green beneath. One would think that two different lands and climates had been somehow interwoven into one, yet remained unblended. The soil of

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these valleys is light, and mixed with marl, sand, and little pebbles washed down from the heights; for everywhere their abrupt edges are furrowed by torrent tracks, that, collecting above, rush over in winter, and often turn the greater part of the gully below into a violent watercourse for two or three days, till the momentary supply is spent; and these pools and plashes remain through the months of spring, while the most of the water sinks underground, where it forms an unfailing supply for the wells in summer, or breaks out once more in living springs amid the low lands of Hasa and Kateef towards the sea-coast, and beyond the outskirts of Djebel Toweyk itself."

At length our adventurous traveller arrives at Ri'ad, the capital of the Nejed. Crowned by high towers and surrounded by formidable walls, a mass of roofs and terraces, above which rises the huge irregular pile of the king's castle, its appearance is very striking, and it is set in the centre of a not less striking landscape. For fully three miles around spreads a zone of palm-trees, green fields, and well-watered gardens; this zone melting, as it were, on the south into the wide and even more fertile plains of Yemámah, thickly besprinkled with groves and villages. Farther in the distance undulate the blue peaks of the sierra of Yemámah, likened by an Arab poet to drawn swords in battle array; behind them the vast desert of the south, or Nefood of Dahná, burns in the glare of a semi-tropical sun. Due east a long blue line indicates the remotest heights of Toweyk, which shut out from view the low grounds of Hasa and the shores of the Persian Gulf. "In all the countries which I have visited," says Palgrave, "and they are many, seldom has it been mine to survey a landscape equal to this in beauty and in historical meaning, rich and full alike to eye and mind."

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Entering the town, our travellers found themselves at first in a broad street, which led directly to the palace. On either side were large two-storeyed houses, mosques, wells for ablution, and in the courtyards the green foliage of a few fruit-trees. Passing the palaces of the king's eldest son and his brother, they reached a great open square, flanked northward by shops and warehouses, on the south by the huge palace of the Nejdean monarch, while to the west a long covered passage skirted the breadth of the square, connecting the palace with the great mosque. Beyond this colonnade the square, or rather parallelogram, for it measured 200 paces by about forty, was completed by another row of shops and warehouses. In the midst of this space, and under the shadow of the palace walls, were seated groups of women, each with her stock of bread, dates, milk, vegetables, or firewood for sale, and all around were crowds of loiterers, and clusters of camels and dromedaries, and heaps of piled-up sacks, and all the other accompaniments of an Arab market.

We have no space to record at length the details of Mr. Palgrave's residence at Ri'ad, but we shall borrow a few of the more striking passages for the edification of the reader. It was not without its dangers and discomforts; for the king, Feysul, an old man and a timid, sensual and ignorant, was frightened into a belief that the "Syrian doctors" were really magicians, bent upon injuring him with their spells and talismans, and it taxed all Mr. Palgrave's fertility of resource and skill in assumption to maintain his medical character and dissipate the royal suspicions. At first they were peremptorily ordered to quit the capital and continue their journey to Hofhoof; but through patient diplomacy and the friendly intervention of a high dignitary they eventually secured permission to remain, and were even

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provided with comfortable quarters. They also received from the palace liberal supplies of flour, rice, meat, and coffee. In safety and comfort the great medicine-man then began to exercise his talents and dispense his drugs for the benefit of the afflicted inhabitants of Ri'ad, who resorted to him in sufficient numbers to make his practice lucrative.

While at Ri'ad Mr. Palgrave had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of those true Arab steeds which, in poetry and legend, occupy so conspicuous a place. Nejed is their birthplace; and the Nejdean horse is as superior to all others of the kind in Arabia as the Arabian breed collectively is to the Persian, Cape of Good Hope, or Indian. The reader will probably remember Shakespeare's fine picture of a perfect horse, as he understood it, and may compare it with Mr. Palgrave's sketch of a perfect Arab.

"Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, 'go raving mad about it;' a little, a very little saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness without any weakness; a head broad above, and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of 'drinking from a pint-pot,' did pint-pots exist in Nejed; a most intelligent and yet singularly gentle look; full eyes; sharp thorn-like little ear; legs, fore and hind, that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean, and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out, at a perfect arch; coat smooth, shining, and light; the mane long, but not overgrown or heavy; and an air and step that seemed to say, 'Look at me; am I not pretty?' Such is the Nejdean steed. The average stature is fourteen hands; few, if any, reach fifteen. As for colour, the prevailing is chestnut or

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grey; some, however, are of a light bay, an iron colour, white, or black."

"Nejdean horses," says Mr. Palgrave, "are especially esteemed for great speed and endurance of fatigue; indeed, in this latter quality, none can come up to them. To pass twenty-four hours on the road without drink and without flagging is certainly something; but to keep up the same abstinence and labour conjoined under the burning Arabian sky for forty-eight hours at a stretch is, I believe, peculiar to the animals of the breed. Besides, they have a delicacy—I cannot say of mouth, for it is common to ride them without bit or bridle, but of feeling and obedience to the knee and thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, far surpassing whatever the most elaborate *manége* gives a European horse, though furnished with snaffle, curb, and all. I often mounted them at the invitation of their owners, and, without saddle, rein, or string, set them off at full gallop, wheeled them round, brought them up in mid-career at a dead halt, and that without the least difficulty or the smallest want of correspondence between the horse's movements and my own will. The rider on their back really feels himself the man-half of a centaur, not a distinct being. This is in great part owing to the Arab system of breaking-in, much preferable to the European, in conferring pleasing and perfect tractability. Nor is mere speed much valued in a horse unless it be united with the above qualities, since, whether in the contest of an Arab race or in the pursuit and flight of war, 'doubling' is far more the rule than 'going a-head,' at least for any distance."

If Mr. Palgrave had experienced some difficulty in getting *into* Ri'ad, he experienced much greater difficulty in getting *out* of it. The king desired to retain the services of so accomplished a physician, and the

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king's sons, for political and other reasons, were equally desirous that he should remain. Those two princes, Sa'ood and 'Abd Allah, were on hostile terms, and each was anxious to obtain the co-operation of the Syrian doctor in the struggle for the throne that would inevitably follow upon king Feysul's death. 'Abd Allah resorted to bribery, and offered him, not only his liberal patronage, but, to begin with, a house and garden with a suitable household and a fair wife. He pressed him closely to go and inspect the residence he had selected, and Palgrave found himself compelled to assent. The house was really good, well situated, with a small garden adjoining, and the offer was one which any genuine itinerant Arab physician would have gladly accepted. But it was not Palgrave's intention to expend his life and talents in the Nejed; and at his next interview with the prince he thanked him for his generous intentions, while informing him that he must courteously decline them, having made engagements for going on to Hasa which it was impossible to break. He added, however, that he would return to Ri'ad in the following spring. Notwithstanding this promise, it was evident that 'Abd Allah regarded Mr. Palgrave's refusal with anger and suspicion.

Soon afterwards he sent for him, expressed his regret that he had resolved to leave the capital, and begged that he would at least leave behind him some useful medicines for the public benefit, and, more particularly, that he would supply him with some strychnia, the powerful effects of which he had had an opportunity of witnessing. Mr. Palgrave, however, was well aware that the prince fully understood its efficacy in large doses as a poison, and knowing him to be the centre of political intrigues, and unscrupulous in dealing with those whom he feared or disliked, he was by no means

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disposed to place in his hands so deadly an agent. He excused himself, therefore, by a reference to the dangerous character of the alkaloid. Next day the request was repeated, and so was the refusal. At a third interview he insisted on being furnished with the poison, and laying aside all pretences, made clear the reasons, though not the person for whom he desired it, declaring that he would accept neither of evasion nor of excuse. Palgrave replied, "'Abd Allah, I know well what you want the poison for, and I have no mind to be an accomplice in your crimes. You shall *never* have it." The baffled conspirator's face turned livid with rage, but, after a violent effort, he mastered himself, and suddenly changing his voice and tone, chatted gaily upon indifferent subjects.

Perceiving that there was good cause to apprehend personal danger, Palgrave hurried on his preparations for departure, hoping, with the assistance of the prime minister, who was his friend, to slip out of the town unobserved. But on the evening of the 21st of November, when he and his companion were completing their arrangements, the prince's confidential retainer made his appearance with a sudden summons for Palgrave to repair to 'Abd Allah's palace. "Shall Barakát come with me?" said Palgrave, looking towards his companion. "The prince wants *you* alone," replied the messenger. "Shall I bring one of my books with me?" "There is no need."

Palgrave was compelled to obey the mandate, and in silence and darkness followed the prince's retainer to the palace. He was soon admitted into the audience-chamber. There sat 'Abd Allah, silent and gloomy, surrounded by his most intimate counsellors and supporters; the only favourable sign was the presence of the friendly prime minister, Mahboob, though he too

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looked unusually grave. At one end of the hall clustered about a dozen armed attendants, Nejdeans or Negroes. Altogether the occasion was one to test to the utmost the traveller's presence of mind and courage.

When he entered no one vouchsafed him a sign of greeting. He saluted 'Abd Allah with the usual formalities; he replied in an undertone, and signalled him to sit down at a little distance from him, but on the same side of the divan. Needless to say that Mr. Palgrave himself, under the circumstances, did not covet too close a proximity.

After a pause 'Abd Allah turned half round towards his guest, and with his blackest look and in a deep voice said, "I now know perfectly well what you are; you are no doctors; you are Christians, spies, and revolutionists, come hither to ruin our religion and state in behalf of those who sent you. The penalty for such as you is death; that you know, and I am determined to inflict it without delay."

Mr. Palgrave preserved his calmness, comforting himself with the thought that "threatened folk live long," and, looking the prince coolly in the face, replied in a phrase commonly addressed to one who has been guilty of a mendacious utterance, "Istaghfir Allah,"—"Ask pardon of God."

At this unexpected answer 'Abd-Allah started and said, "Why so?"

"Because," Palgrave rejoined, "you have just now uttered a sheer absurdity. 'Christians,' be it so; but 'spies,' 'revolutionists,' as if everybody in the town did not know us for quiet doctors, neither more nor less! And then to talk about putting me to death! You cannot, and you dare not."

"But I can and dare," answered 'Abd-Allah, "and

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who shall prevent me? You shall soon learn that to your cost."

"Neither can nor dare," repeated Palgrave. "We are here your father's guests and yours for a month and more, known and received as such. What have we done to justify a breach of the laws of hospitality in Nejed? It is impossible for you to do what you say," continued Mr. Palgrave, while thinking in his heart that it was only too possible after all; "the shame of the deed would be too much for you."

After a moment's thought 'Abd-Allah said, "As if any one need know who did it. I have the means, and can dispose of you without talk or rumour. Those who obey my bidding can choose a suitable time and place, without my name ever being mentioned in the affair."

This was not a very cheerful conversation, but Palgrave retained his coolness, and with a quiet laugh said, "You are mistaken; that, too, is not within your power. Am I not known to your father, to all in his palace; among others, to your own brother, Sa'ood? Is not the fact of my present visit known to many outside your gates? Or is there no one here," glancing at Mahboob, "who can report elsewhere what you have just now said? Better for you to leave off this nonsense: do you take me for a child of four days old?"

He repeated his threat, growlingly.

"Bear witness all present," said Mr. Palgrave, raising his voice so as to be heard distinctly all over the hall, "that if any mischance befall my companion or myself from Ri'ad to the shores of the Persian Gulf, it is all 'Abd-Allah's doing. And the consequences shall be on his head—worse consequences than he expects or dreams."

The prince made no reply. "Dead silence reigned

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around;" Mahboob kept his eyes fixed steadily on the fireplace.

"Bring coffee," shouted 'Abd-Allah. In a minute a black slave approached with a single coffee-cup in his hand, which, at a signal from his master, he presented to Mr. Palgrave.

As coffee in the East is so frequently made the vehicle of administering a deadly draught, our traveller did not wholly relish the prince's proffered hospitality. But he knew that it would be in the highest degree dangerous and impolitic to show any signs of alarm or suspicion. So he calmly said, "Bismillah," took the cup, and looking steadily at 'Abd-Allah, drank it off. To the slave, "Pour me out a second." Mr. Palgrave emptied the cup a second time, and said, "Now you may take it away."

This evidence of unconcern produced the desired effect. 'Abd-Allah's face announced defeat, and Mahboob seized the opportunity to express his conviction that the doctor and his companion intended no harm. In the conversation that ensued Palgrave did his best to dispel all suspicion of "spies and spymanship," dwelt on his and his companion's peaceable and inoffensive conduct, protested against the ungrateful return made for the services they had rendered the court and the town, and quoted verses of the Kúran relative to the wickedness of groundless suspicion and the obligation to think well of one's neighbour except upon conclusive testimony. Eventually he was allowed to retire unmolested.

After so narrow an escape his anxiety to leave Ri'ad was naturally redoubled, and at last, by the exercise of much skill and forethought, he succeeded in stealing out of the town on the 24th, during the gloom of a November evening. No pursuit was attempted, and his little

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party, mounted on their dromedaries, rapidly traversed the defiles of the Toweyk range and descended into the great Dahná or "red desert." This dreary region is the terror of even the wandering Bedawin, and ordinary travellers never cross it without dire alarms, which have too often been justified by fatal results. "So light are the sands, so capricious the breezes that shape and re-shape them daily into unstable hills and valleys, that no traces of preceding travellers remain to those who follow; while intense heat and glaring light reflected on all sides combine with drought and weariness to con-fuse and bewilder the adventurer, till he loses his com-pass and wanders up and down at random amid a waste solitude which soon becomes his grave. Many have thus perished; even whole caravans have been known to disappear in the Dahná without a vestige, till the wild Arab tales of demons carrying off wanderers or ghouls devouring them obtain a half-credit among many accus-tomed elsewhere to laugh at such fictions. However, will they, nill they, merchants, travellers, messengers, armies—in a word, all who pass to and fro between the populous Hasa and the imperial Nejed—must cross this desert, and that by one especial line, for in all other directions the Dahná is with hardly any exception im-practicable. On either side, indeed, of this sand-river the roads are clearly indicated nor liable to mistake; the whole difficulty consists in the intermediate space."

To diminish the danger a couple of huge cairns (Arabic, *Rejou*) have been constructed, each about thirty feet high, at convenient points, and these serve as rude indications of the safest route.

Mr. Palgrave and his companions waded through the weary sand-waves with indefatigable persistency, though suffering terribly from the intense heat. They passed in safety the first and the second cairns, and soon

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entered the great valley of the Wadi Farook, running from north to south, which brought them out upon the coast range of Hasa. These hills attain a total elevation of about fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and about four hundred feet above the desert on the west, which is thus about a thousand feet higher than the coast. Their sides are often eaten out into caverns, and their aspect is altogether fanciful and extremely desolate.

Continuing their steady though fatiguing march, the travellers had just emerged upon the great Hasa plain, and were within about fifteen miles of Hofhoof, the capital, when a strange incident occurred.

On a sloping bank at a short distance in front could be seen some large black patches strongly contrasting with the white glistening soil around, and at the same time the attention of the travellers was drawn to a strange whizzing like that of a flight of hornets close along the ground, while the dromedaries capered and started in a fit of apparent frenzy. The cause of all this was a vast swarm of locusts which had alighted here in their wanderings across the Dahná. These insects usually settle on the ground after sunset to await, half stupefied by the chill night air, the rays of morning, which stimulate them into new life and motion. The dromedaries on this occasion exercised as much influence as the sun; which were the more frightened, they or the locusts, it was not easy to determine.

But if the beasts were frightened, not so their masters, who rejoiced over this supply of dainty food as if it had been manna from heaven. A good swarm of locusts is in Arabia as eagerly desired as in India or Syria, the difference of opinion being mainly due to a difference in the insects. The locust of Inner Arabia, according to Mr. Palgrave, is emphatically *sui generis*. Those of

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the north are small, of a pale green colour, and are never eaten, or eaten only under the pressure of extreme hunger. Like bees, they have a queen, whose size is proportioned to her majesty. But the Arabian locusts have no queen, are of a reddish-brown colour, and twice or thrice the size of its northern congener, being as long (and about as thick) as a man's little finger. Boiled or fried, they are said to be delicious, and the Arabs boil and fry them to an almost incredible extent. Mr. Palgrave never could make up his mind to taste them, but his companion ventured on one, and one only. He pronounced it oily and disgusting.

Hofhoof, the capital of Hasa, contains a population of 24,000, and is divided into three quarters or districts. Its general form is that of a large oval. The three quarters meet in the public square, an oblong area of about three hundred yards in length by seventy or eighty in breadth; the Kôt on the north-east, the Rifey'eeyah on the north-west and west, and the Na'áthar on the east and south. The Kôt contains the vast entrenched and towered citadel, the residence of the Nejdean governor; the Na'áthar, the largest district, is chiefly inhabited by merchants, traders, and artisans; the Rifey'eeyah is the noble or aristocratic section. On the Rifey'eeyah side of the public square is the vaulted market-place or Keysareeah, a long, barrel-vaulted arcade, with a portal at either end, and on each side lined with well-stocked shops; in which are exposed for sale the wares of Bahreyn, 'Omán, Persia, and India. Workshops, smithies, and carpenters' and shoemakers' stalls are also found here. In the open square stand numerous booths loaded with dates, vegetables, firewood, salted locusts, and other articles.

Of the country around Hofhoof a brief description

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may be furnished. To the south extends a waste and unlovely area, interposed between the provinces of Hasa and Katar. To the west a maze of running waters shimmers amid the deep palm-groves, and refreshes a vegetation of that semi-Indian type peculiar to this part of Arabia. Many villages stud the plain, which, at a distance to the north-west of five or six miles, is bounded by the cavernous cliffs of Djebel-el-Moyházu. On the north and east ripples a complete sea of waving foliage, broken up only at those points where the overflowing water-channels have formed an oasis of marish ground, with reeds and rushes and long-legged waterfowl, and over all the cool shades of stately palm-trees laden with the choicest dates.

The climate of Hasa is tropically hot. All the wells and water-sources are warm, and signs of past volcanic action may be detected in many places. Hasa belongs, in fact, to that great valley which, partly sunk beneath the waters of the Persian Gulf, partly elevated to form the bed of the Tigris and the Euphrates, stretches from the shores of Baluchistan and 'Oman up to Kara Dagh and the mountains of Armenia, and at the upper extremity of which earthquakes are of frequent occurrence, and often disastrous in their effects.

The products of Hasa are many and various: as Mr. Palgrave says, the monotonous Arab vegetation is here relieved by new foliage, and by growths unknown to Nejed and Shomer. The date-palm still predominates, and here attains its greatest perfection; but the nabak, which in Central Arabia is a mere bush, here becomes a stately tree; the papay also appears; indigo is partially cultivated, cotton is widely grown; rice-fields abound, and the sugar-cane is planted. Corn, maize, millet, vetches of every kind, radishes, onions, garlic, beans—in a word, nearly all the leguminous and cereal species.

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Under an enlightened Government this fertile region might rapidly develop an extensive commerce; but the agriculturist, as well as the merchant, is discouraged and kept down by an arbitrary and excessive taxation.

Speaking of his residence in Hofhoof, Mr. Palgrave protests that nowhere had his practice as a physician a more extensive range or greater success. "Friendly invitations, now to dinner, now to supper, were of daily occurrence, and we sat at tables where fish, no longer mere salted shrimps, announced our vicinity to the coast; vermicelli, too, and other kinds of pastry, denoted the influence of Persian art on the kitchen. Smoking within doors was general, but the narghulah often replaced, and that advantageously, the short Arab pipe; perfumes are no less here in use than in Nejed. I need hardly say that domestic furniture is here much more varied and refined than what adorns the dwellings of Sedeyr and 'Aared, and the stools, low dinner-tables, cupboards, shelves, and bedsteads are very like the fillings-up of a respectable Hindoo house at Baroda or Cambay. Wood-carving is also common; it finds its usual place on door-posts and window-frames; lastly, decorative figures painted on the walls, though not absolutely equal to the frescoes of Giotto or Ghirlandajo, yet suffice to give the rooms a more cheerful and, if I may be allowed the expression, a more Christian look than the unvarying brown and white daub of the apartments in 'Aared and Kasum."

In Mr. Palgrave's opinion the principal cause of the decided superiority of the houses of Hasa over those of Central Arabia is the employment of the arch, without which, indeed, as he remarks, there may be building, but there cannot be construction. The Hasa arch, whether large or small, contracted to a window or spanning the entire abode, is, he thinks, never the segment of one

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circle, but of two; it is midway between the Norman "lancet" and the Tudor Gothic (or Late Perpendicular) form. The Moorish horseshoe arch is never met with, but simply a broad but pointed arch, within which an equilateral, sometimes an obtuse, but never an acute, triangle could be described. "The arch brings other improvements with it; the entire house becomes much more regular, its apartments wider, its arrangement more systematical; light and air circulate with greater abundance and facility, while the roof, instead of remaining a mere mass of heavy woodwork supported midway on clumsy pillars, assumes a something of lightness and spring, very refreshing to the eye of a traveller just arrived from Ri'ad."

One of the "sights" of Hofhoof is its weekly fair—a scene of animation and amusement almost equalling a Derby day at Epsom. The vendors are mostly, if not entirely, villagers, whose wares are remarkable for cheapness rather than elegance, such as heavy sandals, coarsely-woven cloaks, old muskets and daggers, second-hand brass utensils, besides camels, dromedaries, asses, and a few horses. But there are also wandering pedlars, who, in their temporary booths, expose for sale glass bracelets, arm-rings, ankle-rings, copper seals, and beads, with a European glass or two, and hand-mirrors which sadly distort the features of their unwary purchasers. The booths are arranged with some pretension to symmetry in streets and squares, and in the open space within the latter great heaps of vegetables are piled up before male and female sellers, together with bags of meal and flour, heaps of charcoal, faggots of firewood, and bundles of sugar-cane. All around braying asses are tethered, and stupid-looking camels stand neck in air, while some of the Hofhoof youngsters make an immense dust by racing horses,

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which they pretend to be trying with a view to purchase. Laughter, and jests, and repartees are heard on every side, and in this motley gathering the proverbial gravity of the Arabs disappears.

Another of the sights is the famous hot spring of Omur-Sabaá or "Mother of Seven." It is situated about eight miles north of the town, where it rises in a deep circular basin about fifty feet in diameter, and pours out a continuous current of very hot water, which overflows into seven channels, each broad enough and deep enough to turn a water-mill. Some of the channels are natural, but human industry has evidently been called in to complete the mystic number, in reference, perhaps, to the seven members of the old planetary system. All around the basin palm-trees and nabuk-trees diffuse their welcome shade, and dense masses of vegetation shut out the distant view. The waters of Omur-Sabaá flow unintermittently winter and summer. Fishes, frogs, and other aquatic creatures cannot live in the central source, or even in the waters near it, but they abound a little farther down the channels.

Still possessed with the enthusiasm of travel, Mr. Palgrave, after exhausting the Nejed, resolved on pushing forward to the remote and mysterious 'Omán. For this purpose he took Kateef as his first stage, a crowded, damp, and gloomy town on the shore of the Persian Gulf. There he embarked, with his companions, on board a small coasting-vessel, not without a feeling of exultation at having safely accomplished the long and difficult journey across the Arabian peninsula—a journey which no European had ever before accomplished. A three days' voyage brought him to the two islands of Bahreyn, and anchored off Mohurruk, the chief town of the northern island. Here he landed, and began to look out for lodgings while awaiting the arrival from

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Hasa of the friendly guide who was to conduct him to 'Omán. These at length were found, and about nightfall the adventurers proceeded to take possession of their new quarters. Entering by a narrow door, they passed into a large open enclosure of palm-branches about eight feet high, set in the ground side by side and closely interwoven. Within the enclosure, at a short distance from each other, stood two long palm-leaf huts, one for the travellers, the other for the skipper and his family. The former was about thirty feet long by ten feet broad, and about ten feet in height to the top of the sloping thatch-roof; a hurdle-like screen divided the interior into two unequal compartments, of which the smaller served for a store-room, and the larger for a living-room. The floor was strewn with a thick layer of very small shells, over which a large reed-mat was spread. Having quickly completed their arrangements for beautifying and filling up the apartment, they were soon ready to receive a visit from the proprietor, who, with his servants, brought, according to custom, the introductory supper of rice, fish, shrimps, and vegetables. Of course he was invited to partake of the meal, and they spent a very pleasant and lively evening, with a feeling of peace and security on the part of Mr. Palgrave and his companion which they had hardly experienced since their first departure from Jaffa.

In this comfortable shelter Mr. Palgrave awaited the arrival of Aboo-'Eysa, who did not make his appearance until the 9th of January 1863. Preparations were at once completed for the expedition to 'Omán. Aboo-'Eysa had procured a stock of the finest dates, and also four handsome mantles of Hofhoof manufacture,—three for presentation to the chiefs whose dominions lay between Bahreyn and Muscat, and the fourth and handsomest for the Sultan of 'Omán. These gifts and their

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bearer Mr. Palgrave was to accompany in the character of a learned physician, anxious to discover certain efficacious herbs and drugs which he supposed to flourish in those regions, and after he had satisfied his curiosity respecting the land and the people, he was to return to Aboo-Shahr, where he would be met by his old Syrian comrade, Barakáb, and by Aboo-'Eysa. On the 24th of January Palgrave and his new companion, Yoosuf, embarked on board a small brig bound for Katar, and after a five days' sail arrived at Bedaá, its principal town.

"To have an idea of Katar," says our traveller, "my readers must figure to themselves miles on miles of low barren hills, bleak and sun-scorched, with hardly a single tree to vary their dry monotonous outline; below these a muddy beach extends for a quarter of a mile seaward in shiny quicksands, bordered by a rim of sludge and seaweed. If we look landwards beyond the hills, we see what by extreme courtesy may be called pasture land, dreary downs with twenty pebbles for every blade of grass, and over this melancholy ground scene, but few and far between, little clusters of wretched, most wretched, earth cottages and palm-leaf huts, narrow, ugly, and low; these are the villages, or rather the 'towns' (for so the inhabitants style them), of Katar."

The inhabitants of Katar, poor as is their land, are dowered with measureless wealth, for in their bay is located the best and most abundant pearl-fisheries of the Persian Gulf, while it also contains an ample store of whatever other treasures the depths of ocean bear. Hence they dwell almost entirely on the sea, spending one half the year in search of pearls, the other half in fishery or trade. Their real homes are the countless boats which loiter about the placid bay or stand drawn up in serried array on the oozy shore, and little thought

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or affection do they give to their land-houses, which are handed over to the use of their wives and children. "We are all, from the highest to the lowest, slaves of one master, Pearl,"—so say the people of Bedaá.

Ten days elapsed before Palgrave could arrange to quit Bedaá, and then he fell in with a young sea-captain, a Persian, who offered to carry them to Sharjah, the first considerable town and seaport in 'Omán proper. On the evening of February 6th they embarked on board the schooner, a well-built vessel with two masts, large lateen sails, and a jib, where a hearty reception awaited them. Next day a strong south-easter blew up, before which the schooner drove rapidly in a northerly direction, and finding it impossible to reach Sharjah, her captain steered for Barr-Faris. There Palgrave was detained for a day or two, but on the 10th he and Yoosuf went on board a ship of Chiro, which conveyed them to Linja, and thence on the 14th they again made sail for Sharjah.

Sharjah was reached on the 16th. Its harbour is a narrow creek which opens out at right angles into the sea, and then, after some forty yards, turning sharp to run inland parallel with its parent ocean for upwards of a league. On landing, Mr. Palgrave was strongly reminded of India—that is, of Gujerat and Cutch—by the mellow mildness of the climate, the construction of the houses, the dress of the inhabitants, and the inhabitants themselves, with their dusky complexions, slender forms, and easy gait. They entertained their visitors with profuse hospitality, and three days were spent in a round of joyous entertainments. On the fourth they sailed for the Bátinah. A storm compelled them to take shelter at Ormuz, an island once renowned for commercial wealth, but now inhabited only by a few fishermen and shepherds. On the 27th they again put to sea, and ran

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along the picturesque coast of 'Omân to Sohâr. On the 6th of March they left Sohâr for Muscat. Towards night on the 8th a violent storm arose, in which the small ship suffered heavily, and soon springing a leak, went down with such rapidity that her crew and passengers to save themselves leaped overboard. "I clambered at once on the quarter-deck," says Mr. Palgrave, "which was yet some feet raised above the triumph of the lashing waves, invoked Him who can save by sea as well as by land, and dived head foremost as far as I could. After a few vigorous strokes out, I turned my face back towards the ship, whence a wail of despair had been the last sound I had heard. There I saw amid the raging waters the top of the mizen-mast just before it disappeared below with a spiral movement while I was yet looking at it. Six men—five passengers and one sailor —had gone down with the vessel. A minute later and boards, mats, and spars were floating here and there amid the breakers, while the heads of the surviving swimmers now showed themselves, now disappeared in the moon-gleam and shadow.

"So rapidly had all this taken place, that I had not a moment for so much as to throw off a single article of dress, though the buffeting of the waves soon eased me of turban and girdle. Nor had I even leisure for a thought of deliberate fear, though I confess that an indescribable thrill of horror which had come over me when the blue glimmer of the water first rippled over the deck, though scarce noticed at the time, haunted me for months after. But at the actual moment the struggle for life left no freedom for backward-looking considerations, and I was already making for a piece of timber that floated not far off, when, on looking around more carefully, I descried at some distance the ship's boat; she had been dragged after us thus far at a long tow,

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Arab fashion, though who had cut her rope before the ship foundered was what no one of us could ever discover. She had now drifted some sixty yards off, and was dancing like an empty nutshell on the ocean.

"Being, like the Spanish sailors in 'Don Juan,'

> 'Well aware
> That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
> Unless with breakers close beneath her lee,'

I gave up the plank, and struck out for the new hope of safety. By the time I reached her three of the crew had already established themselves there before me; they lent me a hand to clamber in; others now came up, and before long nine more, besides the lad, nephew of the captain, were in her closely packed. So soon as I found myself in this ark of respite, though not of safety, I bethought me of Yoosuf, whom I had not seen since the moment of our wreck. He was not along with us; but while, scarce hoping, I shouted out his name over the waters to give him a chance of a signal, 'Here I am, master, God be praised!' answered the dripping head, and we hauled him in to take his fortune with the rest."

The boat now contained twelve castaways; three others came swimming up, but as it was already overloaded, and every wave threatened to swamp it, to admit them was impossible. Happily, they got hold of a spare yard-arm which had floated up from the sunken wreck, and this being fastened by a rope to the boat-stern, was taken in tow along with its living freight.

Four oars were stowed in the boat, together with a small iron anchor and a few extra planks. Planks and anchor were at once thrown overboard, and the sailors proposed the same fate for the passengers, on the score that with so many on board there was little hope of ever

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making the land, but that, at all events, the boat belonged to the crew, and the others might manage on the beam astern as best they could. Fortunately, Palgrave had secured the hearty goodwill of the captain and pilot and of one of the sailors, and with their help he successfully combated this inhuman proposition, and distributing the oars among the seamen, set them to work. The captain took charge of the rudder, while Palgrave and the pilot began to bale out the water, partly with a large scoop belonging to the boat, partly with a leathern bucket, which one of the crew had had the presence of mind to bring with him from the ship, holding the handle between his teeth, as Cæsar held his sword when shipwrecked off the Egyptian Pharos.

It seemed something like the irony of fate that a man who, without injury to a hair of his head, had crossed the burning deserts of Arabia and penetrated into remote cities inhabited by a fierce and sanguinary race, should, at the end of his adventurous pilgrimage, be in danger from the perils of the sea. But there, as always, he displayed the same high qualities of calm courage, readiness of resources, promptitude of decision, and firmness of will. His example inspired his companions, and the seamen bent to their oars with indefatigable vigour. The position, it must be admitted, was one which only a brave heart could contemplate manfully. In an open and overloaded boat, which dragged heavily in the trough of the waves, and was greatly embarrassed by the beam which it towed astern; far out at sea, so as to be quite out of sight of land, though the neighbouring coast, with its high cliffs, can be seen at a long distance even by moonlight; with a furious wind, which every moment increased in violence, and huge billows that threatened to engulf the crazy skiff, small was the prospect of ever reaching land. Trusting in Providence, how-

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ever, Mr. Palgrave abated not one jot of heart or hope, and his companions, recognising in him the faculties of command and guidance, referred to him, with common consent, for the direction of their hazardous career.

A few stars blinked dimly between the mist and the moonlight, and from these he inferred that the coast lay almost due south, and as the hurricane had veered so as to blow from between west and north, he saw that it was necessary to keep in a south-westerly line in order to prevent the waves from taking them "broadside on." For a long time the men pulled away most staunchly, while all on board encouraged one another with the assurance that the land could not be far off. At last Mr. Palgrave's quick eye detected a rock which he had observed on the previous afternoon. "Courage!" he cried; "there is Djeyn" (a rocky headland of the Soriadah group). "Say it again, say it again, God bless you!" cried his companions, who were too weary and distraught to see the black peaks which now loomed distinct over the sea. "Is it near?" With some violence to his conscience Palgrave replied, "Close by; pull away; we shall soon pass it." That his assurance would be fulfilled seemed, however, very doubtful; the spray filled the boat so rapidly as almost to defy the exertions of the balers.

"Another hour of struggle; it was past midnight or thereabouts, and the storm, instead of abating, blew stronger and stronger. A passenger, one of the three on the beam astern, felt too numb and wearied out to retain his hold of the spar any longer; he left it, and swimming with a desperate effort up to the boat, begged in God's name to be taken in. Some were for granting his request, others for denying; at last two sailors, moved with pity, laid hold of his arms when he clung to the boat's side, and helped him in. We were now

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thirteen together, and the boat rode lower down in the water, and with more danger than ever; it was literally a hand's-breadth between life and death. Soon after another, Ibrahim by name, and also a passenger, made a similar attempt to gain admittance. To comply would have been sheer madness, but the poor wretch clung to the gunwale and struggled to clamber over, till the nearest of the crew, after vainly entreating him to quit hold and return to the beam, saying, 'It is your only chance of life; you must keep to it,' loosened his grasp by main force, and flung him back into the sea, where he disappeared for ever. 'Has Ibrahim reached you?' called out the captain to the sailor now alone astride of the spar. 'Ibrahim is drowned,' came the answer across the waves. 'Is drowned!' all repeated in an undertone; adding, 'And we too shall soon be drowned also.' In fact, such seemed the only probable end of all our endeavours. For the storm redoubled in violence; the baling could no longer keep up with the rate at which the waves entered; the boat became water-logged, the water passed in hissing on every side; she was sinking, and we were yet far out in the open sea.

"'Ikhanoo! plunge for it,' a second time shouted the captain. 'Plunge who may, I will stay by the boat so long as she stays by me,' thought I, and kept my place. Yoosuf, fortunately for him, was lying like a corpse, past fear or motion; but four of our party, one a sailor, the other three passengers, thinking that all hope of the boat was now over, and that nothing remained them but the spar, or heaven knows what, jumped into the sea. Their loss saved the remainder; the boat lightened and righted for a moment; the pilot and I baled away desperately; she rose clear once more of the water. Those in her were now nine in all, eight men and a boy, the captain's nephew.

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"Meanwhile, the sea was running mountains, and during the paroxysm of struggle, while the boat pitched heavily, the coil attached from her stern to the beam snapped asunder. One man was on the spar. Yet a minute or so the moonlight showed us the heads of the five swimmers as they sought to regain the boat. Had they done it we were all lost. Then a huge wave separated them from us. 'May God have mercy on the poor drowning men!' exclaimed the captain. Their bodies were washed ashore off Seeb three or four days later. We now remained sole survivors, if, indeed, we were to prove so.

"Our men rowed hard and the night wore on. At last the coast came in full view. Before us was a high black rock jutting out into the foaming sea, whence it rose sheer like the wall of a fortress. At some distance on the left a peculiar glimmer and a long white line of breakers assured me of the existence of an even and sandy beach. The three sailors now at the oars, and a landsman who had taken the place of the fourth, grown reckless by long toil, under the momentary expectation of death, and longing to see an end anyhow to this protracted misery, were for pushing the boat on the rocks, because the nearest land, and thus having it all over as soon as possible. This would have been certain destruction. The captain and pilot, well-nigh stupefied by what they had undergone, offered no opposition. I saw that a vigorous effort must be made, so I laid hold of them both, shook them to arouse their attention, and bade them take heed to what the rowers were about; adding that it was sheer suicide, and that our only hope of life was to bear up for the sandy creek, which I pointed out to them at a short distance."

Awaking from their lethargy, they started up and remonstrated with the sailors, who, however, sullenly

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replied that they had done their utmost, and that they would make for the nearest land, whatever it might be, pulling meanwhile with all their last energies towards the cliff. The captain hastily placed the pilot at the helm, and pushing one of the sailors from his seat, seized his oar. Mr. Palgrave did the same on the opposite side, and the two by strenuous efforts got the boat's head round towards the bay. Ashamed of their misconduct, the seamen then begged forgiveness, and, resuming the oars, began to pull very steadily in the desired course. But when they neared the creek a new danger made its appearance. The first row of breakers, thundering headlong like a cataract, was at least a hundred yards off the shore, and between it and the beach raged a "hell of waters," evidently ten or twelve feet deep, through which, weary and benumbed as they were, it seemed almost impossible that our castaways could struggle. However the effort had to be made, and, on drawing near the long white line, "which glittered like a watchfire in the night," Palgrave called out to Yoosuf to make ready for the last chance of life. A moment afterwards the boat capsized and went down, and its living freight was battling with the pitiless waters.

We resume our quotations from Mr. Palgrave's graphic narrative, which, as we cannot improve, we are unwilling to mangle or distort:—

"Confident in my own swimming powers, but doubtful how far those of Yoosuf might reach, I at once turned to look for him, and, seeing him close by me in the water, I caught hold of him, telling him to hold fast on, and I would help him to land. But with much presence of mind he thrust back my grasp, exclaiming, 'Save yourself; I am a good swimmer; never fear for me.' The captain and the young sailor laid hold of the boy, the

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captain's nephew, one on either side, and struck out with him for the shore. It was a desperate effort; every wave overwhelmed us in its breast, and carried us back in its eddy, while I drank much more salt water than was at all desirable. At last, after some minutes, long as hours, I touched land, and scrambled up the sandy beach as though the avenger of blood had been behind me. One by one the rest came ashore—some stark naked, having cast off or lost their remaining clothes in the whirling eddies, others yet retaining some part of their dress. Every one looked around to see whether his companions had arrived, and when all nine stood together on the beach, all cast themselves prostrate on the sands to thank Heaven for a new lease of life, granted after much danger and so many comrades lost.

"Then rising, they ran to embrace each other, laughed, cried, sobbed, danced. I never saw men so completely unnerved as they on this first moment of sudden safety. One grasped the ground with his hands, crying out, 'Is this really land we are on?' another said, 'And where are our companions?' a third, 'God have mercy on the dead; let us now thank Him for our own lives;' a fourth stood bewildered; all their long and hard-stretched self-possession quite gave way. Yoosuf had lost his last rag of dress; I had fortunately got on two long shirts (one is still by me), reaching down to the feet, Arab-fashion. I now gave my companion one, keeping the other for myself; my red skull-cap had also held firm on my head, so that I was as well off as or better than any. 'We may count this day for the day of our birth; it is a new life after death,' said the young 'Ománee sailor. 'There have been others praying for us at home, and for their sake God has saved us,' added the pilot, thinking of his family and children. 'True; and

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more so perhaps than you know of,' replied I, remembering some yet farther distant."

Dawn had now begun to break, and by the faint glimmering light the castaways discovered a cluster of bushes, behind which they gladly sheltered themselves from the keen wind. As soon as the sun rose and warmed the air, they hastened to dry their scanty clothing and reconnoitre their position. It was seen that they had come ashore at a point a little to the eastward of Seeb, between which and them, however, a high and broad range of rocks intervened, which they could not hope to climb. A similar range interposed to the west, but landwards a sandy valley struck up among the hills, offering them a comparatively easy access to the fertile interior. Slowly making their way along the valley, they came about noon to a picturesque and richly-wooded hollow, on one side of which was a handsome palace, the residence of Thowegnu, the Sultan of 'Omán. It so befell that at this very moment the Sultan was enjoying the fresh morning air surrounded by his court, and the motley shipwrecked company were immediately brought before him. He was gorgeously clad in fine white robes, lightly embroidered with a flowered pattern, and he wore also a huge white Kashmir turban surmounted by a diamond, with a magnificent golden dagger in his jewelled belt. Receiving the strangers with a compassionate air, he inquired to what part their vessel had belonged, what was its cargo, whither it was bound, how it had come to founder, how many had perished, and by what good chance the survivors escaped. After promising to compensate the owner for his loss, he gave orders that the shipwrecked company should be lodged and entertained in the palace, and in a very few minutes they were enjoying their pipes and coffee before a blazing fire. Dry clothes

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were provided, and, after a hearty meal of meat, rice, and saffron, raisins and dates, each man threw himself on his mat and was soon sound asleep.

The afternoon was far advanced when they awoke. Palgrave and Yoosuf loitered about the palace until sunset, and after much discussion had resolved to trespass on the Sultan's hospitality for a day or two, when a circumstance occurred which changed their intention.

In the evening, while Mr. Palgrave was sitting with his hosts and companions round the fire at coffee, a negro entered, and, after due salutation, invited Mr. Palgrave, with his master's compliments, to honour him with his company. Mr. Palgrave repaired accordingly to a neat tent pitched at some distance, where he found two ex-Turkish officers, who, for reasons best known to themselves, had quitted the Sultan's service. The one had come straight to 'Omán; the other had wandered as far as Bombay, Calcutta, and even Singapore and Malacca, and in the course of his travels had made an extensive acquaintance with English, Indians, Malays, and all kinds of people. "We noticed you," said he to Mr. Palgrave, "and concluded from your appearance that you do not, like your companions, belong to this country." A lot of conversation followed, in which, however, Mr. Palgrave took good care not to betray himself, and at a late hour guest and hosts parted on excellent terms.

But the danger of premature detection made the traveller resolve on immediate departure from the Sultan's court. Next morning, accordingly, attended by the faithful Yoosuf, he started for Muscat, which he reached in safety on the second day. There he passed a week in pleasant observation of different phases of the picturesque Oriental life. Arriving then at the conclusion that he had carried his explorations

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sufficiently far, and gone through his full share of adventure and strange experience, he made up his mind to return to Bagdad, and thence to Syria. Towards evening on the 23d of March, he took leave of the friends he had made at Muscat, and sailed for Aboo-Shahr. But at Muscat the seeds of typhoid fever had been sown in his enfeebled and exhausted frame. These rapidly developed, and when he arrived at Aboo-Shahr he was in a state of semi-deliriousness. Fortunately, the Indian steamer arrived on the 10th of April, and conveyed the sufferer to Basrah, where he was put on board a river steamboat, then commanded by Captain Selby of the Indian Navy. The generous and open-hearted kindness which we are accustomed to regard as the fixed characteristic of the English sailor supplied him with good treatment and medical assistance of every kind, or it is probable (as Palgrave himself says) that his journey would have ended, like that of many another adventurous spirit, in a premature grave. The voyage up the Tigris, which had been swollen by the spring inundations, was prolonged over seven days. On the eighth he was landed at Bagdad, where the abundant hospitality of the English, French, and Swiss residents assisted in restoring him, if not to perfect health, at least to a favourable convalescence. He met there his old and faithful companion, Bacakáb, who, having heard of the storm and shipwreck but not of the escape, looked upon his master as upón one newly risen from the dead.

Their return route lay by Kerkook, Mosoul, Mardun, Diar-Bekr, Orfah, and thence round to Aleppo and Syria.

[Mr. Palgrave returned to England in the following year, and in the summer of 1865 was charged by the

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English Government with a special mission for the release of Consul Cameron and other Englishmen detained in Abyssinian prisons by King Theodore. But, as the reader well knows, British bayonets had to be employed before that release could be effected. Mr. Palgrave was appointed Consul at Soukhoum Kali in July 1866, and, after various removals, promoted to the post of Consul-General in the Principality of Bulgaria in September 1878.

His principal works are—"Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia," "Essays on Eastern Questions;" an Oriental romance, "Hermann Agha;" and "Dutch Guiana."]



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THE WONDERFUL RIDE TO MERV:—

EDMOND O'DONOVAN.

ONE of the most remarkable results of the recent vast development of newspaper enterprise is the creation of the "Special Correspondent"—a peculiarly Victorian type of character, and one belonging almost exclusively to "the Anglo-Saxon race." He would seem to have been invented about the time of the Crimean War; or, at all events, it was then that, in the person of Dr. William Howard Russell of the *Times*, he first came prominently before the public. The duties imposed upon him are of the most arduous, and frequently the most dangerous kind. He is called upon to accompany invading armies, and day by day to describe the incidents of their march; to be present on bloody battle-fields, and to record each phase of the varying struggle; facing all the risks and perils of war without sharing the laurels of the successful warrior. It is a much lighter task when he has only to chronicle the coronation of a Russian emperor or the splendid scenes of a royal progress through British India. But whenever and wherever anything novel or exceptional, anything which is likely to become historical, anything which appeals to the popular imagination or affects the national interest takes place, then and there the special correspondent is present, keenly observing, and faith-

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fully transmitting all which that keen observation brings together. Sometimes he is dispatched on a mission of exploration and discovery which to the bravest of the early travellers would have seemed almost impracticable. But at a few hours' notice Stanley starts to search the interior of Africa for the missing Livingstone, and a Macgachen, evading the vigilance of Russian jealousy, contrives to enter Khiva with the Muscovite army. We believe that, among the wonders of the Victorian era, posterity will not fail to rank the "Special Correspondent;" and among the most notable achievements of that now famous personage we are inclined to think the Ride to Merv will not fail to be included. It was the crowning enterprise of a man of genius and courage—of rare gifts of mind, heart, and body—Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, who, after discharging many responsible missions with high credit, undertook in 1879, on behalf of the *Daily News*, to trace the line of the Russian advance in Central Asia, and penetrate if possible to Merv, the capital of the Turkomans.

As special correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. O'Donovan left Trebizond on the 5th of February 1879. He arrived at Batoum, on the southern coast of the Black Sea, next morning, and thence proceeded up the Rion river to Poti. A railway journey of twelve hours carried him to Tiflis, the capital of the Trans-Caucasus. Here he secured the passport or certificate which entitles the traveller to hire carriages and post-horses, and duly provided himself with the vehicle known as a *troika*.* As described by Mr. O'Donovan, it is by no means the picturesque construction which some of us have been led to dream of. "Imagine," he says, "a roughly-made pig-trough, four feet and a half long, two

* The traveller now takes his ease, however, in the comparatively comfortable cars of the Trans-Caucasus Railroad.

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EDMUND O'DONOVAN.

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and a half wide at the top, and one at the bottom, filled with coarse hay, more than half thistles, and set upon four poles, which in turn rest, without the intervention of any kind of springs, upon the axles of two pairs of wheels. The driver is worthy of his vehicle, as attired in an evil-smelling sheepskin tunic, with the woolly side turned inwards, and wearing a prodigious conical sheepskin cap, he sits upon its forward edge, and urges onward at full gallop his three lank, ill-groomed, ill-fed, but wiry horses." In this most uncomfortable and harshly jolting conveyance Mr. O'Donovan left Tiflis, and was soon dashing across the league-long expanse of desert, starting clouds of wild pigeons at one point, and covies of scald-crows at another, meeting here a shepherd's flock of sheep and long-haired goats, and there a string of shaggy camels laden with petroleum casks from Baku, and resting occasionally at the post-houses or stations which are dotted all along the route. Here, while the horses are being changed, the traveller refreshes himself with the inevitable "cup that cheers," hot from the large cylindrical brass samovar, or throws himself on the wooden camp-bed and snatches a few hours of welcome sleep. Then the jolting and shaking and jarring of nerves and muscles begin again, as the *troika* rolls across trench and torrent, up hill and down dale, by no means following the great highroad if a "short cut" be anywhere available.

At the river Kur the traveller bids adieu for awhile to the influences of Western civilisation, and over a grey and dreary waste, with the Caucasus looming against the horizon on the right and the Persian mountains on the left, makes his way to Elizabethpol, a semi-Asiatic, semi-European town, with a "Grand Hotel" which provides one wash-hand basin for the use of all its guests, and a Government palace, the principal chamber of

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which is hung with tapestry and trophies of arms captured in the long wars with the Caucasian hero, Schamyl. Beyond Elizabethpol the aspect of the country improves, and large vineyards are met with. The soil is excellent, and the supply of water abundant. This improvement, however, is of no long duration; the plains, bleak and burnt-up and inhospitable, reappear, and stretch far away to the Caucasus and the Persian frontier. Before reaching Shumakha we plunge into a mountainous tract, drearier even than the preceding levels; and except around Shumakha itself (which was ruined some years ago by a violent earthquake), this mountainous character prevails as far as Baku.

Baku is situated on the western shores of the Caspian Sea, on the promontory of Apscheron, and forms the point of departure for voyagers to Krasnovódsk, on the eastern littoral. "The houses are all of one storey, flat-roofed, and built of great slabs of kneaded clay dried in the sun. Were it not for the huge conical chimneys, which rise like watch-towers from the flat roofs, at a distance it would be impossible to distinguish these clay-coloured dwellings from the surrounding soil. Occasionally one sees a semi-subterranean Armenian village, inhabited by emigrants from Turkish territory. These people adhere to their old system of construction, living in burrows covered over by low mounds of earth, and entered by a descending staircase. It is quite possible for a stranger, unaccustomed to these dwellings, to ride or walk across an entire village without being aware of its existence."

The trade of Baku depends chiefly on the naphtha or petroleum yielded by the oil-wells of Balahané and Sulahesée, in its immediate vicinity—the poet's

"Fountains of blue flame,
That burn into the Caspian."

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These are both natural and artificial, and originally gave that sanctity to the place which made it the favourite shrine and consecrated resort of the Guebres, or Fire-Worshippers. Though few pilgrims visit it now, a "fire-temple" or two still lingers in the very midst of the busy, seething, black-looking petroleum works. Mr. O'Donovan describes one of these ancient sanctuaries as provided with thirty-five roomy cells, accessible from a central court by so many doors. The real fire-shrine is a square platform, ascended by three steps, each a little over one foot in height. The upper portion of the platform is about sixteen feet square, with a monolith of grey stone sixteen feet high at each angle, supporting a gently sloping roof of stone. In the centre of the platform is a small iron tube, where the sacred fire burned of old, and still blazes to gratify the curious visitor; for, at your bidding, the priest will make his appearance, don his long white robe, and, with lighted match, kindle a jet of pale blue lambent flame, which rises some eight or twelve inches high. Seizing the rope of a bell hung over his head, he pulls at it some half-dozen times; then takes in his hand a small bell, and, ringing it continually, proceeds to bow and genuflect before the altar, "muttering o'er his mystic spells," while the light wanes, flickers, and eventually dies out. To the spectator he proffers on a small brass dish a few grains of rice or barley or pieces of candied sugar, and for his courtesy is duly paid with a couple or so of roubles.

From Baku Mr. O'Donovan started in the company of General Lazaroff and his staff, who, with a Russian *corps d'armée*, were *en route* to join the expedition against the Akhal Tekké Turkomans. A Russian war-steamer, on April 2d, carried them across the Caspian to Tchikislar, where our adventurous traveller first saw the

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Turkomans *pur et simple*, "genuine and unadulterated." Each wore a colossal sheepskin shako; a long bright-coloured tunic, tightly bound at the waist by a broad white sash, buttoned in front, with a long dirk thrust through it; and a sombre over-garment, with very long loose sleeves. Their weapons consisted of the aforesaid poniard and a curved leather-sheathed sabre. From Tchikislar the General and his train started for the advanced post of Chatte, situated at the junction of the Attock and Sumbak rivers. The road lay over a hard, white, marly plain, which, in the glare of the sun, shone like molten silver—a wide dreary level, often completely bare of vegetation for two or three miles, and then relieved only by clumps of lichen-like vegetables, and the camel-thorn (*yandak*), and scrubby thick-leaved plants of the order of *Crassulaceæ*. "Camel and mule bones, bleaching in the sun, strewed every foot of the way—ghastly evidences of the dangers awaiting the traveller across those silent tracts. Save ourselves, not a living being of any description was in sight. Not even a prowling Turkoman was to be seen. In some places, where the great rain-pools were not yet quite dried up, the muddy soil bore the footprints of immense numbers of antelopes and wild asses, the only creatures, excepting tortoises, lizards, and tarantulas, seeming capable of existence in this horrid desert."

Of Chatte the traveller furnishes an equally unfavourable account. All around it glares the whitened wilderness, while the town itself occupies a kind of elevated peninsula, at the junction of the river Attock with its tributary the Sumbar. The heat is intense, and is aggravated rather than diminished by the winds which sweep across the burning plain. By day a plague of flies prevails; swarms of gnats and musquitoes make night hideous. The Russian soldiers who form its

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garrison are known to believe that even Siberia is preferable to Chatte. But their Government cling to it as an important advanced post on the route to Southern Central Asia.

From Chatte Mr. O'Donovan returned to Tchikislar, whence by sea he accompanied General Lazaroff to Krasnovodsk, which is now connected with Baku by a submarine telegraph cable. It is now both a military and a naval settlement, and a small flotilla is generally at anchor in its sheltered bay. Our traveller, while abiding here, made an excursion with a friend towards the shores of the Kara-Boghaz, or "Black Gulf," on the borders of which lay some sulphur-mines his friend had been instructed to explore. At sunrise they reached the margin of a vast creek that opens inland from the Kara-Boghaz. The waters lay still and death-like, and the entire surroundings were of the ghastliest description. Like the Dead Sea of Palestine, it was avoided by the birds, nor was a sign of animal life anywhere discoverable. The two explorers scrambled down the almost vertical face of a cliff some sixty or seventy feet in height, composed of irregular terraced layers of whitish-yellow stone. Following the strand to the north-east, they came upon a ravine known to the Turkomans as the Kukurt-Daghi, or Sulphur Mountains. Scattered about lay fragments of black and red lava, and there were many indications of a more or less recent volcanic disturbance. Lumps of sulphur were to be found in every direction, and in several places nodules were imbedded between the layers of stone and in the indurated beds of detritus; but no real vein of sulphur could be detected.

"The waters of this Kara-Boghaz, which is an immense expanse almost entirely shut out from the Caspian, with which it is connected only by an exceedingly narrow strait, are an almost saturated solution of various sea-salts,

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mingled with an excess of sulphate of soda. No fish of any kind can live in them, and, as I have said, not even a solitary crow could be seen along its horribly desolate shores. It would be no inapt subject for the study of an artist engaged upon some landscape which was in itself meant to convey an utter abnegation of life."

On the 15th of May Mr. O'Donovan returned to Baku; but on the 3d of June he re-crossed the Caspian to Tchikislar. We find him making an excursion to Harsan-Kouli, a genuine Yamud Turkoman village, standing upon a sandspit to the north of the lagoon into which the river Attock falls. It is of some political importance as the starting-point of the new Russo-Persian frontier, and consists of between eight and nine hundred *kibitkas*, structures of reed and felt as like as possible to beehives, and resembling each other as exactly as if all had been cast from one mould. As the village is frequently inundated by the brackish waters of the lagoon, the *kibitkas*, as a necessary precaution, are established on slightly raised platforms of beaten earth, and a few wooden houses stand on stout wooden piles three or four feet high. In front of each dwelling is a platform elevated eight or ten feet above the ground, and sometimes covered by a thatched awning; this platform is used for drying fish and the skins of sea-birds, which are largely exported to Persia. In the chief's *kibitka* Mr. O'Donovan was hospitably entertained. The dinner, consisting of boiled mutton and pilaff (boiled rice) mixed in a single mess, was served up in a large deep dish of tinned copper, which was placed on the carpeted floor. The entire company sat round, and fished out each a handful. The usual Mussulman custom of preparatory ablutions was not observed, and, sooth to say, the hand of the host himself was not remarkable for cleanliness. Each person

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boldly grasped a handful of the steaming mixture, kneaded it into a ball in the palm of his hand, and then clapped it into his mouth "by a movement similar to that of a conjuror swallowing a table-knife." The host, by way of special courtesy, from time to time scraped pieces of mutton off the bones with his dirty thumb-nail, and threw them into Mr. O'Donovan's part of the dish, with expressions of wonder at his guest's small appetite for animal food. After dinner the guests cleaned their fingers by the primitive process of sucking them. Then the samovar made its appearance, and weak tea, over-sweetened, was poured out in glass tumblers or porcelain bowls.

A plague of dysentery which carried off General Lazaroff and scores of Russian soldiers nearly included O'Donovan among its victims, and compelled his return to Baku to recruit his strength. He was back again on the 20th of September, in company with General Tergukasoff, the new Russian commander-in-chief. To this arbitrary-minded generalissimo he proved less welcome than he had been to his predecessor, and one day in November he was curtly requested to relieve Tchikislar of his presence, and betake himself to Baku. The first part of the injunction he obeyed; the second he ignored, and rapidly crossing the Russo-Persian frontier, rode southward to Astrabad, the nearest point at which a British Consulate was to be found.

Astrabad is situated on the slopes of the Demavend Mountains, which, from a hundred copious sources, supply it and the neighbouring country-side with a constant supply of purest water. It was the principal seat of the Kadjar kings of Persia until the throne passed to the present dynasty. About three miles in circumference, it is surrounded by ramparts and towers of unbaked brick, averaging thirty feet in height, and

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strengthened by towers, but at present in a sadly dilapidated condition. There are three gates, one to the north, one to the south, and a third to the west; from the last starts the great paved causeway constructed by Shah Abbas the Great, which leads towards the port of Astrabad at Kenar-Gez. Within the walls the greater portion of the area is occupied partly with gardens and bare open spaces, and partly with a wild growth of jungle and briars, where at all hours of the day, and particularly towards sunset, jackals, foxes, woodcocks, and snipes do congregate. The streets in the inhabited quarter of the town are long, narrow, ill-paved, and dull; at best but a series of mud-holes, hemmed in by tall mud-walls, the houses, which occur at intervals, showing windowless expanses of plastered loam. If we might court alliteration's artful aid, we should say that all the animation of Astrabad was confined to its bazaar, which there, as in most Eastern towns, is the centre of commercial activity. In its labyrinth of narrow thoroughfares one district is tenanted by grocers, another by dyers, a third by the vendors of fruits and vegetables. A long street near the centre is allotted to the coppersmiths, who manufacture teapots, saucepans, and caldrons; for in Persia almost every domestic utensil is made of copper tinned inside. As they are wrought by hand, the clang of hammers which greets your ear as you enter the smiths' quarter is absolutely deafening. Adjacent quarters are occupied by the gunsmiths and sword-makers, whose trades, it is needless to say, are held in high repute. The most important manufacture is that of felt carpets and mats, which are composed of camel-hair, goat-hair, and sheep's wool well beaten up together in varying proportions, according as the felt is intended to be dark brown or white.

Readers of Oriental stories will be prepared to hear

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that the inevitable *raconteur*—generally a wandering dervish—is almost always to be found at the central point of the bazaar. Of one such did O'Donovan take account—a young man, with fine features and long, glossy black hair, who carried a stout staff about five feet long, and a calabash basket for the reception of gratuities. "The exigencies of his story seemed to require that he should have some tangible object to address. He accordingly placed his great sheepskin tiara in the centre of the roadway, and apostrophised it with the most ludicrous earnestness, at the same time mimicking the replies which he was supposed to receive. It was evidently a humorous story, for the groups of idlers and small boys standing round and the merchants leaning on their wares occasionally burst into loud and prolonged shouts of laughter. These dervishes have a never-failing method of extracting money from their listeners. Were the story to be completed without interruption the receipts would probably be very small indeed, for in this regard a Persian is utterly unconscientious. If he can get anything for nothing, he will not allow any feelings of generosity to step in. The dervish, well knowing this, continued his narration until he reached the culminating point of interest and had wound up the feelings of the audience to the highest pitch. Then, taking up his calabash, he went the round of the crowd, saying that he required some encouragement to enable him to proceed with the wonderful sequel of his tale. His demand satisfied, the story was proceeded with. He shook his stick at the being that was embodied in his head-dress, raved at it, implored it, and ended by weeping over it. The acting was of no mean order, and a storyteller who possesses histrionic powers to any creditable extent is always sure of a crowd of eager listeners, no matter how old or well known the story which he

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recounts may be, just as we go to the theatre to hear a drama with which we are well acquainted interpreted by some celebrated actor."

The country round Astrabad is blessed with fertility, and of the capabilities of the soil full advantage is taken by the cultivators, who are assisted by that indispensable auxiliary in an Eastern clime—a plentiful water-supply. From the bosom of the Elburz, which high into the pure Persian air rear their towered heights, laden with dark green forest foliage, flow perennial streams of crystal. Westward of the town, and linked to it by long lines of rampart which enclose a triangular space three-quarters of a mile in length, rises a steep, artificially-terraced hill —some work of fortification reared in ages past to command the full mountain-stream which joins the Kara-Sa. From this natural observatory or belvedere the traveller can look far over the plains which stretch in grey monotony to the north and east—those plains which have witnessed so many events of startling importance in the history of the human race—which have echoed the march of the hordes of Zenghis and Tamarlane in the days of old, and in our own time have resounded with the trumpet peal of hosts as formidable as theirs, but advancing in the opposite direction. Once it was here that the tide of empire westward rolled its way; but now it has changed its course, and the arms of the legions of Europe flash towards the rising sun.

To place himself within reach of information of the Russian military movements, O'Donovan withdrew from Astrabad and took up his station at Gumush Tepé, a Turkoman village situated on the Caspian shore, which, on his homeward journey, was visited by Arminius Vámbéry. It consists of some six hundred to eight hundred *kibitkas*, the inmates of which occupy themselves in fishing, and in shooting sea-birds. In the

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former pursuit two kinds of boats are employed: the *kiseboy*, a lugger of some forty feet in length, decked fore and aft, with two masts, with large lateen sails; and the *kayuk* (or Russian *lodka*), which is of smaller size, has only a forecastle deck, and generally but one mast. Gumush Tepé is of considerable antiquity: a triple row of earth-mounds or *tepés*, striking inland as far as Budjaoord, is known as Alexander's Wall; for in the eastern regions of Uria the Macedonian hero is as ubiquitous as Rob Roy in the Scottish Highlands (*componere magna cum parvis*) or Oliver Cromwell in England. Probably it belongs to the era of one of the early Persian dynasties.

The *kibitka* in which O'Donovan resided at Gumush Tepé had been occupied by the Hungarian traveller Vámbéry in 1863. Mr. O'Donovan describes it as poorly furnished even for a Turkoman hut. As usual, in the centre of the floor was the fire, the smoke from which escaped through a circular opening in the centre of the roof, or by the door, when the former, in bad weather, was closed with its hood of felt. Near the fire stood a small and battered brass *samovar;* beyond it, on the side farthest from the doorway, the floor was carpeted with thick felt, upon which were laid, for the accommodation of guests of superior rank, smaller sheets of the same material, and of brighter colours. Around the room, to the height of four feet, were horizontally piled a large number of stout tree-branches, sawn into convenient lengths, and intended for the winter supply of fuel. This wood was kept within proper limits by vertical stakes, stuck into the ground outside the heap, the top of which was used as a kind of rude shelf or counter upon which bolsters, quilts, and other sleeping appurtenances were piled, these being indeed, with the exception of the carpets, large and small, and a rude horizontal

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stone corn-mill, the only articles of furniture which the house contained.*

"One of the most disagreeable features of a Turkoman hut," says Mr. O'Donovan, "is the ever-present smoke, which is produced by the combined combustion of green wood, cuttings from fir planking, and camels' dung. The fire is scarcely ever allowed to go out, and the Turkomans will assure the guest, by way of reconciling him to the nuisance, that it is admirable as a means for keeping flies out of the *kibitka*. This is doubtless true, but it appears to me that a very nice judgment would be required to discriminate as to the lesser of the two evils. In winter especially one becomes as black with soot in twenty-four hours as if he had been living in a chimney, and his only chance of avoiding suffocation is to lie down with his face as near to the ground as possible. To stand up would be to risk asphyxiation in the creosote-fraught atmosphere. The smoke occupies the upper two-thirds of the apartment, and condenses about the top of the domed roof, converting the long, pendent cobwebs into so many sooty stalactites, which, when they become too ponderous for their own suspending strength, descend silently into one's food, or settle in heavy black stripes across his face as he lies asleep. At the end of a few days one is as thoroughly smoke-dried as the most conscientious curer would desire his hams to be. The creosote resulting from the burning of the fresh pine wood produces inflammation of the eyes, and after some months' residence in the maritime *kibitkas* one is not surprised that *keratitis* and bleared eyes should be so universally met with among the Turkomans."

When O'Donovan had been a resident at Gumush Tepé for about three months he received information

* This and similar descriptions we quote, of course, from Mr. O'Donovan, with such condensation and modification as our purpose requires.

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that General Tergukasoff had resigned, and that Major-General Mouravieff had been appointed to the command of the Russian forces. A change of men, he thought, might be accompanied by a change of measures; and in the hope that, after all, he might obtain permission to accompany the expedition, he hastened to Tchikislar. In vain; the Russians were by no means desirous that a keen-eyed, cool-headed Englishman should follow their march and make known to all Europe its direction, extent, and objects, and they expelled him again from Tchikislar. Returning to Gumush Tepé, he resolved on paying a second visit to Astrabad to consult the British Consul as to his future course of proceedings. His journey across the lonely steppes was rendered uncomfortable by the prevalence of a strong and piercing wind, and in fording the Giurgen his camel came to grief; but he reached Astrabad in safety. There he remained for some weeks recruiting his energies, after which he made an excursion to Ak-kala (the White Port), on the banks of the Giurgen, about thirty miles from its mouth; returned to Gumush Tepé in search of information; and again betook himself to Astrabad, having finally decided on undertaking one of the most daring adventures of these modern days—namely, to journey across the southern bank of the Giurgen, through the Goklan country as far as the Kopet Dagh Mountains, and crossing that little-known range, to plunge into the territory of the Akhal Tekké Turkomans. But hearing that General Skobeleff was preferred to the command of the Trans-Caspian expedition, he made a change in his plans, deciding upon proceeding to Teheran and soliciting the friendly offices of Mr. Zinsvieff, the Russian ambassador, with whom he had some acquaintance, to procure for him the desired permission to accompany the Russian columns. Mr. Churchill, the English Consul at Astrabad, having been

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appointed to the consulate at Palermo, was about to leave for Baku, and as he intended to journey *viâ* Rasht, through which town lay his easiest and quickest route to the Persian capital, Mr. O'Donovan resolved to accompany him.

On April 26, 1880, the travellers left Astrabad for its so-called port at Kenar-Gez, and on the 1st of May they embarked on board the mail-steamer for Engeli, the port for Rasht, where the English Consul and his family took leave of our adventurer. At Engeli the Shah has a favourite palace, which, however, in the eyes of an Englishman, is more remarkable for singularity than beauty of architecture. It consists really of an octagonal tower, apparently over sixty feet in height, and about thirty in diameter, covered by a red-tiled roof, in shape like a flattened cone. It has five storeys (including the ground floor), each surrounded by an exterior verandah-covered balcony. The topmost storey is fitted up for the Shah's use, and commands a wide but monotonous prospect of fen and marsh, and of the leaden dulness of the Caspian waters.

Resht or Rasht, which lies a short distance inland, is a scattered kind of place, largely composed of two-storey houses built of unbaked brick, and roofed with red tiles. The two mosques are built of red brick. Providence has decreed that a number of human beings should live here, but there is nothing in the place that man should desire. The climate is unwholesome, the surrounding country is a swamp, and in the neighbouring woods wolves, and jackals, and lynxes, and hyenas infest the air with their horrid cries.

We will not follow Mr. O'Donovan stage by stage in his journey to Teheran,* as he passed over ground not

* A railroad is in course of construction, we believe, from Resht to Teheran.

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unfamiliar to English travellers. He saw on the way a Kurd encampment, where the tents, by the peculiarity of their construction, drew his attention. The sides, or walls, were formed of reed mats, in which the reeds are placed vertically close together, and connected by fine threads of camel-hair intertwined horizontally with the reeds at regular intervals. The roof consists of a rough web of blackish-brown camel-hair tissue, supported on internal poles some six feet high, the edges not meeting the vertical reed matting, so as to leave a space of six inches for the admission of light and air. Altogether a great improvement in convenience and healthiness on the Turkoman *kibitka*.

Teheran, the capital of Persia, is situated in a barren and unpicturesque plain, near the southern base of the Elburz mountains. An embattled mud wall surrounds an area of four miles in circuit, and is flanked by numerous round towers and pierced by four gates. These gates are really the "lions" of Teheran, and awaken in the mind of the European spectator bright memories of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" and of the "golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." On the astonished gaze of the stranger, long weary with the depressing monotony of the sunburnt plains, rises an arched and pinnacled edifice, glowing with vivid colours, and instinct with beauty in each graceful outline. It seems fitted to be the palace gate of some gorgeous Oriental potentate, and we almost expect to see him sitting in its shade attended by a splendid train of courtiers, and administering justice to every comer. But the idea is dispelled when we pass under its portals, and see before us the low and mud-built huts in which the majority of the inhabitants dwell, and the squalid shops which line the thoroughfares "like a series of railway arches." The royal palaces and gardens, however, introduce an

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element of beauty into what would otherwise be a very unlovely picture; and a good deal of life, and motion, and colour is to be found in the bazaars, which are spacious in extent, crowned with domes, and roofed with variegated coloured tiles. Perhaps the most interesting thing about Teheran is the evidence, visible everywhere, of the struggle between Western ideas and methods and the "old ways" of an Asiatic people. But this is a subject on which we have not the space to enlarge.

At Teheran Mr. O'Donovan failed in his persevering efforts to obtain permission to accompany the Russian Trans-Caspian army, and therefore reverted to his alternative plan of venturing alone and unassisted into the Akhal Tekké region. He was resolved to make his way to Merv before the Muscovite soldiery could reach that great goal of Russian ambition. From the Grand Vizier, after being duly warned of the great hazards of his enterprise, he received written permission to visit the extreme north-eastern limits of the Persian dominions, and thence to penetrate into the independent southern khanates. Without delay our active young adventurer completed his preparations, and on the 6th of June 1880 started on his lonely and chivalrous emprise. His journey took at first a south-easterly direction. Changing horses at the postal station of Deh Munck, he dashed ahead, at the fullest speed of which his team was capable, through a country which bore no trace of European influence, accompanied only by one servant and a courier. The swiftness with which he advanced may be inferred from the fact that he rode one hundred and eight miles between sunrise and sunset, changing horses every twenty-four miles. By way of Aghivan, Goshek, and Damkhan, across a fertile and well-cultivated country he pushed on in a north-easterly course to Shahrood, which is 4300 feet above the sea-level. Every-

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where he passed towers of refuge, like the "peel towers" in the Scotch Border counties, intended to afford protection to the native tillers of the fields from any sudden invasion of Turkomans. Each is ten to twelve feet high, and seven or eight feet in diameter, loopholed, and furnished with a low and narrow doorway. The precarious conditions on which life and property are held in this region may be understood by a glance at the fortified villages, each being surrounded by strong walls, which are furnished with flanking towers, and often protected by a deep ditch or wet moat. These earthworks, however, though strong enough to resist an enemy's attack, require to be kept in constant repair. The villages thus enclosed resemble coppices or orchards, so dense is the foliage among which the houses lie embowered. The most common among the fruit trees are the fig and pomegranate; willows and plane-trees are also plentiful. Water is everywhere abundant. Subterranean canals, or *karrots*, convey it to every village, their course along the plain being marked by ridges of earth, like gigantic mole-tracks; but as, in case of a siege, it would be easy for an enemy to cut them, numerous large tanks are provided and kept constantly filled. Each hamlet has its local chief, who occupies one end, his fortified dwelling usually taking up nearly a third of the space enclosed, and forming a perfect castle.

Shahrood (or "the Royal River," so called from the brook, ten or twelve feet wide, which traverses its principal thoroughfare) is one of the "prettiest places" along the post-road from Teheran to Meshed. To the north-west rise the lofty masses of the Elburz range, shutting it out from Astrabad and the plains of the Karu-Scad and Giurgen. To the south spreads a delightful extent of leafy groves and gardens, planted with the apricot, the fig, the mulberry, and the vine. It is not only

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pretty but prosperous, owing to the great concourse of hadjis who resort monthly to the shrine of Imam Riza at Meshed, the highroad to the latter town lying through it. And it has a very considerable bazaar, composed, like the Eastern bazaars generally, of narrow streets, lined with the booths and stalls of the dealers and artisans.

At Shahrood our adventurer suffered from a severe attack of fever, induced by the venomous bite of the *shab-goz*, or Persian bug. He cured himself with purgatives and quinine, distrusting the remedies recommended by some of the townsmen, who politely offered their sympathy and advice. One suggested a diet of Shahrood clay; another a few of the insects themselves, made up in bread like pills; a third would have had him stand on his head frequently, and then roll rapidly upon the floor. Strangest prescription of all was that which a moollah or priest most sagely formulated. With a large net like a hammock he proposed to envelop his patient, his head being allowed to protrude; and he was then to be suspended from the branch of a tree in the garden. After swallowing a large quantity of sour milk, he was to be swung round until the suspending cords were well twisted, and then being let go, was to rotate in the opposite direction until the momentum ceased. This prescription to be repeated until vomiting was produced, when other measures were to follow. Having heard from a friend at Teheran, who had seen this method of cure tried upon an old woman, that it resulted in her death before the "other measures" could be adopted, Mr. O'Donovan emphatically declined its application to himself.

As I have hinted, Shahrood once a month rejoices in the arrival of a caravan of pilgrims from every part of Persia. During Mr. O'Donovan's stay the hadjis

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poured into the town in an almost interminable procession—some on foot, some on horseback, and a good many on asses. Women were numerous, and these, when not mounted on horses or mules, were carried in *kedjavés* or litters, slung one on each side of a mule or camel, and usually covered by a sunshade. Fully half the pilgrims were Arabs from Baghdad, Basra, and other points in Turkish territory adjoining Persia. The men wore the national costume—a flowing garment reaching to the heels, and on the head a bright-coloured handkerchief, falling to the shoulders, and kept in place by a thick ring of twisted camel-hair, resting upon it like a diadem. The women were enveloped in very dark mantles from head to foot, but did not carry the yashmak or veil, like the Turks and Persians. With these Arabs mingled people from almost every part of Persia and the Trans-Caucasus, filling all the caravanseries, and crowding every nook which offered shelter from the rays of a burning sun. The Arabs mostly encamped along the edge of the watercourse, under the shade of jujube and chenar trees; and those who had women and children with them made rough screens by hanging quilts and mantles upon sticks. The liveliness and bustle of the town were increased by the arrival of the Governor of Meshed and the Hakim of Dawkban with their retinues, so that hundreds of horses neighed in every direction, and pavilions were planted in every street. Conspicuous among noisy multitudes were numbers of dervishes, "those inseparable adjuncts of all gatherings of people in the East." Some were instructing groups of pilgrims in the formula which every orthodox hadji mutters at the shrine of Meshed; others reciting stories of the strangest possible character to breathlessly eager audiences, but the majority were simply pestering everybody for alms,

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With the great caravan of pilgrims Mr. O'Donovan left Shahrood, intending to accompany them as far as possible on their road. He gives a graphic description of the incidents that distinguished their march, but our limited space prevents us from noticing more than one or two. At dawn, when, after the long night's journey and their morning meal, the hadjis prepared to enjoy themselves, a rolling drum would be heard, as of old at a Bartholomew Fair show, and a crowd would begin to assemble, prepared for a curious dramatic entertainment. No Persian religious festivity is complete without a scene from the "mystery play" or religious drama, founded on the massacre of the Imams Hassan and Hussein. We say "a scene," because a performance of the complete play would occupy two hours daily for several weeks. Like an Alexandrine, it draws its slow length along, in happy harmony with the passive Eastern temperament, which is never in a hurry, and takes no account of time as a thing of value. The pilgrims are favoured with the representation of a single act or scene at each halting-place throughout their journey. The actors make their appearance at the third roll of the drum. First comes a black-bearded fellow, with a Saracenic coat-of-mail over a long green gown, long brown leather boots, and a spiked hemispherical helmet, round which a crimson handkerchief is rolled like a turban. He carries a carved scimitar. The next actor seems to be clothed in a British soldier's scarlet uniform with dark blue facings. Then follow a tall man, apparently the king, two boys dressed as women, and a man with a huge blue turban, who is mounted on a white horse, and holds a child in his arms. As for the plot or situation, an Englishman can make nothing of either, and the singing is monstrously dull or absurdly exaggerated. The apathetic audience, however, patiently

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endure this sort of thing for an hour or so, and liberally reward the performers.

Mr. O'Donovan's picture of the night-march of the caravan, with its five thousand men, women, and children, and their beasts of burden, its military escort, its mule-litters, and its train of coffins, containing the remains of devout persons who have left instructions by will to be buried within the sacred precincts of Meshed, is so vivid in colouring and so striking in its details that I transfer it wholesale to my humbler canvas.

"The entire caravan could not have covered less than a couple of miles of road, and a strange sight it presented as I rode as quickly as possible along its flank, trying to reach the head in order to be out of the way of the dust and pestilential smell from the coffins, which, instead of being kept together and in the rear, were mixed up and down the column with the mules and camels, the dead in their coffins each moment jostling and elbowing the living in their litters and *kedjavés*. How those who were forced to jog along in company with these ghastly neighbours and to bear the general din around them stood the combined noise and smell, not to speak of the dust, I cannot conceive. The uproar was outrageous. Each mule, besides carrying a pair of litters, one containing some stout old hadji, and the other his wife and a couple of children, was further handicapped by an enormous pair of cylindrical bronze bells, hung from the bottoms of the litters; many had half a dozen smaller ones each. At one time I got blocked among the litters close to the rear of the gun, where the noise was simply hideous. The big bronze bells crashed and boomed, the smaller ones jangled, ever so many thousand all at once; the gun jolted noisily over the rough path; hadjis shouted, asses brayed, and mules vocalised in their own particular

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fashion. . . . Almost every mounted pilgrim was whirling the little fire-cup by which he ignited charcoal for his *kalioun*, this time not with a view of smoking, but of illuminating the ground beneath his horse's feet, and so keeping out of the pitfalls which occurred at every step. The whole dark line resembled some gigantic train of waggons with blazing fiery wheels. The impalpable white dust boiled upwards in swaying columns like the steam of twenty locomotive engines. The hollow clang of the camel-bell, and the fiendish tearing groans of the camels, as they stalked swingingly along laden with tents, boxes, and litters, joined in happy unison. Behind and in front of the gun were two rows of infantry mounted on small asses. The men were rather big, and the asses the most diminutive that I ever saw. In the faint starlight their general effect was that of a number of four-legged men scrambling over the stones, and bearing long hayforks over their shoulders. A superstitious stranger coming suddenly upon this weird-looking procession might easily take it, with its unearthly sounds, flaming circles, and foully smelling coffins, for some infernal troupe issuing from the bowels of the sable hill hard by, to indulge in a Satanic promenade during the witching hours of the night."

Through the Maiamai Pass the caravan debouched upon Miandasht, where a huge castellated structure, the caravanserai, rises with all the imposing aspect of a feudal fortress from the arid and infertile plain. Owing to the hot air and the glare and glow of the sunshine, the journey through these parts is made between sunset and sunrise, which, to the advantage of a cool and refreshing temperature, adds this other, that the eye is spared the wearisome spectacle of leagues upon leagues of desert. A change of scenery takes

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place, however, at Sabzavar ("the Green City"), where the plain is highly cultivated, and whole acres are given up to plantations of mulberry trees. Numerous villages and fortified residences enliven the vicinity. Sabzavar itself is enclosed by a wall and towers, built in the main of sun-dried bricks, or *adobes*, as they are called in Spanish America. It occupies a rectangular area, about three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. It has, of course, its bazaar, and the ubiquitous Armenians have established here an emporium for the sale of silk. But it has a dried-up or burnt-out appearance which does not justify its name. In summer the heat is excessive, while in winter the cold is severe; so that though men and women marry here and beget children, who in their turn grow up, and marry, and become parents, it is not easy to say why such a place exists.

At Sabzavar Mr. O'Donovan separated from the pilgrim caravan, as he had decided on taking the road to Kuchan, which strikes off from the Meshed road on the left. His choice of this longer and more difficult route was a puzzle to the good people of Sabzavar, who had not the same love of adventure, while they shared with Persians generally a great apprehension of the bold and predatory Turkomans. Why a man should go to a point so near the Turkoman frontier whom no business necessarily compelled, was a problem to be dismissed as insoluble, or solved only on the pleasant supposition that it was "a spark of Western eccentricity." "Allah il Allah! those Franks, how mad they are!" The difficulty of obtaining a guide detained Mr. O'Donovan at Sabzavar for eight days, but he resumed his journey on the 13th of July.*

A seven miles' ride brought him to Aliar, a village

* Sabzavar has also been visited by Colonel Valentine Baker and by Captain Napier.

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embowered among mulberries. Thence, winding in and out among the rugged hills, he went on to Aliak, twenty-three miles. Another stage, fifteen miles, and he reached Sultanabad, a small but strongly fortified village, where he passed the night, and where we will hope that, after a day's ride of forty-five miles, he slept the sleep of the just. He found the inhabitants busily engaged in gathering their harvests of barley in exactly the same fashion as was practised by Homer's Asiatic Greeks. They first cut off the ears and then reaped the straw with small old-fashioned sickles. Threshing was performed in this wise: the straw having been spread out on a beaten earthen floor, a kind of car, resting on two trunks of trees, and armed with projecting spikes of wood about three inches long, was dragged repeatedly over it by bullocks.

To follow up every stage of our brilliant young adventurer's daily journey would be impracticable in the rapid summary to which we are confined. The reader who wishes to do so must turn to Mr. O'Donovan's two portly and most interesting volumes; but our chief object is attained if we illustrate in an adequate manner the adventurous character of this enterprise, and the main features of the countries through which it conducted him. He reached Kuchan in safety, and found it to be a quiet and inoffensive enough place, enclosed in extensive groves of chenab and mulberry, which stretch far away towards the blue chain of the Akhal Tekké mountains. About a mile to the north of it flows the river Atterek in a valley of vineyards. The surrounding country wants only careful cultivation to blossom with fertility, and an improvement of the means of communication with Meshed, Sabzavar, and Teheran would render Kuchan a very busy and thriving commercial centre. But the Government of Persia does not understand how

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to develop the resources of the wide provinces over which it extends its lethargic and indifferent rule.

One experience which befell Mr. O'Donovan at Kuchan will convince the reader—if he need such conviction—of the perils that environ the life adventurous. He had been present at a banquet given by the Emir or Governor; had left at midnight disgusted with its furious sensual orgies, and returning to his earth-walled chamber, had thrown himself on the leopard skin which served as couch and fallen asleep, without taking any of the usual precautions against the *shab-goz*. At four o'clock in the morning his arms and legs were covered with the swollen bodies of these poisonous pests, and two days later the bitten spots were marked by virulent-looking pustules. A high fever ensued, and its typhoid character was soon intensified by the foul air of the caravanserai, the bad quality of the food and water, and his anxiety of mind respecting his projected journey. Delirium held him its victim for two days and nights. In a lucid interval he was able to perceive that the fever had entered upon dangerous typhoid enteric complications. What a situation for the young adventurer! Alone (except for his servant's company), without friends, doctor, or medicine—death seemed certain. But the kind and intelligent offices of a Tekké sheepskin merchant, who stepped forward to play the part of a Good Samaritan, rescued him for a more heroic fate. This kindly soul sat by him during his delirious attacks, applied ice to his head, and was the only person who understood him when he asked for camphor, the only available drug. At length the enteric irritation so increased in severity that he felt convinced his last hour had arrived, and bethinking himself that desperate states require desperate remedies, he sent for opium, and took what for one who had never tasted it before was an enormous dose—a piece as large

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as the first joint of one's little finger. The pain vanished at once, as if in obedience to some magical spell, and then he lost consciousness for eight-and-forty hours.

"For once," says O'Donovan, "I can write the 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater,' and I must say that my experiences of the visions conjured up would scarcely tempt me into a De Quincey's career. First I became chairman of a Russian Nihilistic society; then I was transformed into a black goat pursued by panthers on the mountains; then I was a raging torrent dashing away to some terrible end; and then I remember no more. I woke with an intense feeling of dread and horror, and half a day passed before I could recognise the faces around me. When my senses were a little collected I asked for some arrack, the odious, poisonous stuff to be had at Kuchan; but it was the only stimulant available. Diluting this with much water, I took it from time to time to combat the terrific opiatic reaction, and gradually I came back to my normal state. The pain was wonderfully relieved, but I was crushed and shattered like a broken bulrush. Then I gradually mended, little by little." *

* Mr. O'Donovan paints Kuchan in the blackest colours. Of all the wretched localities of the wretched East—which is by no means the region of splendour and prodigal beauty and luxurious ease which poets and romancists have represented it to be—it is, he says, the worst. "To people at a distance," he says, "the petty miseries one undergoes in such a place may seem more laughable than otherwise; there they do not at all tend to excite hilarity in the sufferer. For four days and nights at a stretch I did not enjoy ten minutes' unbroken rest. All day long one's hands were in perpetual motion, trying to defend one's face and neck against the pertinacious attacks of filthy bluebottles, or brushing ants, beetles, and various other insects off one's hands and paper. With all this extra movement each word I wrote occupied me very nearly a minute. Dinner involved a perpetual battle with creeping things, and was a misery that seldom tempted one's appetite. As for the time spent on the top of the house lying on a mat, and which it would be a mockery to call bedtime, it would be difficult to say whether it or the daylight hours were the more fraught with

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On the 10th of August Mr. O'Donovan started for Meshed, the sacred city of Persia. The road traversed a fertile country, in which harvesting operations were being rapidly carried on by the industrious Kurds, whose villages lay at short intervals along the route. These villages are destitute of all picturesque accessories; they are simply groups of cubical mud-houses, with flat domes for roofs, "huddled together without any streets, like so many wasps' nests." No scaffolding of any kind is employed in the construction of their domes. As soon as the thick mud walls have reached a suitable height, the builder "squats" on the edge thereof, and lays a circular course of flat unburnt brick on the top of the square, using semi-liquid clay as cement. Course after course of the same material are added, each course projecting slightly inwards, until at the top some slabs are closely wedged together as a crown to the dome. A smooth coat of loam is then plastered on outside.

Through fields of melon and cucumber, and orchards prolific of peach, apricot, and plum, Mr. O'Donovan made his way to the Holy City of the Shiites, the first sight of which is as impressive, and appeals as strongly to the imagination, as that of Constantinople. Meshed is one of the very few Oriental cities which embody the

torment. Every ten minutes it was necessary to follow the example of the people lying round, and to rise and shake the mat furiously, in order to get rid for a brief space of the crowds of gigantic black fleas which I could hear dancing round, and still more distinctly feel. The impossibility of repose and the continued irritation produced by insects brought on a kind of hectic fever, which deprived me of all desire to eat. All night long three or four scores of donkeys brayed in chorus; vicious horses screamed and quarrelled, and hundreds of jackals and dogs rivalled each other in making night hideous. After sunset the human inhabitants of the caravanserai mounted to the roof and sat there in scanty garments, smoking their *kaliouns*, and talking or singing until long after midnight. . . . With the combination of annoyances which I have tried to describe it need not be wondered at that I considered Kuchan unpleasant."—*The Merv Oasis*, i. 458–460.

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features familiar to us in Eastern romance; the gilded domes and minarets of the mosques, the ochre-tinted battlements and ramparts, the groves of tall plane and mulberry trees—all these, at a distance, form a wonderfully attractive picture. But when the stranger is once within its walls the illusion vanishes. The streets are narrow, squalid, and dismal; the houses mean and insignificant, with blank, windowless fronts, which have a singularly cheerless appearance. The only striking quarter is the bazaar, which stretches on either side of a thoroughfare two hundred feet wide, and is always bright with commercial activity. On one side the shops are chiefly devoted to the sale of fruit and vegetables; on the other they are filled with cotton and linen goods, porcelain and glass, tea, jewellery, trays, and lamps. The crowds which circulate through the bazaar are curiously "mixed" in their nationalities. You may see the Persian merchant, with his long beard, white silk turban, and flowing robes; the Arab from Baghdad, with the tall, meagre figure and stately bearing of his race; the Merv Turkoman, with erect carriage and sauntering step; the Afghan, with dark tunic and sombre-tinted turban, curved sabre, and small circular shield of iron.

Meshed is the Persian Mecca, and its great glory is the celebrated mosque of Imam Riza. Not even the resolute perseverance of our "Special Correspondent" could obtain permission for his infidel feet to tread the sacred pavement of its interior, and he was compelled to rest satisfied with an external view. Its massive front rises much higher than the body of the building, and is flanked on the right by a solid-looking square tower, which is higher still, and terminates in a cylindrical minaret—this minaret having on its summit a kind of cell for the muezzim, which is again surmounted by a tall pinnacle. The richly gilded copper plates that cover

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the minaret shine in the sun with a dazzling splendour; while the enamelled tiles, each a foot square, which form the outer coating of the tower and front, gleam blue and white, with rare and rich orange reflections. A deeply recessed ogival gateway occupies most of the façade; the ornamental carving within the arch, "which seems copied from the inside of the rind of a pomegranate when the seeds are removed," glowing with gold and colours. Behind the façade, on a cylindrical structure thirty feet high, soars a hemispherical dome, which, like the minaret, is "ablaze with gilding;" and in the rear is a second façade and minaret, similar to the one already described.

"As I gazed at the glittering front before me," says Mr. O'Donovan, "over a thousand pilgrims, all of whom had donned the white hadji turban, were prostrating themselves in the great courtyard before the entrance gate, preparatory to entering the shrine itself. The most profound stillness reigned. Never have I seen so many persons assembled together with so little noise. In that vast crowd were mingled together Sunnite and Shiite, their religious differences merged for the moment before the shrine of Imam Riza. While each of these pilgrims was doubtless swelling with satisfaction and a consciousness of arduous duty performed, and half forgot his long and arduous toil along the dreary hills and plains that separated him from his home, I, too, felt that I had performed a pilgrimage, and that I was at least a literary hadji. Few, if any, of those hundreds who bowed before the golden portals recollected aught but the memory of the Imam whose tomb gives sanctity to the pile. As for me, I could gaze with scarce aught but interest upon a temple beneath whose golden cupola rests one, the story of whose adventures and eccentricities has filled many a boyish hour with de-

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light, the contemporary of Charlemagne, the great monarch of the East, the hero of the 'Arabian Nights,' the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. Yes; here he rests amid a crowd of forgotten sovereigns, himself forgotten in the land he ruled over, remembered only by the passing Western stranger."

For nearly three months Mr. O'Donovan remained at Meshed, partly for the purpose of restoring his health, and partly to gain information of the movements of the Russian army, and to complete his preparations for visiting the Akhal Tekké country. His next point of advance was Radcan, on the way to which he passed Toos, where lie the remains of Firdusi, the Persian poet. Of Radcan our traveller furnishes quite a pleasant description. It is clean, and well supplied with good water, and thickly planted with leafy trees. The population is almost entirely Kurdish. Pushing on to Askabad, he passed a mound some fifteen feet high, known as Nadir Tepé, because erected by the imperial conqueror of that name shortly before his death, to mark a stage of his march into Derguez. Through a mountainous country, picturesque with rocky heights and wooded gorges, he ascended the Allah Akbar range, from the summit of which, 6000 feet above the sea-level, you may survey the entire expanse of the Persian borders, and beyond them the vast and shadowy Turkoman waste, which, in the vague distance, melts into the horizon. Mr. O'Donovan rode down the wild declivities to Muhammedabad, the residence of the Khan of Derguez, by whom he was well received and hospitably entertained. There he was delayed for upwards of two months by the intrigues of Russian agents, who objected to his advance to Geok Tepé, the Turkoman stronghold, then besieged by the Russian army, from a mistaken idea that he intended to participate in its defence. At length he obtained

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permission to resume his journey, and on the 16th of January 1881 left Muhammedabad. Eight days later he stood on the summit of the Markor, about twelve miles from Geok Tepé, and through his field-glass watched the Russian assault and capture, after a desperate struggle, of the Turkoman fortress.

Next day Mr. O'Donovan was at Askabad—soon afterwards occupied by the Russians—and on the following day at Lutfabad; for his object now was to push forward with all possible speed to Merv, the ultimate goal of his adventurous journey. Megili, Dorgana, Kaka, and then his advance was arrested by the treacherous expanse of the Tijurd swamp, which our hero found impracticable. He returned, therefore, to Lutfabad, and struck in a different direction. By way of Makdum and Kosgun, over a plain which was flushed crimson red with giant tulips; of Khivabad, a deserted town, built by Nadir Shah; and the fortified village of Archnizan, he reached Kelat-i-Nadir, a Persian fortress with a few huts clustering round it, situated in an oval valley, and surrounded by cliffs a thousand feet high. Here the Persian governor furnished him with an escort of two horsemen, and he started on his ride to Merv. At Meneh his Persian escort left him, and four Turkomans took their place. With these, and his two servants, he advanced into the open Turkoman desert—a monotonous infertile, sunburnt, waterless level, overgrown with tamarisk. Sixteen miles from Dash Robat he crossed the frontier of the Merv territory, and the aspect of the country began to change. The irrigation trenches became more numerous and longer; considerable breadths of ground were under water, and signs of human industry were visible in every direction. Soon he arrived at a Turkoman village, a group of dun-coloured, cupola-shaped mud huts, like so many large beehives, where

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he fell in with a caravan from Bokhara to Meshed, and was, naturally enough, the object of much curiosity and speculation. Some thought him a prisoner, others perhaps a spy. His appearance, to be sure, was dubious enough, and could hardly have helped any one to decide upon his nationality or his business. He wore an enormous tiara of greyish-black sheepskin, eighteen inches high; a leopard skin over his shoulders, which only partly covered his travel-stained, much-worn Ulster overcoat, and long black boots, armed with great steel spurs. His weapons were a sabre and a revolving carbine. Happily for him, public opinion, after a while, satisfied itself that he was not a Russian, or he would have paid with his life the penalty of his temerity in adventuring among the Akhal Tekkés.

Next day he crossed the Murgab and arrived at Merv, the so-called "queen of the world," the mysterious city of the Turkomans, which he, the special correspondent of a London daily paper, was the first of Western Europeans to penetrate.* His arrival startled the whole population, and at first his position was one of extreme danger. But he contrived to convince the Merv Notables, or council of elders, of his British nationality, and he was hospitably provided with a residence, an *abadjak*, or dome-shaped structure of lattice-work, erected on purpose for his accommodation. Finding that his European garb attracted everywhere a crowd of curious spectators, he resolved on assuming the costume of the Mervli. This consisted of a long crimson tunic of coarse Bokhara silk, with slender black and yellow combined stripe,—a *kirmesi daun*, as it is called,—over which is worn the *duyurgi chakman*, a light-brown flowing gar-

* The name "Merv" is more properly applied to the oasis, or cultivated country occupied by the Akhal Tekkés; the capital is styled "Kouchid Khan Kala."

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ment of fine camel-hair tissue. Also, a *beurg*, or embroidered skull-cap; a *telpek*, or sheepskin hat; a *keyuk*, or shirt; a *guskakli*, or sash; *bulak*, wide trousers of white cotton; and a pair of *chokoi*, or broad-toed slippers of red stamped Russian leather. In bad weather the equipment is completed with the enormous great-coat styled a *kusgun*, or the heavy sheep's-wool mantle known as a *yapundja*.

The fact of his British nationality having been verified by a letter from Abbas Khan, the British consular agent at Meshed, Mr. O'Donovan was allowed a considerable amount of liberty, which he employed to good purpose in inspecting the "objects of interest" that "do renown" this ancient city. He paid a visit to the earthworks, thirty-five to forty feet high, which enclose its area within a most precarious defence; the medressé or college, and the canals which supply it with water for irrigating purposes. He made an excursion to the rude mausoleum of Kouchid Khan, the last great ruler and autocrat of Merv, and to the massive dam at Bonti, which collects the waters of the Upper Murgab for the benefit of the Turkoman capital and of the oasis in which it is situated. The river, eighty yards broad, is confined within a sloping channel some ten feet in width by a huge system of earthworks and reed fascines, which are vigilantly kept in constant repair. Above the dam two canals branch off, the Novar to the north and the Alusha to the west, and these again divide into numerous ramifications, to which the fertility of the oasis is mainly due. The course of the Murgab itself is from S.E. to N.W. The whole extent of cultivated territory is about fifty-five miles in length by forty miles in breadth.

A visit to the ruins of Old Merv proved of special interest. The road pursued by Mr. O'Donovan and his conductors led in the first place to the remains of Bairam-Ali, which at one time bore the name of Merv. A thou-

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sand yards beyond is the site of Giaour Kala, as the oldest of the Merv cities is now called.* It is surrounded—like Kouchid Khan Kala or the modern and latest Merv—with huge ramparts of earth, and the area thus enclosed, rectangular in shape, measures 850 yards from east to west and 650 yards from north to south. At the north-east angle stands the *urg* or citadel proper. Traces of ruined walls and buildings are scattered among the tamarisk growths; but the only edifice now available for any human purpose is the caravanserai of Khodja Yussuf Hamadani—the last at which caravans from Meshed proceeding through Merv to Bokhara halt before they enter upon the waterless waste beyond.

Says Mr. O'Donovan:—"Returning from my visit to the ruined cities of the plain, I had a good opportunity of seeing how Turkomans amuse themselves when abroad. The ground over which we were riding, owing to deep trenches, slippery mud, and occasional deep flooding, required all the horseman's vigilance to keep himself and his beast from coming to grief; but it was only over such spaces, disagreeable as they were, that I had any peace or quietness. The moment anything like firm ground was reached, some one of the party suddenly uttered a wild whoop, and put his horse to the top of its speed. All the others were, it seems, bound in honour to follow suit, myself among the number, and then a scene of wild, headlong racing commenced, varied by different performances. Each person was expected to unsling his rifle, and, going at full speed, to take deliberate aim at some object and fire. Then re-slinging his piece, he would draw his sword, and racing up to the person next to him, exchange passes and flourishes. This was all very well on unbroken ground, but the sudden occurrence of a deep trench or mud-hole became a serious matter while

* Destroyed by the Arabs towards the end of the seventh century.

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one was engaged in displaying his martial accomplishments, his horse going at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and as it was sore against my will that I engaged in such antics, it was with unfeigned satisfaction that I witnessed occasional catastrophes in the shape of some gallant khan—horse, armament, and all—coming down with a crash in attempting to clear an unusually wide mud patch, and getting up the reverse of pleased with himself. But these people take a pride in showing their stoicism, like North American adventurers, and the man who had come to grief was the first to initiate a fresh stampede. A great source of amusement was to charge full speed at a party of villagers returning on foot from some market with their asses laden with goods, and send men, women, and asses flying right and left, often dashing some of them to the earth. As the parties thus assaulted were invariably armed, I had fears of the consequences; but we went at such a speed that, before the victims could pick themselves up and unsling their guns, we were far beyond the chance of being hit."

Mr. O'Donovan adds:—"We entered each *avull* in the same style, sending goats and sheep flying, women and children madly rushing to the first place of refuge, under the belief that we were a party of Ervari raiders executing a foray, for this is exactly the way in which an *aleman* (or raid) is carried out. The raiders approach quietly; but when within 'a measurable distance' of the village they are bent on plundering, they put their horses to the top of their speed, and, sword in hand, dash like lightning into the place, cutting down every one before he can run to his house for arms. Then seizing on everything movable, including children, they are away again before resistance can be organised."

That cool steady courage, perseverance, and patience, readiness of resource, contempt for difficulties, and tact

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in dealing with men, are the essential virtues of a "Special Correspondent," the reader will have gathered from our narrative of Mr. O'Donovan's previous experiences; but it is evident enough that he need also be a skilful and daring rider and an expert marksman. The varying character of the circumstances and conditions under which he does his work must test to the utmost the metal of which he is made. No weak man could possibly endure or contend with them; they would fetter him hopelessly if they did not crush him. No; he must be a strong, and capable, and self-reliant man, of the same type as the elder adventurers, the Drakes, and Gilberts, and Cavendishes, and Grenvilles, inflexible in his intrepidity, consummate in his self-command, and well skilled in all manly and martial exercises; a man always able to hold his own, and to ensure respect by his strong and distinct individuality.

Such was the influence that this quietly determined man attained over the leading men of Merv—an influence partly due perhaps to his supposed position as representative of the great British nation, but certainly also in part to his own force of character—that in a reorganisation of the Merv Government, rendered necessary by the condition of public affairs, he was associated in it with the two Mervli chiefs, Baba Khan and Aman Niaz. On the arrival of the two latter at Merv, they waited upon him with all due pomp and circumstance, in order to hold a council or consultation. It was a strange and suggestive spectacle, the interview of these two hereditary Turkoman chiefs with the young representative of a London daily paper! Accompanied by the principal members of the council, the triumvirs took their seats upon the rich carpets that had been spread in front of Mr. O'Donovan's dome-shaped hut, those of inferior rank sitting in a circle upon the ground beyond,

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while thousands of spectators hastened to secure the best available positions upon the ramparts close at hand. At frequent intervals the cannon thundered in honour of the occasion, their echoes rolling away across the plain, and repeating themselves among the distant hills. The object of the council was to discuss the actual state of affairs as regarded the Russians and the British Government, and the policy that should be adopted in view of the rapid advance of the soldiery of the White Czar. The khans invited Mr. O'Donovan to declare his opinion, which he seems to have done with a good deal of intelligence and clear-sightedness. But to follow up the debate in which he took so prominent a part would involve us in political considerations altogether outside the scope and purpose of the present volume. The reader would have just cause to complain if we dragged him into the difficult maze of Central Asiatic questions. Enough to say that the outcome of it was a distinct desire to invite the protectorate of England.

Our Special Correspondent grew into wondrous favour with the Mervli. They had made up their minds, in spite of his declarations, to consider him the representative of the British Government, and proceeded to install him as a trusted member of Merv society. They would not hear of his departure; on the contrary, they persisted in treating him as a permanent resident, and pressed upon him the advisability of accepting the Muhammadan religion and taking to himself a Mervli wife. Mr. O'Donovan resorted to stratagem. At his request, the British Minister at Teheran instructed Abbas Khan, our consular agent at Meshed, to summon him thither on important business. But this device failed, owing to some indiscreet communications from Abbas Khan which fell into the hands of Baba Khan; and Mr. O'Donovan's two colleagues announced that they would pay no atten-

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tion to any letters which did not come direct from the British Minister at Teheran. There was no resource for our adventurer but to wait until these could be obtained.

His life meanwhile was by no means one of luxurious ease. He was consulted on almost everything under the sun, from the most difficult questions of foreign policy to the mode of treatment proper for a deranged liver, and was scarcely allowed an hour's privacy between sunrise and sunset. He was sponged upon for medicines and provisions. There are thorns in the cushion even of a khan! The following extracts from his diary, written at the time, with all the bloom of a very justifiable indignation upon them, will give the reader some notion of the inconveniences of his position:—

*From Mr. O'Donovan's Diary.**

"These Merv Turkomans seem to have nothing to do but loafing about all day from hut to hut to see if they cannot surprise some eatables. They gorge themselves to excess on every possible occasion with greasy food, and are continually ill from indigestion. They throng my house, partly to satisfy their curiosity by staring at me, and partly to devour the greater portion of any food I may have prepared for my own use. In this way, unless one is prepared to feed a dozen persons on each occasion, he has no chance of getting a mouthful from his meal. It is of no use saying that what you are eating is pig, for they eat pork readily. Covetous rapacity seems to be their leading characteristic. They appear to think the whole world bound to contribute to their support—they to give nothing in return.

"To say that both temper and patience have been severely tried during my stay at Merv would be to convey but a very inadequate idea of the physical and moral annoyance I have undergone from the crooked-mindedness and rudeness of these wretched Turkomans. Their craving after the smallest sums of money and their general greed surpass my worst experiences in other parts of the world. I would rather live in a remote Chinese province, or among the dwarf savages of the Malay Archipelago, than at Merv.

* E. O'Donovan, *The Merv Oasis*, ii. 392-394.

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Their power to inflict annoyance, and their obtuseness to any sense of delicacy, make them a most undesirable race to live among.

"No one who has not suffered as I have among the Merv Turkomans by being constantly intruded upon and persecuted in every way by their abominable presence could appreciate the exquisite luxury of being left in quiet solitude.

"A daily administration of half glasses of arrack to patients who require *arrack dennan* (spirituous medicine) for internal ailments, aches in their stomachs, and the like. This is all a pretence. It is simply a method of getting half-intoxicated at my expense. From behind the awful mystery of my mosquito tent I give replies to the various consultants—on foreign policy, improvements in the fortifications, pains in their joints and stomachs, and soreness in their eyes. I indiscriminately order dandelion juice, and scores of people are to be seen dotting the plain cutting that useful plant, while in many an *ev* (hut) thumping and pounding can be heard as the juice is extracted. I have stated over and over again that my stock of medicines is at an end; but all in vain. The daily crowd of applicants for remedies for their various bodily ills remains undiminished. Many whose legs and arms have been badly injured by Russian projectiles feel quite scandalised that I cannot restore the use of their limbs, and leave with the profound conviction that I could cure them if I would. If I only had a hundredweight of antibilious pills, a stone or two of Epsom salts, and a quart of Croton oil, I could get on famously, and be first favourite here.

"Relay after relay of these vile beasts of Turkomans render life insupportable during the day and the night too. One would think they imagined I derived intense pleasure from their uncouth, unfeeling, treacherous presences. The constancy of their intrusion passes all belief. Medical advice about their *kessels* (livers) is the pretence, and each passer-by eyes the door longingly, for he imagines there is a never-ending feast of fat mutton, rice, and arrack progressing within. They are like the pestilent flies, who vie with them to render life miserable. Ten an hour is a minimum allowance."

The reader will understand that under these conditions life at Merv was not the sweet long Eden-dream of Oriental romance. Khan though he was, and held in honour as the representative of the Feringhi, O'Dono-

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van felt that he was actually a captive; and that if at any time the tide of fortune turned, if the popular feeling towards him changed, his position might easily become one of very great danger. He redoubled his efforts, therefore, to procure permission to depart; and at length, by a judicious combination of threats and persuasions and arguments, succeeded in his object. Nor did he neglect that *ultima ratio regum*, more powerful than the sword—the purse. Gifts of money were bestowed on the two Khans and other influential personages, with the result that on July 19th, at a general council of the Merv representatives, it was decided that he should be allowed to start for Meshed.

Ten days later, and "Bahadur Khan"—to call our brilliant young traveller by the name and title bestowed on him at Merv—took his departure, loaded with presents, and escorted by fifty dashing Turkoman horsemen. Next day he crossed the boundary of the Merv territory, and struck in a south-westerly direction, arriving on the fourth day at Shaitli. There he fell in with a Turkoman caravan, whose camel-drivers were very indignant with him for having withdrawn the light of his presence and the support of his counsel from the Tekké capital, and, but for the formidable appearance of his escort, would doubtless have carried him back. At the ford of Kongali Guzor he crossed the Tijurd, and entered upon a delightful tract of verdure—greensward and forest-growth—the creation of the copious river. Then the sandy, sunburnt plain again; and next a wide sweep of reed and jungle-covered marsh, which extended to Chacha. Beyond this point the traveller entered on a fertile country, melon and corn fields alternating; and crossing a range of hills, proceeded in a south-westerly direction to the Derbendi or Gate, the mountain-pass through which the road to Meshed runs. A huge

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rampart of rock, from four to five hundred feet high, stretches for miles across the country, and, except at this narrow defile, opposes an absolute *ne plus ultra* to the traveller. In some bygone time the pass has been closed by a colossal wall, built of alternate horizontal bands of huge cut stone masses and red brick, which spanned the entire ravine from flank to flank. Its remains are still visible, and show very clearly that, across the level portion of the pass, it must have been raised to a height of one hundred feet. Long ago, however, its centre must have been swept away by floods rushing down the Chacha river.

A hundred yards higher up the pass is a miserable wall of rubble, ten feet high, with an archway in the centre to admit of the efflux of the Chacha's waters. A few yards in advance of it stands a rude watch-tower, in which a small Persian garrison passes the weary hours. Another body of Persian troops is stationed in a fort which occupies the rising ground on the right. No incident of importance marked our traveller's progress through the pass, which may best be described as a succession of contracted valleys; it opens into the Tandara Pass, which is still narrower and gloomier. Once this is cleared, the traveller begins the ascent of the tremendous Tandara mountain—a terrible climb, for there is no road—not even a track.

"We clambered over," says Mr. O'Donovan, "or scrambled between gigantic boulders up an incline which sometimes almost caused the horses to kneel lest they should slide backwards. Even the strength and endurance of Turkoman horses failed under the terrible ordeal, and the best mounted of our company was forced to dismount and lead his steed. It was two o'clock in the morning, after a continued and arduous climb of at least seven hours, that we reached a plateau on the

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shoulder of the mountain, at an altitude, I should say, of 3000 feet above the level of the plain. Here we came up with a caravan from Bokhara, which had passed through Merv a couple of days before we left the latter place. The camel-drivers were dreadfully alarmed on seeing us appear suddenly in their midst, as they felt convinced that we must have come in pursuit of them, for the purpose of pillaging their goods.

"At this great altitude, and in the delightfully clear air, the moonlight was almost as bright as that of day, as we arranged our bivouac for the night, each man lying down fully armed beside his horse, for the neighbourhood was said to abound with leopards, and even tigers, of both of which the Turkomans, for the sake of their horses, have much fear.

"Long before sunrise we were on the road again, and reached the summit of the pass as the sun was showing over the Afghan mountains. This was what the Turkomans styled the 'robbers' road,' as it was across this breakneck height that they retired from Persia with their booty and captives, thus defying pursuit. The Persians style this particular portion of the transit Sanduk Shikusht, or 'smash the boxes,' doubtless owing to the fact that the sanduks and bales carried by the camels very often came to grief on the spot, owing to the nature of the ground."

The view from this lofty elevation is of extraordinary range. To the north and north-east spreads an apparently boundless plain, for the distance is so great that one cannot say where the plain ends or the sky begins. On the horizon towers the dark bulk of Kouchid Khan Kala (Merv). Across the bright yellow tract winds the narrow green ribbon of the Tijurd valley. To the southward may be traced the line of the Keshef Rood, and beyond it out in the saffron-coloured plain, like a minute

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patch, lies the sacred city of Meshed. To the east Sarakhs is visible, and to the west rises a remote range of mountain heights. With its vast distances, and glow and variety of colour and picturesque colours, the picture is one which appeals strongly to the imagination, and once seen is never again to be forgotten.

On August 6th, nine days after leaving Kouchid Khan Kala, our traveller arrived at Meshed. He remained there a month, for the anxieties of his life at Merv had overtaxed his powers, and he needed thorough rest. On September the 3d he resumed his wanderings. Here is a pathetically interesting passage from his diary :—

"*September* 6.—SHERIFABAD.—Near the culminating point of the hill range which I crossed on my way here was a dwarfed, ruinous structure. I took it to be the tomb of some mountain hermit of bygone days—some natural masses of projecting rock, a few bricks, baked and unbaked, huddled together. Much of it had fallen to ruin. As I came nearer I noticed that a tiny rill of water flowed from the low-arched portico that served as an entrance. The eye following the rill traced it down the valley till a stream was noticed winding its way to Sarakhs, looming far away eastward. Beneath the porch crouched upon the rude rock-floor an aged man with flowing white beard. He seemed asleep, and one hand rested on an earthen pitcher of the most primitive pattern. Beyond where he sat was a square door-like aperture, giving access to a cisterned water-spring within. Close to his feet was a pool, whence flowed the rill across the roadway. With his reverend form, sweeping beard, and aquatic accessories he seemed no bad embodiment of a river-god of classic days. The tramp of my approaching horse roused him, and rising slowly and with difficulty, he stretched towards me his

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rude pitcher. I motioned to him to be seated, and dismounting, took my place beside him within his damp refuge. It was a welcome one after the dry, blinding glare of the steep, dusty road. He was an old man, whose sole means of livelihood were the rare coins tendered by strangers in return for his frugal refreshment. His rude earthen pitcher and equally rude water-pipe were his only stock-in-trade. With trembling hands he filled the brazier of the *kalioun*, and kindling it with a few cinders from the little fire fed with mountain brambles he kept burning hard by, offered it to me. From cradle to old age he had dwelt on that mountain, formerly as a shepherd, now as guardian of the spring—its *jinn*, one might well imagine. He was astonished at the largeness of the fee I gave him—about twopence. As I mounted and rode away he said I was welcome (*khosh geldi*). I couldn't help thinking how strange it must be to sit day by day and week by week waiting for death beside that lonely fountain. And some fine day that grim potentate will come stalking across the burned hillside, not to seek the contents of the old man's pitcher, but to offer his own lethal draught, perhaps not less acceptable to the aged water-seller than the latter's timely refreshment has been to me and many another scorched and wayworn traveller that passed his way."

It is unnecessary for us to describe the road from Meshed to Teheran; it is now one of the well-known highways of the world. Merv itself is fast losing its character of remoteness and mystery; and when the railway which it is understood the Russian Government projects is completed, and the iron horse sweeps across the old historic plains, a journey from Meshed to Merv will no longer constitute any portion of the life adventurous,—it will enter into the ordinary category of railway travel.

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From Teheran Mr. O'Donovan repaired to Resht, and crossed the Caspian to Baku. We find him afterwards at Derbend and Astrakan, whence he proceeded to Odessa. Finally, he arrived at Constantinople on the 26th of November 1881.

[No comprehensive biography of Mr. O'Donovan has been published, though his adventurous life was surely worthy of a detailed record. In any career his remarkable talents must have won distinction, for he was a shrewd and capable observer, with a wide knowledge of men and manners, singular address, great readiness, much fertility of resource, no small powers of expression, and a force of character which made itself felt in all circumstances and under all conditions. No ordinary man was he who, making his way through the desert to the remote and mysterious Merv, could so influence the people among whom he came — a stranger — as to be appointed one of their chiefs and rulers. A life of distinction and success might well have been predicted for such a man; but destiny, or that irony of fate which sometimes manifests itself in so abrupt and startling a manner, had otherwise determined. When the Egyptian difficulties began, Mr. O'Donovan resumed his *rôle* as the *Daily News* correspondent, and in due time attached himself to the ill-fated expedition under Hicks Pasha, which the Cairo Government dispatched for the purpose of reconquering the Soudan and overthrowing the authority of the Mahdi or "False Prophet." From his published correspondence it is evident that he foresaw the hazardous character of the enterprise. He appreciated the worthlessness of the Egyptian troops, and with keen sagacity estimated aright the difficulties of the campaign undertaken

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with so light a heart by the Khedive's Ministers. His forebodings of evil were fully realised. The Egyptian army of 11,000 men was annihilated in a defile at Kashgate, near Melbas, after a struggle of three days' duration, on the 4th of November 1883. Scarcely a man escaped to tell the tale of the disaster. Mr. O'Donovan was among those who perished.]



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THE ENGLISH SHEIKH:—

PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER.

"The history of a life, beginning under apparently unfavourable conditions, and showing at first little promise of becoming different from ordinary lives, which, by a happy accident—or by Providence—was directed into an unexpected way of great and exceptional honour, and which, at last, found an ending as tragic as any recorded by poet or historian, after an exploit without a parallel in the heroic deeds of all the ages. To one who considers at the outset this achievement alone, it seems as if the whole of the previous life may be regarded as the preparation for it. So much, indeed, may always be said of any great and noble deed; but I think that in this case there is more to justify the opinion than can generally be observed. The work that Palmer accomplished, at last, could not have been done save by a man who had lived the life which he lived, step by step learned the things which he learned, did the things which he did, possessed at first as he possessed them, and developed as carefully as he developed them, the same rare and wonderful faculties."—WALTER BESANT.

WE propose to tell the romantic story of a romantic career,—the romantic story of the life of a man who was "a great scholar, yet never a bookworm; a great linguist, yet never a pedant; a man of the schools, yet no mere grammarian; a man of the pen and the study, yet one who loved to go about observant among his fellow-men; a man separated, as all real students must be, from the common struggles and selfish interests of most men, yet one who could sympathise with and understand the better side of those struggles; one to whom there were no ranks, grades, or distinctions of men at all,"—a capable, large-brained, great-hearted Englishman, who did much good,

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and even some noble work—Edward Henry Palmer, at one time Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and at another the Sheikh Abdullah in the Arabian Desert.

Edward Henry Palmer, the son of a small schoolmaster, was born on the 7th of August 1840 in Green Street, Cambridge. While in his infancy, he was deprived of both his parents, and an unmarried aunt took charge of him, bestowing on the feeble orphan a mother's unselfish affection. His early education he received at the Pease Grammar School, where he acquired a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek, but showed no remarkable capacity for scholarship, and where his strong personality, always so conspicuous throughout his career, secured him the attachment of his schoolfellows.

He was a born linguist, to whom the mastery of languages came as naturally as the gift of verse comes to a born poet or the combination of colours to a born artist. His first acquisition—outside the traditional classical curriculum—was Romany, the gipsy tongue, and this he attained by paying travelling tinkers sixpence for a lesson, and frequenting the gipsy tents and gatherings. But from this pleasant occupation he was taken away when about fifteen years old, and provided with a clerkship in a commercial house in London. He held the post for three years, and it taught him self-reliance, a knowledge of his own powers, and some experience of men and manners. Even a clerk has a certain amount of leisure which he can call his own and employ as he pleases. Many young men devote it to the cultivation of billiards or the patronage of theatres and music-halls. Palmer gave it up to study, and set to work to learn Italian. His method of learning a language was, however, original and independent; he thought little of

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PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER.

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Italian grammars and dictionaries, but frequented the cafés where Italian refugees meet, and the restaurants where Italian organ-grinders and image-vendors fraternise, and by conversation accumulated a stock of words and phrases and idioms which he quickly classified and got into grammatical order. In the same way he made himself master of French, learning it, as it were, *viva voce*, and afterwards bringing syntactical rules to bear upon his vocabulary.

Besides his studies he had his amusements. He went occasionally to the theatre; he dabbled in photography; he essayed a little wood-carving; and, with his innate love of the curious and out-of-the-way, experimented in mesmerism. In this last-named direction we do not advise our readers to follow him. Palmer had a strong will and a wonderful faculty of self-control; so that mesmerism did not conquer him, but he conquered *it*.

In the year 1859 symptoms of pulmonary disease appeared, and rapidly grew so alarming that the physicians held out little hope of his life being prolonged beyond a few months. Such being the case, Palmer thought there was nothing to be gained by continuing his clerkly duties, and returned to Cambridge to die among his friends. There, however, he fell in with a quack doctor, a herbalist, who persuaded him to try the dangerous experiment of taking a strong dose of lobelia. He did so, on the principle, I suppose, that a desperate remedy was better than none, and with singular effect. First he vomited violently; then an ice-cold numbness seized his feet, and gradually mounted upwards, until his heart apparently ceased to beat and his throat to respire. A doctor was hastily summoned. Meanwhile Palmer felt as if he were dying. "I was being killed," he afterwards said, "by this dreadful cold spreading all over me. I was quite certain that my last

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moments had arrived. By the bedside stood my aunt, poor soul, crying. I saw the doctor feeling a pulseless wrist, watch in hand; the cold dews of death were on my forehead, the cold hand of death was on my limbs. Up to my lips, but no higher, I thought I was actually dead, and could see and hear, but not speak—not even when the doctor let my hand fall upon the pillow and said solemnly, 'He is gone!'"

After this singular experience he suddenly recovered sensation—feeling—life. The influence of the poison killed the disease, and nature asserted her supremacy over the poison. He was not again troubled, except for one brief interval, with any affection of the lungs.

As soon as his strength was restored, he made several efforts to seek out a career. He tried modelling, wood-engraving, and drawing and painting. He published a little volume of burlesque rhymes in 1860 called "Ye Hole in ye Wall." He did a little in amateur acting, and did it, as he did everything, with spontaneity and cleverness. But he was yet very far from discovering his *métier*—his real work in life, that for which he was best fitted by his natural gifts. It happened, however, that some time in 1860 he made the acquaintance of Syed Abdullah, a distinguished Muhammadan, who had settled in Cambridge for the purpose of teaching the Indian languages. Palmer was led by his writings and conversation to take up the study of Arabic, and soon afterwards came to the resolution of mastering the principal Oriental tongues, that thereby he might obtain competency and independence. These should be the ladder by which he would ascend to higher things. Thus inspired by a serious purpose, he applied himself to his new pursuit with all the tenacity of his character. It is said that at this time he worked eighteen hours a day,—an excess of application which might well have

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defeated its own object. At all events, he worked with marvellous ardour, reading Arabic and Persian with Syed Abdullah, Hebrew with Mr. Skinner, chaplain of King's College, and Urdu (Hindustani) with a Bengali gentleman, who, when he returned to India, presented him with a £50 note to help him in his studies. Other friends came forward to his assistance, among them the Nawáb Ikbál-ud-Dawlah, son of the late Rajah of Oudh. And so for eight years he persevered in the career he had chosen. But for a portion of this time (from October 1863) he was a member of Cambridge University. Through the influence of the late Dr. Todhunter he obtained a sizarship at St. John's College, and afterward a scholarship, so that he was thus placed above the pressure of pecuniary want.

Mr. Besant describes Palmer's undergraduate time as one of continuous and intense labour. "It was necessary for him to spend some hours every day over Latin and Greek; in his special case it seemed, though probably it was not, a grievous waste of time; he had college lectures to attend; he generally had one or more pupils reading Arabic with him; he was engaged upon catalogues, first of the Arabic and Persian MSS. in the King's and Trinity College Libraries, and afterwards of those in the University Library; he was corresponding in Urdu with a Lucknow and Agra paper; and he was pursuing his Oriental work with extraordinary vigour and wonderful results."

In 1869 he took his bachelor's degree with third-class honours; and soon afterwards, in recognition of his remarkable acquirements and not less remarkable abilities, his college elected him to a fellowship. The honour was very welcome to Palmer, and so was the income which went with it. Another piece of good fortune followed it closely. He was invited to accom-

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pany an expedition which had been formed for the purpose of surveying the route of the Israelites through the Sinaitic Peninsula. Captain (now Sir Charles) Wilson, R.E., was in command; Mr. Wyatt served as naturalist; and the Rev. Frederick Holland gave the advantage of his personal knowledge of the country and the people. Palmer's share of work may be described as the literary; he was to collect traditions, names, and legends, to copy and decipher inscriptions, and to observe dialectic differences. There was no man in England more competent to the work than Palmer, and he accepted it gladly, for it afforded him an opportunity of testing his knowledge of Oriental tongues among Oriental people.

Upon the results of the survey, which geographically was both of interest and importance, we shall not dwell, but we shall give Palmer's own description of his portion of it:—

"It consisted," he says, "chiefly in ascertaining from the Bedawin the correct nomenclature of the Peninsula, and the task was far from easy. Even in our own country, with all the advantage of ancient records and an intelligent population, it is often difficult to determine the correct nomenclature of a single district; but in the desert of Arabia, without civilisation and without records or literature of any kind, the difficulties are greatly increased. The language also has always proved a fertile source of error in previous investigations. The traveller either relies upon the fidelity of his dragoman's interpretation, or possesses a sufficient knowledge of Arabic to question the Bedawin for himself. In the first case accuracy is impossible, for the dragoman is both unwilling and unable to prosecute the required investigations. He is generally an illiterate and mercenary being. . . . If, on the other hand, the traveller

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has obtained a previous knowledge of Arabic, I am only repeating my own experience when I say that, until he has mixed for some time with the Bedawin, and accustomed his ear to the peculiarities of their dialect, he cannot rely upon a single piece of information that he may have received."

He relates an amusing anecdote:—

"The ingenious stupidity of the Bedawin," he says, "was often very perplexing, as the following instance will show. During the early part of my stay in Sinai I sought for every opportunity of mastering such expressions and idioms in the Towarah language as differed from those in ordinary use; and not feeling certain as to the particular form of the interrogative particle 'when' employed by them, I inquired of an intelligent Arab with whom I chanced to be walking. To make the question as plain as possible I said, 'Supposing you were to meet a man with an ibex on his shoulder, how should you ask him when he shot it?' 'I shouldn't ask him at all,' he said, 'because I shouldn't care!' 'But if you did care,' I persisted, 'what should you say to him?' 'What should I say to him? why, I should say good morning!' This was not satisfactory, so we walked on in silence for some minutes, when I suddenly observed, 'Sáleh, I saw your wife.' '*Mitien?*' said he, startled—'*when?*'—and down went the word in my note-book. On another occasion I asked an Arab if he knew why a certain wády was called *Khabúr?* 'Of course I do,' he returned contemptuously; 'to distinguish it from other wádies, just as you're called Bundit (Pundit) to distinguish you from Hollot.'"

Palmer goes on to explain the method he adopted:—

"I accompanied the officers during the actual process of making the survey, and taking with me the most intelligent Bedawin that I could find belonging to the

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particular locality, I asked the name of each place as its position was noted down upon the sketch. I then made further inquiry in the neighbourhood from other Arabs, and never accepted a name without independent and separate testimony to corroborate the information I had at first received. Having in this manner satisfied myself of the accuracy of my information, I proceeded to inquire into the accuracy and origin of the names, and set down against each one not only what I knew to be the signification of the word, but the meaning which my informant himself attached to it. I found this method invaluable for testing the accuracy of my orthography; and although the reasons given were not unfrequently trivial, or even ridiculous, they served the purpose of corroborative evidence."

On his return to England Palmer published an account of his experiences in a very attractive and valuable book, "The Desert of the Exodus." It contains much novel information respecting the Bedawin of the Sinaitic Peninsula, who in dress and speech and habits are, he thinks, unchanged since the days of the Patriarchs. They are not the migratory race they are popularly supposed to be; their only movements, like those of some of the Arctic tribes, are from their winter to their summer camping grounds and back again. Nor are they murderers or even robbers, though they resent the intrusion of strangers into their territory; but they are a people without a history, without a nationality, without any social or legal organisation. They invaded the Peninsula at the era of the Muhammadan conquest, and drove out the aboriginal inhabitants, unless indeed the "Jibaliyeh," or mountaineers, are descendants of the latter. The Arab of the desert has usually been represented as a man without a religion; but Palmer often overheard his followers at sunset repeating the following

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prayer:—"I desire to pray, and I seek guidance from God; for good and pure prayers come from God alone. Peace be upon our lord Abraham and our lord Muhammad."

We subjoin a translation by Palmer of a poem written by a camel-driver, Salameh Abu Taimeh, after the great flood of 1867, which washed away a whole Arab encampment. Forty men, women, and children, and a large number of camels, sheep, and other cattle perished:—

"I dreamed a dream which filled my soul with fear;
Fresh grief came on me; but the wise have said,
When sorrow cometh joy is hovering near.
Methought I looked along a forest glade,
And marvelled greatly how the trees did rear
Their heads to heaven; when lo! a whirlwind laid
Their trunks all prostrate. Then I looked again,
And what but now like fallen trees had seemed
Were forms of warriors untimely slain.
Again my fancy mocked me, and I dreamed
Of storms and floods, of fierce resistless rain,
Of vivid lightnings that above me gleamed,—
And yet again dead men around me lay,—
Dead men in myriads around me slept,
Like the great gathering of the judgment-day.
I woke!—a torrent through the wády leapt;
Nile had its ancient barriers burst away,
And over Feirán's peaceful desert swept;
Nor spared he any in his angry mood
Save one—to be the river-monster's food!"

Palmer's next enterprise was an exploration of the Desert of the Tîh, or "Desert of the Wanderings," the "Wilderness" of the Pentateuch, undertaken in 1870, in company with Mr. C. Tyrwhitt Drake, for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The Tîh is a large limestone tableland of very irregular surface, which rises in a series of bold terraces into the centre of the Sinaitic Peninsula. On the west

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it is washed by the Gulf of Suez, on the east by the Gulf of 'Akabah; and one or other of these arms of the sea is visible from almost all the rugged peak-tops of the Peninsula, while from the loftiest summits both may be seen. On the north it is bounded by the range of Et Tîh, which, in its greatest elevation, towers 4654 feet above the Mediterranean. The central point of the plateau is the station Khan-Núkhl, so named from the date-palms which once adorned its wády, but have now disappeared. This point is nearly equidistant from Suez westward, 'Akabah eastward, El' Arish northward, and the foot of Jebel Músa southward. It lies half a mile north of the hadj or pilgrim's route between Suez and 'Akabah, which crosses "a boundless flat, dreary and desolate," and is 1494 feet above the Mediterranean. Subzar, speaking of the view of the desert from the Et Tîh range, exclaims:—"What a landscape was that I looked down upon! On all sides the most frightful wilderness extended out of sight in every direction, without tree, shrub, or speck of green. It was an alternation of flats and hills, for the most part black as night, only the naked rock walls on the hummocks and heights showed patches of dazzling whiteness—a striking image of our globe when, through Phaëton's carelessness, the sun came too near to it."

The instructions given to the explorers were to investigate certain points at the north-east of the Peninsula, connected with the journey of the Israelites under the leadership of Moses; to examine the passes in the south escarpment of the Tîh, and settle, if possible, the site of Kadesh; and to search in the land of Moab for inscriptions. Their equipment consisted of a tent six feet square and five feet high, two mattresses, blankets, a kettle, pot, and frying-pan, with tin plates, knives, forks, and tin washing-basins, and a three months' supply of

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tea, flour, bacon, onions, tobacco, sugar, Liebig's extract, and brandy. They carried also their surveying instruments and a photographic apparatus. The whole burden was conveyed on the backs of four camels, whose owners formed the only escort of the travellers. These were changed in passing from tribe to tribe, so that the two travellers may be said to have accomplished their adventurous journey unattended and alone.

Starting from Suez on December 16, 1870, they first struck southwards to Jebel Músa, which they reached twelve days later. There Palmer examined the MSS. preserved in the library of the convent of St. Catherine, discovering, besides the well-known *Codex Aureus*,* an ancient copy of the Psalms in Georgian, written on papyrus, and another in Greek, with some curious old Syriac books, and one or two palimpsests. Next they visited some curious remains at a place called Enveis el Ebeirib, which they seem to have identified as the site of the Jewish encampment of Kibroth Hattaavah. Thence they proceeded northward to Khan Nŭkht, or Kulát-Nakht, now one of the four forts garrisoned by Egyptian soldiers for the domination of the desert and peninsula of Sinai. Here they made a bargain for camels with the Teyáhah Arabs, who, unable to pronounce their names, called Drake *Ali*, and Palmer *Abdullah*,—a name he always retained, being known and remembered among the Arabs as the Sheikh Abdullah, or Abdullah Effendi.

About fifty miles to the south of this fort they discovered a ruin which indicates, it is believed, the southernmost limit occupied by the people of Palestine even in their most prosperous days. It is called Contellet-Guraiyeh. "It stands on a hill, and appears to be a mound erected on the summit. But, on digging, the

* A celebrated manuscript of the New Testament.

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mound proved to be the débris of a former wall. They also found by another excavation a very remarkable series of amphoræ, contained in a framework of sun-dried bricks and beams of wood, with signs of mortices and bolts. They uncovered some, but could not of course bring them away. The wood used was the *sujál*, the Shittim-wood, of which they saw only one tree remaining in the Tîh at the present day. Possibly this place was an outpost to guard the frontier of Palestina Tertia, or the Negeb, when it was full of cities, churches, and monasteries. It was, in fact, one of the many remote and solitary desert fortresses erected in the time of the Byzantine Empire—a garrisoned place, as Nakhl is now."

They also visited the spring called the Ain Muweileh, which some authorities suppose to be Hagar's well, in the neighbourhood of which they found caves excavated for sleeping chambers, and one for a Christian chapel, with other remains indicating the existence of a former settlement. In the Negeb they examined the remains of several other ruined towns, the most considerable being that of Sebaita (or Zephath). After a journey of six hundred miles, the travellers arrived at Jerusalem, and thus completed their gallant enterprise. Palmer and Drake afterwards went on to Lebanon and Damascus, whence Palmer proceeded to Constantinople, and came home by way of Vienna, where he made the acquaintance—an acquaintance that speedily developed into friendship—of Arminius Vámbéry.

In 1871 the University of Cambridge did a grave injustice to this indefatigable scholar and explorer by passing him over for the vacant Professorship of Arabic—for which no Englishman was better qualified—in favour of Dr. Wright. He took this unwarrantable slight very much to heart, and never forgot or forgave it.

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Later in the year he was appointed to the smaller and much less remunerative office of the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic. Though the income was small, —only forty pounds per annum—the preferment was of importance, because it enabled him to keep his fellowship whether he married or not. And so it befell that, on the day following his appointment, November 11, 1871, he was married to a young lady to whom he had for some years been engaged—Miss Laura Davis.

In 1874 our indefatigable scholar published an Arabic grammar, and in the same year he wrote for the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge a compilation from Ewald and other sources of a "History of the Jewish Nation." This was followed in 1876 by the first part of his "Persian Dictionary," and in 1876–77 by his edition and translation of the poems of Behá-ed-din Zoheir, the Alexandrian lyrist. Here we pause to quote a specimen of Palmer's felicitous efforts as a translator, and of his mastery of the mechanism of verse. It is Zoheir's description of a garden on the banks of the Nile:—

"I took my pleasure in a garden bright—
Oh, that our happiest hours so quickly pass!
That time should be so rapid in its flight!
Therein my soul accomplished its delight,
And life was fresher than the green young grass.

"There raindrops trickle through the warm still air,
The cloud-born firstlings of the summer skies;
Full oft I stroll in early morning there,
When, like a pearl upon a bosom fair,
The glistening dewdrops on the sapling lies.

"There the young flowerets with sweet perfume blow,
There feathery palms their pendent clusters hold,
Like foxes' brushes waving to and fro;
There every evening comes the after-glow,
Tipping the leaflets with its liquid gold."

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Palmer's original poetry, though not of the first or even second rank, was very clever, and especially successful when it dealt with Oriental themes. There is much vigour and terseness, as well as a certain grim humour, in the following story of the astrologer and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid :—

"Alack-a-day for the days of old,
When heads were clever and hearts were true,
And a Caliph scattered stores of gold
On men, my Ali, like me and you !

"Haroun was moody, Haroun was sad,
And he drank a glass of wine or two ;
But it only seemed to make him mad,
And the cup at the Sattis' head he threw.

"Came Yahya* in, and he dodged the glass
That all too near his turban flew ;
And he bowed his head, and he said 'Alas !
Your Majesty seems in a pretty stew !'

"'And well I may,' the monarch said ;
'And so, my worthy friend, would you,
If you knew that you must needs be dead
And buried, perhaps, in a day or two.

"'For the man who writes the almanacs,
Ez Zadkiel, a learned Jew,
Has found, amongst other distressing facts,
That the days I have left upon earth are few.'

"'Call up the villain !' the Vizier cried,
'That he may have the reward that's due,
For having, the infidel, prophesied
A thing that is plainly quite untrue.'

"The Caliph waved his hand, and soon
A dozen dusky eunuchs flew ;
And back in a trice before Haroun
They set the horoscopic Jew.

"'Now tell me, sirrah !' says Yahya, 'since
From astral knowledge so well you knew

* Yahya, the Barmecide, was the Caliph's chief minister

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The term of the life of our sovereign prince,
  How many years are left to you?'

"'May Allah lengthen the Vizier's days!
  His Highness' loss all men would rue;
Some eighty years, my planet says,
  Is the number that I shall reach unto.'

"A single stroke of Yahya's sword
  Has severed the Jew's neck quite clean through;
'Now tell me, sire, if the fellow's word
  Seems, after that, in the least bit true?'

"Haroun he smiled, and a purse of gold
  He handed over to Yahya true;
And the headless corpse, all white and cold,
  The eunuchs in the gutter threw.

"What loyalty that act displays,
  Combined with a sense of humour too!
Ah, Ali! those were palmy days!
  And those Barmecides, what a lot they knew!"

In conjunction with Charles Leland and Miss Janet Tuckey, Palmer wrote a volume of "Gipsy Songs;" in conjunction with Mr. Eirike Magnusson he translated the works of Runeberg, the Swedish poet; and he was responsible also for the "Song of the Reed," which is partly original and partly composed of translations from the Persian and Arabic. From the exquisite Runeberg translations, which seem to us models of what translations ought to be—free, fluent, and vigorous, melodious and masculine—we must needs give a specimen:—

THE FLOWER.

"When the spring once more is showing
    Sweet and clear,
Day is laughing, sunlight glowing—
    Wak'st thou here;
On thy soft stem giv'st birth to
    Bud and sprout,
Like an angel seek'st from earth to
    Struggle out.

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"With thy scent the breeze that blows then
Onward cleaves;
Gold-winged butterflies repose then
On thy leaves.
With thy cheek dares no uncleanness
Kissing play;
Dew, wind, butterflies, sereneness—
Only they.

"Since, like plants when summer cometh,
Mild and fair,
All that's sweet is born and bloometh
Without care;
Why should grief and danger go here
Hand in hand?
Why is not our earth below here
Peace's land?"

As a specimen of Palmer's work in English prose we give his character of the famous Caliph taken from his "Life of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid," which was published (in 1880) in the biographical series called "The New Plutarch:"—

"He was a man of great talents, keen intellect, and strong will. Had he been born in a humbler position he might have done something for the good of his country and the world at large, and would certainly even then have attained to eminence.

"The eloquence and impetuosity of his discourse, as shown in those speeches of his which have been preserved, were remarkable even for a time when eloquence was cultivated and regarded as the greatest accomplishment. That these speeches are genuine is proved by the fact that, though related by different persons, the style is identical in them all, and they are of so remarkable a character that even now they linger in the memory of any one who reads them once in the original; and at the time they were uttered, with the tragic circumstances that for the most part surrounded them, they must have

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fixed themselves indelibly upon the hearers' minds, and could scarcely have been repeated otherwise than faithfully.

"As a man, he showed many indications of a loyal and affectionate disposition; but the preposterous position in which he was placed almost necessarily crushed all really human feelings in him. It must not be forgotten that he inherited what was practically the empire of the civilised world; that he was the recognised successor and kinsman of God's own Vicegerent on earth; that he was the head of the Faith; that, in a word, there was not, and could not be, a more grand, important, or worshipful being in the world than himself. Nor was this merely instilled into his mind by servile courtiers; it was the deliberate conviction of the whole Moslem world; that is to say, of the world at large, for no Moslem then, and few Moslems now, would regard an infidel as even deserving the name of one of God's creatures. That such a man should not be spoilt, that such absolute despotism should not lead to acts of arbitrary injustice, that such unlimited power and absence of all feelings of responsibility could be possessed without unlimited indulgence, was not in the nature of human events. He was spoilt, he was a bloodthirsty despot, he was a debauchee; but he was also an energetic ruler, he humbly performed the duties of his religion, and he strove his utmost to increase, or at least preserve intact, the glorious inheritance that had been handed down to him. If, in carrying out any of those views, a subject's life was lost or an enemy's country devastated, he thought no more of it than does the owner of a palace who bids his menials sweep away a spider's web. When he could shake off his imperial cares, he was a genial, even an amusing companion, and all around him liked him, although such as ventured to sport with him did

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so with the sword of the executioner suspended above their heads."

In 1880 appeared Palmer's version of the Kuran (or Qurán), and soon afterwards he entered upon a labour of immense difficulty, the revision, in company with Dr. Bruce, of Henry Martyn's Persian translation of the New Testament. It was undertaken at the request of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and occupied three hours a day for seven or eight months.

Charles Leland, the well-known American poet, contributes to Mr. Besant's memoir of the Professor some interesting anecdotes and illustrations, which afford the vividest possible glimpses or "side-lights" of his versatile and remarkable character. We venture to borrow one or two, which show the indefatigable worker and accomplished scholar in his lighter and gayer moods, and enable us to appreciate his generous, heroic, and truly chivalrous temperament. Mr. Leland bears testimony to his rare benevolence and to his thoughtfulness in his gifts, which obtained an additional value from their appropriateness. Thus he gave to Leland, who would know how to appreciate it, a copy of the Kuran, which he had bought from an Arab in the Desert, the said Arab having purchased it in Mecca. To all poor people he was very kindly, and would pay doctors' bills and buy medicine for them. He was a man of a thousand as regarded nursing the sick, and in bestowing those tender attentions which are only possible to a woman endued with marvellous tact and gentleness.

His presence of mind and manly courage was wonderful. Once, during his first visit to the East, he was betrayed by a treacherous guide into the power of a gang of Arab robbers, who intended to rob and kill him. The day before the intended betrayal, when it

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was too late to retreat, he was warned of his danger by a friendly Arab. Very soon his captors, for such they were, began to treat him rudely. This he ignored, until the insults became more direct and unmistakable. Then, as if he had only just noticed it, he sprang to his feet in a rage, and loaded them with maledictions. "This to *me!*" he roared, and drawing from his pocket a letter written by an English lady, he exclaimed as he flourished it, "Down on your knees, you dogs, and kiss the handwriting *of the Sultan!*" Down went the whole three hundred of them on their faces, completely subdued, and Palmer was thenceforth safe.

"Palmer's industry," says Leland, "was something appalling. Work had no terms for him. He would write an Arab lexicon as earnestly and with as much interest as other men write romances. I never could understand how he could do so much work and yet find time to be about town, at the Savile Club, and in society, as he did. One might suppose, from the character of the anecdotes which I have given and this continual mobility that Palmer was a frivolous man. He was so far from this, that I do not think I ever knew any one in my life who was more serious or earnest as regarded great duties. He had in this respect a great likeness to Abraham Lincoln. There was also in him something of Hamlet and of Omar Khayam,* to whom life was at once a terrible enigma and yet a passing show, as of shadows on the wall. It was very remarkable that he thought nothing of wonderful things, while he, however, perfectly understood them.

"He was altogether a *very* remarkable man. He was very quiet and very brave, and had often been in great peril, and extricated himself by sheer coolness and pluck. He surpassed any man I ever met in bear-

* The Persian poet.

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ing great sorrows and terrible trials with more than Spartan coolness. He could be cheerful, and make others happy and cheerful, as not one man in a million could have done when undergoing incredible suffering, mental and physical. He was pluck itself. I have been with him daily for months, and never suspected that he had any secret sorrows, and found out afterwards that his heart must have been torn all the time with trouble which would have maddened many a strong-minded man."

Among his "recreations" Mr. Besant includes his rapid acquisition of European languages. I fear few of my readers would look upon the study and acquirement of a language as a "recreation." In his leisure hours—that is, the hours when he was not occupied with the immediate business of his life—he contrived to master the whole group of the Latin, Scandinavian, and Teutonic languages, with their dialects. He also knew modern Greek and Welsh, some Russian and a little Polish, and had begun the Slavonic languages. The only language which he is said to have tried and abandoned—perhaps because it was without any vital interest—was that of Cochin-China. I am inclined to think Palmer the most wonderful linguist that ever lived. Mezzofanti may have learned a larger number of "tongues," but neither he nor any other linguist ever attained such a practical familiarity with them. Palmer not only wrote and spoke in a score of different languages, but *thought* in them. He did not learn them like a foreigner, but like a native; so that Hindus and Turks, and Arabs and Gipsies, all took him for one of themselves.

In yet another aspect must this extraordinary man be presented—that of a lawyer. In 1870 or 1871 he entered the Middle Temple, with the view of ultimately going to India to practise there in the Anglo-Indian

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courts. In 1874 he was called to the Bar, but by that time his course had been shaped in another direction. It does not seem probable that he read much law, but he learned enough of its principles and practice to be able to take such cases as were offered to him, and he made himself familiar with the procedure of the courts. He went on the Eastern Circuit, and for two or three years was regularly seen at the assizes of Cambridge, Bedford, Huntingdon, Norwich, and Ipswich; he also attended quarter-sessions at Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambridge, and Peterborough. He received a fair share of patronage, but his work as a lawyer was at first interrupted, and finally swept away, by the long illness of his first wife. It is understood that he was successful as an advocate, but then Palmer was the kind of man who always did well whatever work he undertook.

After four or five years of happy wedded life, Mrs. Palmer unfortunately developed symptoms of pulmonary weakness, and the family were compelled in 1876 to seek the milder air of Aberystwith, and, in the following year, of Bournemouth. But neither change of place nor loving carefulness could stay the fell disease, and early in 1878 Palmer became a widower, with two motherless daughters to take charge of. It was the great sorrow of Palmer's life, but he bore it with uncomplaining fortitude. In the summer of 1879 he married again, for he needed companionship, and his children required a more constant supervision than he could give them. His second wife was in all respects worthy of the place she soon held in her husband's affections. After a few weeks of pleasant holiday-making, he settled down in Belsize Road, Hampstead, and plunged into the whirl and worry of a London literary life. He wrote for the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, and occasionally for the *Times*, and in August 1881 obtained a

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regular engagement on the *Standard* as a journalist. He was of course eminently successful, for his stores of knowledge were practically inexhaustible, and he knew how to make ready and skilful use of them. He could write, and write well, on almost any subject, at a moment's notice, and his style was fluent, racy, and very clear.

"To the excellence of his journalistic work," says Mr. Wilson, "his colleagues all bear frank and hearty testimony. He was not, perhaps, a strong writer, but he wrote rapidly and readily, and his style was smooth and elegant. He never was very successful as a political critic; in fact, about what may be called party politics he never wrote at all. The only exception to this was in cases where reference was made to the points of Oriental policy, concerning which he had special information. He had a marvellous faculty for swiftly grasping the pith of any instructions given him; and his quickness in 'getting up' a subject was very remarkable. Men used to say of the late Sir William Hamilton—whose metaphysical writings prove the extent of his omnivorous reading—that he never read a book. He simply 'tore the heart out of it' in less time than an ordinary man would require to make his way through the opening chapters. Palmer at his newspaper work somewhat resembled the great Edinburgh metaphysician. He would now and then sit down in a state of almost blank ignorance to write on a subject, and blue books and books of references were soon piled up beside him. After some plunging about among them, he would emerge in less than an hour with a most extraordinary collection of facts, all useful and to the point. These seemed to arrange themselves in his mind without any apparent effort on his part. In a few minutes his busy pen would scamper over the paper. In an hour and a half a

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little heap of beautifully clear manuscript was to be found lying by his side, which, when 'touched up' here and there by the writer, represented what he proudly called "my leader.'"

We need hardly say that this method of working is not to be recommended to the student, who will find that he will write best when he is most thoroughly prepared. It was in Palmer's case the exceptional powers of an exceptional man; and even in his case was possible only when the subject was of an ephemeral character, or one the interest of which was fugitive. We cannot make bricks without straw, nor *with* straw unless we knead our clay thoroughly and work it up to a proper consistency. It would be ruinous for the young scholar to suppose that Palmer's example, either in reading or writing, might advantageously be followed.

In 1882 the rebellion of Arabi Pasha rendered necessary British intervention in Egypt, partly to ensure the stability of the Egyptian Government, and partly to protect the free navigation of our great water-way to India, the Suez Canal. There was good reason to suppose that Arabi would receive or seek the support of the Arab tribes of the Desert, and the English Ministry, therefore, desired to interpose before negotiations could be opened between them and the rebel leader, which might place at his disposal a force of 50,000 fighting men, and ultimately involve the whole people of Arabia and the Great Desert in a religious war. But in whose hands could they place a mission of such importance, not to say danger? Obviously, whoever undertook it must be a man of heroic courage and endurance, well acquainted with the Arab tongue and with Arab ways and prejudices. Through Captain Gill an application was made to Palmer by the Admiralty,

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and towards the close of June Palmer had an interview with Lord Northbrook, which resulted in his taking upon himself the perilous but honourable enterprise. He knew the Sheiks of the Teyáhah and Terebin Arabs, having made their acquaintance during his Sinaitic excursions, and as he could travel among them in the character of an old friend, consented to go. Having consented, he did not lose a day, an hour, in taking his departure. He laid down his intended route, and settled the order in which he would see the different Sheiks; took leave of his family and friends, and within a week was on his way to the scene of action. His instructions were to proceed to the Desert and Peninsula of Sinai, and attempt to detach the whole of the tribes from Arabi's cause on such terms as he found feasible; also to adopt whatever measures he thought most effective for guarding the banks of the canal on the eastern side.

He arrived at Alexandria on the 5th of July, and immediately reported himself to Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour (now Lord Alcester). After due consideration, it was determined that he should attempt to enter the Desert from Gaza, strike straight across it, and be taken up by the boats or ships of the British expedition in the canal at Tor. Bearing a firman from the Khedive, he went on to Jaffa, where he suddenly metamorphosed himself from Professor Palmer into the Sheikh Abdullah, bound on a visit to his old friends the Teyáhahs, and then and there began his memorable ride in the Desert.

Writing in his journal on the 15th of July, he says:—

"I started after a good deal of difficulty in the afternoon, and we camped at sunset. My tent is very comfortable and my servant a capital fellow. He had the

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tent up and a nice dinner—soup and roast-fowl—ready in no time, and I took it in the twilight, sitting on a carpet outside. I have also got capital Arabs; the Sheikh is a cousin of the one to whose place I am going, and I am quite safe with them. The journey to Gaza was dreadful, eighteen hours sitting upright in a jolting carriage. We stopped for three hours at midnight, and slept on the ground just as we were. The road was bad in every way, and they killed a man a few hours before I passed by a certain olive grove. . . . The people are so afraid, that I could not at first get any one to go with me. I offered one man fifteen shillings a day and his food to come with me, because he knows some Arabs I want to see, and he would not take it, though he is only a poor blacksmith and used to the Desert. . . . I know my way here better than you would think, and am most cautious. I am going to Suez straight. I shall get there after staying with Sheikh Suleiman in about ten days. I shall not go in myself because of the Egyptian outposts, but send a Bedawin rider in to tell them where to find me on the sea-shore.

"My man Bokhor has got a little square tent I bought him, and I have got some camels, and a man for each. We have a camp-fire, and all sleep with loaded guns at our side; it is quite picturesque and romantic. My Sheikh has just come, and I have had a long and very satisfactory talk with him. I think the authorities will be very pleased with the report I shall have for them. . . . We get up before sunrise, to start as soon as it is light. The air is beautiful at night and in the morning, but from eleven to four it is like a burning furnace. I never felt such heat. . . . We are camped in an open space where we can see for miles, and two of my men are always on the watch, so there is no fear of our being surprised."

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"*July* 16*th.—In the Desert.*—I was up at five, and travelled for twelve hours, riding on my camel through the most scorching heat, wind, and dust that I ever felt. We stopped for two hours at noon and slept, but the heat was so great it did not refresh me at all.

"However, when the sun went down and we had camped, it was better, but it is still very trying.

"We saw a great many Arabs to-day of the Turbani (Terebin) tribe. They were very anxious to know who I was and what I wanted. My man said I was a Syrian officer on the way to Egypt. Of course, I am dressed in full costume like a Mohammedan Arab of the towns. I found out more about them, though, than they did about me. I now know where to find, and how to get at, every Sheikh in the Desert, and I have already got the Teyáhah, the most warlike and strongest of them all, ready to do anything for me. When I come back, I shall be able to raise 40,000 men! It was very lucky that I knew such an influential tribe. I wonder whether our troops have landed yet on the canal banks?"

He records on the 10th an incident which shows his immense readiness as well as his intimate knowledge of the Arab character:—

"I have been quite well to-day, but as usual came in very fatigued. I had an exciting time, having met the great Sheikh of the Arabs hereabouts. I, however, quite got him to accept my views, and what is more, have sent in for letters. I dare not trust this to the men who are going, but hope to be at Suez myself and post it in about ten days. . . . It was really a most picturesque sight to see the Sheikh ride into my camp at full gallop, with a host of retainers all riding splendid camels as hard as they could run. When they pulled up, all the camels dropped on their knees, and the men jumped off

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and came up to me. I had heard of their coming, so was prepared, and not at all startled, as they meant me to be. I merely rose quietly and asked the Sheikh into my tent."

Under the glare and blaze of an Arabian sun, and across a tract of burning sand which had only a few stunted bushes to relieve it, the brave adventurer went on his way, collecting information on every side, and by dint of a personal influence which amounted almost to magnetism, compelling the Sheikhs to forego all thought of an alliance with Arabi and proffer their assistance to England. "When they are wanted," he wrote, "I can have every Bedawin at my call from Suez to Cairo." On the 20th he writes, "To-night we camped at the foot of the mountain where Suleiman, my old Sheikh, has his tents. The only incident on our journey was that the Sheikh flew into a rage with one of the men, rode up to him, drew his sword, and tried to cut him down, which he certainly would have done if the other had not slipped nimbly out of his saddle. The Sheikh, who is the nephew of Suleiman, is one who engages all the Arabs not to attack the caravan of pilgrims which goes to Mecca every year from Egypt, so that he is the *very man* I wanted. He has sworn by the most solemn Arab oath that if I want him to, he will guarantee the safety of the canal even against Arabi Pasha, and he says that if I can get these sheikhs out of prison, which I hope to do through Constantinople and our ambassador, all the Arabs will rise and join me like one man. In fact, I have already done the most difficult part of my task, and as soon as I get precise instructions or see Colonel Bradford, the thing is done, and a thing which Arabi Pasha failed to do, and on which the safety of the road to India depends. It has cost me some anxious moments to break the subject,

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and I do not mind saying, now that I am in comparative safety, that I have had a most dangerous task. I am now in the Teyáhah country, and no one can hurt me here."

On the 21st he reached the camp of the Bedawin: it was some way up in the mountains, and the cooler climate largely refreshed and recruited the travel-worn adventurer. However, as he was within three days' march of Suez, his spirits rose, and his whole frame seemed invigorated. He sent into Suez for letters, and remained in the camp of the Teyáhah until the 27th, when, having received dispatches and papers, he started for the coast, following nearly the hadj road. On the night of the 21st he struck the coast a little above Suez, at the brackish springs known as Moses' Wells, where a small settlement of native Christians has grown up. Embarking in a dhow, he beat about until dawn on the 1st, when he was taken off by the P. & O. barge and conveyed to Suez. The reader can imagine the cordial reception given to the Sheikh Abdullah by the naval authorities on the station; he was feasted in the hearty British fashion and made much off, as a man who had done his country a good service at no small personal risk, and in a spirit of the most unselfish patriotism.

Lord Northbrook telegraphed from England to congratulate him on his safe arrival, and to inform him that he was placed on the Admiral's staff, and appointed interpreter-in-chief to H. M.'s forces in Egypt. But the success which attended his skilfully-conducted mission marked him out for further confidential employment; and he was intrusted with a sum of £3000 (to be increased at need to £20,000) for the purpose of buying camels and securing the allegiance of the Bedawin. Captain Gill and Lieutenant Char-

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rington were instructed to accompany him. The enterprise, as before, was not unattended with danger; but the Englishmen relied upon the influence of the Sheikh Metu abu Sofieh, who acted as their guide, to quiet any hostile Arabs they might meet with.

With three bags of £1000 each in English sovereigns, Professor Palmer's expedition started from Suez. It consisted of Professor E. H. Palmer, Captain W. Gill, R.E., and his dragoman, a Syrian Christian named Khalil Atak, Lieutenant Harold Charrington, R.E., a Jew called Bokhor (who went as cook), the Sheikh Metu abu Sofieh, and Salameh ibn Ayed, his nephew. At Moses' Wells they were joined by a Lehewab Arab, Sualem N'Mair, and some camels and camel-drivers. Fourteen of the former and eight of the latter were engaged. They then struck across the Desert to Wady Lahani, ten miles, where they halted for lunch. Two Hawitat Bedawin came up and entered into conversation with Metu. They were probably spies sent out by the hostile Arabs to ascertain the intended route of the expedition.

At sunset Palmer pitched his camp in Wady Cahalin, about eighteen miles from Moses' Wells, where more Bedawin made their appearance, and in order to give the Bedawin of Wady Sudr time to come down to the attack of the expedition, a couple of camels were stolen. In the morning Palmer discovered the loss, and sent three of his cameliers in pursuit. They returned with the camels, but reported the thieves had escaped. In this way the departure of the party was delayed until about 3 P.M.

Colonel Warren, who, after the failure of the expedition, was employed in collecting evidence and bringing the treacherous Bedawin to justice, states, in his report, that the incidents we have described seem to have

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alarmed Metu abu Sofieh, and he now proposed that the Englishmen should go on with him at once to his camp, while the baggage followed more slowly, some of the camels being fatigued. He adds, that Metu's line of action is intelligible only on the supposition that he was in some manner in league with the hostile Bedawin. "If he had really hurried the party on, they might have reached his camp by midnight, and thus have escaped attack; or if they had stopped behind and travelled with the baggage, the Bedawin would have hesitated to attack them; or, again, they might have left the two camels which had been stolen, and gone on with the rest in the morning, as there were no heavy loads. On the other hand, it does not seem that Metu contemplated the murder of the party. It seems rather that he favoured the idea of an attack in order that he might get away with the money, while the Bedawin got the baggage, possibly thinking that Professor Palmer and his companions would be allowed to go into Suez, or not caring what became of them."

Into the details of this treachery, however, it is needless to enter. Unhappily it proved only too successful. The Bedawin formed an ambuscade in the Wady Sudr, and surrounded Professor Palmer and his companions as, in the darkness of night (August 10), they entered the valley. Surprised and overpowered, the white men had not even the poor satisfaction of selling their lives dearly. At first the object of the assailants seems simply to have been plunder; but when they found that some of the cameliers had escaped with the English gold, they turned in their rage upon the prisoners. Palmer offered them all he and his companions possessed if they would spare their lives, but in vain. Along with the Jewish cook they were driven in front of the Bedawin over some rough ground for about

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a mile to the ravine of Wady Sudr. This appears to have occurred during the heat of an August day, and as none of the prisoners had on their hats, we may conclude that by the time they arrived at the place selected for the murder, they were almost unconscious. They were compelled to descend a steep cliff and take their places on the brink of a ledge or plateau which overlooked a deep gully. Behind each of them five Bedawin took their stands with loaded muskets, and urged them forward to the brink of the declivity. One of the men then fired at Professor Palmer and killed him; and his companions, then for the first time, it would seem, understanding the fell intent of their enemies, made a dash forward down a rocky cliff about sixty feet deep, in a last desperate effort at escape. But a hail of bullets followed them, and all was over.

Thus sadly terminated the brilliant career of Professor Palmer. His remains, and those of his companions, Gill and Charrington, were afterwards recovered, and now lie interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. His memory will be cherished in our records so long as Englishmen can appreciate courage and resolution, loyalty and truth, the learning of the scholar and the devotion of the patriot.*

* The preceding sketch is based on Mr. Walter Besant's "Life and Achievements of Edward Henry Palmer."



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THE HERO OF KHARTOUM.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

"IN every walk of life," says Mr. Egmont Hake, "there are those whose aim it is to do their highest duties to their fellows. Examples of self-sacrifice are thickly scattered through the annals of religion, government, and war; but it has been in the power of few to bear themselves so courageously as General Gordon in the midst of incongruities; to be as gentle in times of strife as in times of peace; to vanquish so many, to condemn so few; to accept so little, and to give so much. His story, indeed, is the story of a swordless conqueror: of a true disciple of the Divine Master, who laid down His life for humanity; of a complete Christian in thought, word, and deed. The man must be peculiarly endowed who, wholly devoid of personal ambition, finds himself sought out as fittest for the highest tasks, and only accepts the position when the service demanded from him is in the cause of humanity. This, however, is the case with Gordon. Never has he looked to being great; and when, after almost miraculous achievements, greatness has been thrust upon him, he has ignored the honour implied, and declined the proffered reward. From first to last he has been content in the belief that he has done his best. This perfect disinterestedness has been consis-

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MAJOR-GENERAL C. G. GORDON, C.B.

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tently maintained throughout a career which has teemed with temptations and the sorest trials, which is made up of incidents the most romantic and adventures the most desperate. This is the characteristic in one gifted with a mysterious power of fascinating his fellow-men, whether of the Western or the Eastern world. It is small wonder if to many its possessor is not merely heroic, but unique among men.

The secret of Gordon's remarkable career lies, no doubt, in his strong personality; and in this personality the leading feature is, as it appears to us, his *moral courage.* Gordon was made of the stuff of which the martyrs of old were made; at need, would himself sustain the martyr's cross, so that he might wear the martyr's crown. With his stern strict sense of duty, and his unfailing ardour to fulfil that duty though the heavens may fall, his character necessarily assumed an heroic cast, very striking and impressive in this age of the conventional and commonplace. What is wanted for the regeneration of society is, I think, the lofty, severe intrepidity which puts aside all shams and unrealities, however strongly they may be enforced by custom and prescription; which goes straight to the end, in spite of temptation, danger, difficulty; the moral courage which dares to act up to Christ's teaching and live His life; which sedulously cultivates charity, temperance, and purity; and it is of this intrepidity of the soul, this moral courage, that Gordon set an example which, upon the minds of many of his contemporaries must have had a wholesome effect. It is impossible to read of such a man without a feeling of admiration, without a consciousness that it would be well to follow in his footsteps; and this feeling, this consciousness, even if transient, lifts us for a time into a purer atmosphere. Of Gordon we can well believe that he would

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say, like Robert Nicoll, the brave Scotch peasant poet, "Pain, poverty, and all the wild beasts of life which so affrighten others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, or trust in God." This, indeed, was the guiding principle of his life. It was in this conviction that he lived and wrought.

The essential elements of moral courage are strength of will and inflexibility of purpose. It should not, it will not be ashamed to abandon an enterprise manifestly beyond its reach, but it does not believe that any such enterprise can be, and meanwhile it labours assiduously to make success certain. And there is in it such a power, such a capability, that success seems always to attend it. "Whatever you wish," says an eloquent writer, "that you are; for such is the force of our will joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously and with a true intention, that we become." Without this steadfastness of resolve we are but rudderless ships tossed about on the wild sea of passion, or vagabond shuttlecocks bandied to and fro by circumstance at its pleasure. For life, from one point of view, may be described as a game between man and circumstance, in which man loses if he be a feeble and imperfect player. It is the characteristic, as Horace has noted, of the wise statesman to be just and firm of purpose—*justum ac tenacem propositi*. In these words are indicated two important distinctions of moral courage; it is not only firm, but just; its strength of will is always exercised in furtherance of a noble object.

That with this high quality General Gordon was endowed, no one will doubt who has read his story. He *had* this immovable justice, this strength of will, this tenacity of aim, this superiority to worldly motives.

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True soldier and true statesman, whose object was ever the welfare of the millions, who in war sought not the glory of victory but the riches of peace; soldier without shame or reproach, statesman of unsullied honour and integrity; a Christian hero with all a soldier's bravery and all a Christian's humility. "Search myself as I will," he writes, "I find that in all my career I can lay no claim to cleverness, discretion, or wisdom. My success has been due to a series of (called by the world) flukes. My sense of independence is gone. I am no thing, and own nothing. I am a pauper, and seem to have ceased to exist. A sack of rice jolting along on a camel would do as much as *I think* I do. But how different it is in appearance to the world!"

His earnest piety was, of course, a predominant feature of Gordon's character. It was the piety of the old Puritan—a strong belief in the providence of God, and in His immediate presence and direct interposition in human affairs. For Gordon, the world was under the personal reign of God, and not of certain "laws of Nature." Modern speculation never disturbed his implicit faith in the Divine guidance; theological dogmas never raised a barrier between him and his Saviour. He believed, and lived up to his belief. He was convinced that not a sparrow falls to the ground except by the will of God; and in every event, however trivial it may appear—no event can really be unimportant, any more than a link in a chain—he recognised the action of the Omnipotent Will. "We have nothing further to do," he says, "when the scroll of events is unrolled, than to accept them as being for the best. *Before* it is *unrolled* is another matter; and you could not say I sat still and let things happen with this belief. All I can say is, that amidst troubles and worries no one can have peace till he thus stays upon his God; it gives a

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man a superhuman strength." Again he says: "There would be no one so unwelcome to come and reside in the world as Christ while the world is in the state it now is. He would be dead against, say, nearly all our pursuits, and be altogether *outré*. I gave you 'Watson on Contentment;' it is this true exposition of how happiness is to be obtained, *i.e.*, submission to the will of God, whatever that will may be. He who can say he realises this has overcome the world and its trials. Everything that happens to-day, good or evil, is settled and fixed, and it is no use fretting over it. The quiet peaceful life of our Lord was solely due to His submission to God's will." One of Gordon's favourite books was this "Watson on Contentment." Later on he made the "Imitatio Christi" his study, and here are two of the sayings in that immortal manual of devotion which most affected him. First:—

"Follow thou Me. For what is it to thee whether this man be such and such, or that others do or say thus and thus?"

And this other:—

"Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men; for whether they put a good or bad construction on what thou doest, thou art not therefore another man. Where is true power and true glory? Is it not in Me? And he who covets not to please men, and fears not their displeasure, shall enjoy much peace."

In many respects, as I have hinted, Gordon seems to have been a survival of the old Puritanism, a direct descendant of the men who contended against the Stuarts in the great cause of religious liberty. His celebrated saying, "Were it not for the knowledge I have that God is Governor-General, I could not get on at all," might have fallen from the lips of Cromwell. It may be said of him, as Mrs. Hutchinson said of her

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noble soldier-husband, "In matters of faith his reason always submitted to the Word of God;" and we may add that "in all other things the greatest names in the world would not lead him without reason." Speaking of Puritanism Mr. J. R. Green remarks: "The mighty strife of good and evil within the soul itself, which had overawed the imagination of dramatist and poet, became the one spiritual conception in the mind of the Puritan. The Calvinist looked on churches and communions as convenient groupings of pious Christians; it might be as even indispensable parts of a Christian order. But religion in its deepest and innermost sense had to do, not with churches, but with the individual soul. It was each Christian man who held in his power the issues of life and death. It was in each Christian conscience that the strife was waged between heaven and hell." In these sentences we see a reflex, as it were, of the religious convictions which shaped and moulded Gordon's individuality. How profoundly he felt that God is with every human soul; that between it and its God there is nothing! Ever was it his delight to obey the Christian soldier's marching orders—"Keep your eyes on the cloud by day and the pillar by night, and never mind your steps. . . . Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." And so one may speak of him as Carlyle has spoken of his great Puritan hero, to whom, in some respects, Gordon, though confessedly his inferior in mental power, may be likened. "Beautiful great soul, to whom the Temporal is all irradiated with the Eternal, and God is everywhere divinely visible in the affairs of man, and man himself has, as it were, become divine!"

Charles George Gordon, the fourth son of the late

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Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, was born at Woolwich on the 28th of January 1833. Coming of a family which for a century and a half has followed the profession of arms, it was natural enough that he too should buckle on the sword; and after going through the usual course at Woolwich, he entered the Royal Engineers as a second lieutenant on the 23d of June 1852. He was promoted first lieutenant in February 1854, and in the following December was ordered to the Crimea. In the trenches before Sebastopol he experienced the severity of that terrible winter which worked so much woe to the Allied armies. A young subordinate officer, he had no opportunity of developing his wonderful gifts; but what he had to do he did well, and his superiors noted the frequent evidence he gave of military capacity. On the 6th of June he was slightly wounded in the forehead by a stone which a shot had dislodged, and next day did excellent service in the attack upon the Russian Quarries. After the surrender of Sebastopol he joined the force that laid siege to Kinburn, and was present at its capture in October 1855. Colonel Chesney says of him, "In his humble position as an engineer subaltern he attracted the notice of his superiors, not merely by his energy and activity, but by a special aptitude for war, developing itself amid the trench-work before Sebastopol in a personal knowledge of the enemy's movements such as no other officer attained." The French General, in recognition of his courage and conduct, recommended him for the Legion of Honour.

After peace was concluded Gordon was sent upon surveying duty in order to define the Russian and Turkish frontier in Bessarabia and Armenia. While at Erivan his active adventurous spirit led him to make the ascent of Mount Ararat. In 1850 he returned to

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England, and for a year or so was engaged at Chatham as fieldwork instructor and adjutant.

His next experience of foreign service was in China. Leaving England in the middle of July 1860, he arrived at Tientsin in September, and was therefore just in time to accompany the Allied armies in their march to Pekin. With the rank of captain he took part in the siege and capture of the imperial city, and was present at the destruction of the Emperor's summer palace on the 12th of October. Afterwards he retired with his regiment to Tientsin, where he remained in command until the spring of 1862. During this period, with characteristic activity, he explored the surrounding country, penetrating into parts hitherto untrodden by European foot. Accompanied by Lieutenant Cardew, he made, in December 1861, a bold ride to the Outer Wall, passing through Shensi and Taiyuen, the latter a city never before visited by foreigners, unless by Catholic missionaries in disguise. Here the travellers met with an adventure. When the account was brought before them for their night's board and lodging, they discovered that the charges were exorbitant, and foreseeing an angry discussion, sent on their carts in advance, and waited until these had gone some distance before they offered a settlement. Their terms were refused, and when they endeavoured to mount their horses the inn people interposed. "Very well," said Gordon, "let us go to the mandarin;" and all walked together towards the mandarin's house, the two Englishmen holding the bridles of their horses. "Are you ready to mount?" suddenly said Gordon to his companion. "Yes," was the answer. So they mounted, and rode on quietly until they reached the mandarin's, when they wheeled round their horses and galloped full speed after the carts, followed by the yelling crowd. These, however,

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they soon outstripped, and left Taiyuen far behind them.

We find him next at Shanghai, where he took part in several actions against the Taiping rebels, and assisted in driving them into the interior. In 1863 the Chinese Government applied to England for an officer to take command of the forces they had collected for the suppression of the rebellion, and the choice fell upon Major Gordon, who, though he had never occupied an independent position, had impressed upon all who came in contact with him a sense of his superior abilities. He was made a mandarin, and assumed the command of the "ever-victorious" army (which had just sustained a severe defeat) on the 25th of March. "I have taken the step," he wrote, "on consideration. I think that any one who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task, and, I also think, tends a great deal to open China to civilisation. . . . I can say that if I had not accepted the command, I believe the force would have been broken up, and the rebellion gone on in its misery for years." After a careful survey of his new sphere of action, he concluded that the only way of crushing the rebellion was by delivering a series of sudden and heavy blows at remote and unexpected points, which should take the heart out of it and discourage and dismay its supporters.

With about 1000 infantry and artillerymen he suddenly steamed into the Yangtze estuary and attacked the Taiping stronghold of Fushan, which was of some importance as a strategic centre. Before the vehemence of his assault the rebels quickly retreated, and Gordon was enabled to advance and relieve Chanzu. This success procured him the rank of Tsung-ping, or brigadier-general. He then set to work to reorganise his little army, which he strengthened with British officers,

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while he improved its *morale* by securing its soldiers regular pay. A park of heavy artillery was established, with amply supply of ammunition and abundant means of transport. A commissariat was set on foot, the men were steadily drilled, and the artillery practised in breaching fortifications and covering storming parties. In a few weeks he was at the head of a well-equipped and thoroughly-organised army of nearly 6000 men with four siege and two field batteries, and felt able to take the field in vigorous fashion. His first movement was against Taeti-san, one of the three great centres of the rebellion. It was garrisoned by 10,000 men. After a crushing fire of artillery had breached the walls, he ordered an assault, which compelled the Taipings, after a few minutes' hesitation, to seek safety in flight. Gordon then advanced to Quinsan, and this Taiping fortress was also captured after a severe struggle.

Writing home he says, "The rebels certainly never got such a licking before, and I think that there will not be much more severe fighting, as we have such immense advantages in the country in the way of steamers. Quinsan is a large city, four and a half miles round, and has a hill in the centre some 600 feet high, from which the flat country round can be seen for upwards of fifty miles. It is a wonderful country for creeks and lakes, and very rich. . . . You may hear of cruelties being committed; do not believe them. We took nearly 800 prisoners, and they have some of them entered my bodyguard, and fought since against their old friends the rebels. If I had time I could tell such extraordinary stories of the way men from distant provinces meet one another, and the way villagers recognise in our ranks old rebels who have visited their villages for plunder; but I really have no time for it. I took a mandarin who had been a rebel for three years, and have him

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now; he has a bullet in his cheek, which he received when fighting against the rebels. The rebels I took into my guard were snake-flag-bearers of head chiefs, and they are full of the remarks of their old masters. The snake-flags are the marks of head men in both armies. Wherever they are seen there is a chief present. When they go, you know the rebels will retire. At Taitsan the snake-flags remained till the last, and this accounted for a very severe fight."

Gordon resolved on removing his headquarters to Quinsan, a movement so objectionable to the subordinate officers and rank and file of his little army that they broke out into mutiny. A written proclamation was issued, defying Gordon and his European lieutenants. The general acted with prompt decision. Convinced that the non-commissioned officers were in fault, he summoned them to his presence, and demanded of them who wrote the proclamation, and why the men would not fall into their ranks. They pretended the most absolute ignorance; whereupon Gordon informed them every fifth man would be shot—an announcement received with groans. Gordon immediately concluded in his own mind that the man who groaned the loudest would probably be the ringleader. He was a corporal. Gordon strode up to him, dragged him to the front, and ordered two of the bystanders to shoot him on the spot. The order was immediately obeyed; as if by magic the army recovered its discipline, and the mutiny was at an end.

Gordon's next important operation was to recover Soochow, where the Taipings were in alliance with Burgevine, an American adventurer, who, having been dismissed from the Imperial service for corrupt practices, had collected a band of desperadoes of every nation, and was ravaging all the country-side with fire

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and sword. Advancing with consummate prudence, Gordon, towards the end of September, arrived within two miles of Soochow, supported by an Imperialist force. Burgevine, completely out-generalled, opened negotiations with Gordon for the withdrawal of himself and his European comrades from the Taiping ranks, on condition that their liberty was secured. Gordon assented to the terms, and about six-and-thirty went over; but Burgevine and some others were suspected and detained. Their release, however, was afterwards effected.

Meanwhile Gordon was seizing upon post after post until he had completed the effectual investment of Soochow, and shut up the Taipings, 30,000 in number, within its walls. In these engagements he was always under fire, and frequently led his troops in person, armed only with a little cane, which came to be known as "Gordon's magic wand of victory."* Amidst the storm of bullets Gordon passed uninjured, so that he seemed to his army to be under the spiritual protection of the Heavenly Powers. Their confidence in him was implicit, and under his eye they fought with the gallantry and steadiness of European troops. The whole body was animated apparently by the spirit of this one man. His successes and the rapidity of his movements produced an equally great effect upon the minds of the rebels, and despairing of victory, they rose against their leader, Moh-Wang, and murdered him. On the same night Soochow surrendered, the Taiping chiefs or Wangs having stipulated that their lives should be spared.

Gordon led back his troops to Quinsan, giving up Soochow to the Imperialist general, Ching, who, disregarding the terms of capitulation, waited only until the

* Colonel Gordon's Chinese Campaign, p. 184.

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English commander had withdrawn to decapitate his prisoners. On the 6th of December Gordon returned to Soochow, and, ignorant of this butchery, entered into the heart of the city, where a large body of Taipings suddenly surrounded him, and held him as a hostage for the good treatment of their leaders. By dint of his extraordinary personal influence, he prevailed on them to let his interpreter take out a letter to his boat, which lay at anchor under the south gate, and when he did not return, they were persuaded to allow Gordon to go in search of him. He made his way round to the east gate, where his bodyguard was encamped, and dispatched them at once to the protection of the Taipings. Soon afterwards he learned the execution of the Taiping chiefs, and was deeply moved at this breach of the conditions of capitulation. "It was probably," says his biographer, "the most trying moment of his life, and never perhaps had he before given way to so angry an outburst of sorrow. Not only was this butchery needless and brutal, but the feeling came bitterly home to him that his honour was at stake. He had not pledged himself for their safety, but he had negotiated with them on the understanding, as a primary condition, that their lives would be spared. As we have seen, he had refused to hold any parley with Ching. That general, however, had seen enough of his state of mind to greatly fear the consequences, and to feel that the governor's life was in danger should Gordon come in contact with him. But the worst offence to Gordon—a very flagrant one in itself, and this had not been even notified to him—was that the Imperialists had sacked the city. Owing to this discourtesy, the man through whose skill and daring Soochow had fallen saw himself made a prisoner and in peril of his life."

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So great was Gordon's indignation at this sanguinary act of treachery that he refused with open contumely the honours and gifts bestowed upon him by the Chinese Emperor in acknowledgment of his eminent military services. When the treasure-bearers entered his presence, carrying their bowls of bullion on their heads, he beat them with his cane and drove them from the chamber; and, as soon as his choler had somewhat exhausted itself, he wrote to the Emperor as follows:—

"Major Gordon receives the approbation of His Majesty the Emperor with every satisfaction, but regrets most sincerely that, owing to the circumstances which occurred since the capture of Soochow, he is unable to receive any mark of His Majesty the Emperor's recognition, and therefore respectfully begs His Majesty to receive his thanks for his intended kindness, and to allow him to decline the same."

The fall of Soochow had broken the neck of the Taiping rebellion, but it was not wholly crushed; and Gordon was persuaded to forego his private grievance in order to restore peace to the distracted land. But, first, he insisted that a proclamation should be issued exonerating him from all complicity in the massacre; and, secondly, a promise was obtained from the Chinese Government that, while employing European officers, they would observe the rules of warfare in vogue among European nations. Gordon then took the field on the 19th of February 1864, and pushed forward into the heart of the rebel country. Yesing was easily captured on the 1st of March, nor did Ligung offer any resistance—the rebels being sorely discouraged by the swiftness of Gordon's movements and the boldness of his attacks. A sterner opposition was offered at Kintang, where the most desperate of the rebels had taken refuge; and the storming-party was thrice driven back, though

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Gordon exposed himself fearlessly, and in the second assault was shot through the leg, but, silencing one of his bodyguard who cried out that the commander was hit, he continued to give orders until he fainted from loss of blood. Bad news from the south compelled him to retire his troops to Ligang. A rebel force had captured Fushan and were besieging Chanzu. Though suffering severely from his wound, he started with his light artillery and a thousand troops to the scene of action. He found that Fushan had been retaken and Chanzu relieved, and immediately set off in pursuit of the retreating rebels, whom he followed from point to point with relentless perseverance. Joined by 6000 Imperialists under Governor Li, he invested their stronghold at Weiss-soo (April 6), and by his admirable dispositions compelled them to retreat in four-and-twenty hours. He pressed the pursuit with characteristic energy, and when they were irretrievably broken up, marched against another of their strongholds, Chanchu-fu, which was garrisoned by 20,000 men. The defence was desperate; but Gordon's men would not be denied, and beating down the resistance of the rebels, captured the city with terrible slaughter (May 11).*

The rebellion was now suppressed, and Gordon dissolved his ever-victorious army, as a force too costly for the Chinese Government to support, while, moreover, there was a danger that, flushed with its career of success, it might aim at the foundation of a military empire. The officers and men were liberally rewarded, and dismissed to their homes without difficulty. For himself, he refused the large sums of money offered by the gratitude of the Chinese Government, but he accepted the signal distinction, though reluctantly enough, of the Order of the Star, the yellow jacket,

* Colonel Gordon's Chinese Campaign, p. 222.

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the peacock's feather, and the rank of Ti-Tu, the highest ever conferred on a subject. His own Government was far less liberal: he received only one step in the army (lieutenant-colonel, February 1864), and was nominated (December 1864) a Companion of the Bath. But a warm and just tribute to his brilliant services was paid by a writer in the *Times* who was fully competent to appreciate them. He wrote as follows:—

"It is really surprising how scanty a knowledge English people have of the wonderful feats performed by Colonel or Chinese Gordon. Having served under him during the most eventful period of his command of the 'Ever-Victorious Army'—an epithet, you may be sure, not given by himself—I might fill many of your columns with traits of General Gordon's amazing activity and wonderful foresight, his indomitable energy and quiet unassuming modesty, his perseverance, kindness, cool courage, and even heroism. My individual opinion may not be worth much, but is it not notorious that any man who has ever served under or with General Gordon—for you must allow me so to style him—is an enthusiastic believer in his military genius and capacity? There are not many commanders of whom the subordinates would speak with such unanimous praise. What is, perhaps, most striking in Gordon's career in China is the entire devotion with which the native soldiery served him, and the implicit faith they had in the result of operations in which he was personally present. In their eyes General Gordon was literally a magician, to whom all things were possible. They believed him to bear a charmed life, and a short stick or rattan cane which he invariably carried about, and with which he always pointed in directing the fire of artillery or other operations, was firmly looked on as a wand or talisman.

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These things have been repeated to me again and again by my own men, and I know they were accepted all over the contingent. These notions, especially the men's idea that their general had a charmed existence, were substantially aided by Gordon's constant habit, when the troops were under fire, of appearing suddenly, usually unattended, and calmly standing in the very hottest part of the fire.

"Besides his favourite cane, he carried nothing except field-glasses—never a sword or revolver, or rather, if the latter, it was carried unostentatiously and out of sight; and nothing could exceed the contrast between General Gordon's quiet undress uniform, without sword, belts, or buckles, and apparently no weapon but a two-foot rod, and the buccaneering or brigand-like costume of the American officers, strapped, armed, and booted like theatrical banditti.

"I only know one occasion on which General Gordon drew a revolver. The contingent had been lying idle in Quinsan for three months of the summer without taking the field. This time had been employed in drilling the men and in laying in large stores of war material preparatory to the approaching attack on Soochow. The heat all this time was fearfully oppressive; dysentery and cholera had carried off many men and officers, and drill towards the end of the time was somewhat relaxed. This in some measure affected the discipline of the men, and, indeed, of the officers also. But the chief cause of the deteriorated discipline was, perhaps, to be found in another direction. On the march and in the field the men were unable to obtain opium, the officers but slender stores of liquor; in garrison, on the contrary, they could indulge to the full extent of their monthly pay.

"But, whatever the causes, it is certain that when,

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towards September, orders to prepare for an expedition against strong forts and stockades barring the way by canal from Quinsan to Soochow were issued, the discipline of the troops was greatly inferior to what it had been three months earlier. The artillery, in particular, showed decided insubordination. One company of it refused to embark in the barges which were to take it up the canal, the men declining to take the field before the approaching pay-day. The officers managed to make the men 'fall in,' but from the parade-ground they refused to move, although the luggage was already on board the boats lying fifty yards off. At this juncture General Gordon, who had been apprised by messengers of the state of affairs, arrived on the spot with his interpreter. He was on foot, in undress, apparently unarmed, and, as usual, exceedingly cool, quiet, and undemonstrative.

"Directly he approached the company he ordered his interpreter to direct every man who refused to embark to step to the front. One man only advanced. General Gordon drew his revolver from an inside breast-pocket, presented it at the soldier's head, and desired the interpreter to direct the man to march straight to the barge and embark. The order was immediately complied with, and then General Gordon giving the necessary words of command, the company followed without hesitation or demur. It may be said that any other determined officer might have done likewise, and with the same results. Not so. It was generally allowed by the officers, when the event became known, that the success in this instance was solely due to the awe and respect in which General Gordon was held by the men; and that such was the spirit of the troops at the time, that had any other but he attempted what he did, the company would have

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broken into open mutiny, shot their officers, and committed the wildest excesses.

"In less than a week the spirit of the troops was as excellent as before, and gradually the whole garrison joined in a series of movements which culminated in the fall of Soochow.

"Considering the materials Gordon had to work with, the admirable state of discipline and military efficiency which his contingent eventually attained is really amazing. He certainly had a few first-rate officers—rough and ready ones, no doubt—perhaps half-a-dozen altogether, of which General Kirkham, at present in Abyssinia, is one. But as for the remainder, or the great majority of the remainder, I scarcely like to use the epithets which would be most applicable to them. . . . There was no picking or choosing; the General was glad to get any foreigners to fill up vacancies; and the result, especially in garrison, was deplorable. They fought well, and led their men well, however, and that, after all, was the chief requisite.

"Well, notwithstanding such drawbacks, every regiment could go through the manual and platoon and bayonet exercise to English words of command with a smartness and precision to which not many volunteer companies can attain; could manœuvre very fairly in companies or as a battalion; and each regiment had been put through a regular course of musketry instruction, every man firing his ninety rounds at the regular distances up to 300 yards, the scores and returns being satisfactorily kept, and the good shots rewarded. . . .

"The reasons for Gordon's great successes, for his unparalleled feats . . . are, without doubt, firstly, his military genius, and, secondly, his character and qualities, which were such as to cause all brought in contact with or serving under him to have undoubted faith in

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his capacity, and to feel firmly that the best means at his disposal would be used to the best purpose.

"To persons who know General Gordon, his unassuming ways and quiet, retiring manners, it speaks volumes that the ignorant men and rowdy officers composing his contingent should have looked on him in the light they did, and in the manner I have attempted to describe.

"That a swaggering, ostentatious, dashing, and successful general should be looked up to by such men would be natural enough. If one were to draw inferences, one might perhaps say the ignorant Chinamen were better judges than certain well-educated folk nearer home."

For six years Gordon remained without military employment of an active kind, but discharged with his usual fidelity the routine duties of commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend (1865–71). In this position his leisure was considerable, and he devoted it to works of charity, visiting the workhouse and the infirmary, the sick and the poor, ever ready with the wise word and the liberal hand, and conducting evening classes for the poor boys employed on the river or ashore. Wherever distress existed, wherever the sufferer was in want of material help or spiritual consolation, there you were sure to find Colonel Gordon, who expended nearly his whole income in his Master's service. It is this part of his life-work that is to be commemorated by the "Gordon Boys' Camp," appropriately founded as a national memorial. In 1871 he was appointed British Commissioner to the European Commission of the Danube. In 1873 he was engaged by the Khedive to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt, the Black Country, or the Soudan. He was

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told to fix his own terms, but would accept only £2000 a year. At this time one of the largest slave-hunters, Zebehr Rahama, or the Black Pasha, who has recently figured so conspicuously in our newspapers, pretended to an equality with the Khedive himself, and undoubtedly in Equatorial Africa enjoyed a wider supremacy. All the slave-dealers had thrown in their lot with him, and it soon became evident that to weaken and overthrow his power would invoke a crusade against the slave-trade. How far the Khedive Ismail was sincere in his philanthropy we need not inquire; at least Chinese Gordon *was;* and the Khedive was rejoiced to accept the services of a man who, if a visionary philanthropist, was also a consummately able soldier. Gordon lost no time in entering upon his arduous and dangerous labours. He reached Suakim on the 25th of February; with an escort of 220 Egyptian troops crossed the desert to Berber, and thence ascended the Nile to Khartoum, where he arrived on the 12th of March. He remained at Khartoum for eight days, actively engaged in organising his government. He held a review, visited the hospital and schools, dispatched his lieutenants (of whom the ablest was Romulus Gessi, an Italian, whom he had known in the Crimea) upon various missions, and put forth the following proclamation:—

"By reason of the authority of the Governor of the Provinces of the Equatorial Lakes, with which his Highness the Khedive has invested me, and the irregularities which have until now been committed, it is henceforth decreed:

"1. That the traffic in ivory is the monopoly of the Government.

"2. No person may enter these provinces without a

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'trokere' from the Governor-General of the Soudan, such 'trokere' being available only after it shall have received the *visa* of the competent authority at Gondokoro or elsewhere.

"3. No person may recruit or organise armed bands within those provinces.

"4. The importation of firearms and gunpowder is prohibited.

"5. Whosoever shall disobey this decree will be punished with all the rigour of the military laws.

"GORDON."

On the 16th of April Gordon arrived at Gondokoro, where he set himself to work to gain the confidence of the people, and to ameliorate their condition. Some he provided with grain, others he employed in planting maize. The slave-dealers found their operations promptly interfered with. Taxation was reduced, oppression prevented. Justice was wisely administered between man and man. Military stations were formed in the surrounding country, at such points as would most effectively check the slave-traffic. Marauding chiefs were promptly dealt with and severely punished. Order was introduced into chaos; and the wretched natives began to breathe freely, relieved from the burdens that had crushed them into the dust. The indefatigable energy, the marvellous vigour of Gordon as he carried out his difficult task, constitutes a lasting reproach to the idlers of society, who lounge through life as if it had no responsibilities, interests, or duties. He seemed gifted with ubiquity; wherever a strong arm and a clear judgment were needed, Gordon was sure to make his appearance From Gondokoro he pushed on a line of posts to the Victoria Nyanza; and his lieutenant, Gessi, sailed round that great equatorial lake in nine days. These rapid

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sentences give but a brief summary of the work accomplished by Gordon in the Soudan; but they will serve to reveal to the reader the immense vigour of the man, his breadth of view, his swiftness of action. Over the natives he attained an extraordinary influence; they almost worshipped him; he was their "Little Khédive," their hero, their deliverer. They shed tears when, in the autumn of 1876, he resigned his command—placing Colonel Prout, an American, in charge—and quitted the country which he had pacified. Travelling rapidly to Cairo, which he reached in twenty days from Khartoum, he went thence to Alexandria, and embarking for England, arrived in London on the 24th of December. Yielding, however, to the strong pressure put upon him by the Khedive, he returned to the Soudan in the following spring, but with fresh powers and a more extensive sway. He was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, of Darfour, and the Provinces of the Equator, a district 1640 miles in length, by 700 miles in width. Under him were to be three vakeels or lieutenants; one for the Soudan proper, one for Darfur, and one for the Red Sea littoral and the Eastern Soudan. His instructions included the improvement of the means of communication, the development of commercial resources, and the suppression of the slave-trade.

"The new enterprise," remarks one of his biographers, "was infinitely greater and more difficult than the old. Gordon was keenly alive to the tremendous responsibilities he had assumed. With all his strength of will, with all his trust in the guardianship of an Unseen Power, we must not marvel if, when in the great desert, with the results of ages of evil and wrong, the mystic and the man of action sometimes give way in him, and he utter a cry of despair. We must not forget to look back at what he had already suffered and done, and to

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remember how he longed for quiet. We must bear it in mind that he is doing heroic work for the hero's true wages—the love of Christ and the good of his fellow-men. We must consider him as one who labours not for himself, but as the hand of the providence of God, and in the faith that his mission is of God's own setting. For all that, it is small wonder that out of the darkness which accompanied him on every side he sometimes cried out for rest, even the rest of death. The wonder is, that in the teeth of perils so dire, and work so hard, and sufferings so manifold, he was allowed to pursue his mighty purpose, and be with us still."

Mounted on his camel, he made his way to Massowah and entered upon a settlement of the Abyssinian difficulty; but while thus engaged the pressure of events compelled him to repair to Khartoum, where the slave-hunters had lifted up their heads and resumed their infamous expeditions. Thither he proceeded in all haste, riding thirty or forty miles a day, and on the 5th of May was formally installed in the capital as the Khedive's representative. The Cadi read the firman and a loyal congratulatory address; cannon thundered forth a salute. Gordon, who was not given to much speaking, simply said, "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." Afterwards he distributed liberal gratuities among the deserving poor, expending in three days a thousand pounds of his own money.

It was no common enterprise to which he had put his hand; none but a man of genius and a Christian enthusiast could have carried it through, for only a man of genius could possess the needful fertility of resource and faculty of command; only an enthusiast could persevere in a work so unpromising, so laborious, so dangerous. Wild and bloodthirsty tribesmen had to be curbed and controlled; mutinous or refractory governors to be cowed

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or persuaded into obedience; the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, who, while ostensibly guarding the frontier, secretly encouraged the traffic in human flesh, had to be disbanded; the great commercial highways to be opened up and kept open; the wide, rich province of the Bahr Gazelle, over which the mighty hunter Zebehr asserted the rights of sovereignty, had to be subdued and organised; a revenue had to be raised in countries long abandoned to anarchy; trade to be encouraged; the slave-dealers expelled; a trustworthy military force set on foot.

Much of this Gordon succeeded in doing, though often carrying his life in his hand, and in peril as much from pretended friends as from open foes. Men plotted his murder, but he lived on unharmed. Even the deadly climate seemed to work him no ill. Nothing daunted him; nothing prevailed against him. His troops were badly armed, badly drilled, and inferior in numbers to the legions of the slave-hunters; but whenever he was present with them they were always victorious. He was a host "in himself;" he won victories without an army. There is perhaps no more extraordinary incident in his career than his ride to Dara, when that station was threatened by Suleiman, the son of Zebehr, with six thousand armed slaves, notorious robbers, and murderers. Here is his own graphic account of it:—

August 31, 1877.—"I got to Dara," he says, "alone about 4 P.M., long before my escort, having ridden eighty-five miles in a day and a half. About seven miles from Dara I got into a swarm of flies, and they annoyed me and my camel so much that we jolted along as fast as we could. Upwards of three hundred were on the camel's head, and I was covered with them. I suppose that the queen fly was among them. If I had

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no escort of men, I had a large escort of these flies. I came on my people like a thunderbolt. As soon as they recovered, the salute was fired. My poor escort! where is it? Imagine to yourself a single, dirty, red-faced man on a camel, ornamented with flies, arriving in the divan all of a sudden. The people were paralysed, and could not believe their eyes."

September 2.—"No dinner after my long ride, but a quiet night, forgetting my miseries. At dawn I got up, and putting on the golden armour the Khedive gave me, went out to see my troops, and then mounted my horse, and, with an escort of *my* robbers of Bashi-Bazouks, rode out to the camp of the other robbers, three miles off. I was met by the son of Zebehr—a nice-looking lad of twenty-two years—and rode through the robber bands. There were about three thousand of them, men and boys. I rode to the tent in the camp; the whole body of chiefs were dumfoundered at my coming among them. After a glass of water, I went back, telling the son of Zebehr to come with his family to my divan. They all came, and setting them in a circle, I gave them in choice Arabic my ideas—that they meditated revolt, that I knew it, and that they should now have my ultimatum, viz., that I would disarm them and break them up.

"They listened in silence, and then went off to consider what I had said. They have just now sent in a letter stating their submission, and I thank God for it. They have pillaged the country all round, and I cannot help it. I feel very sorry for the poor people, for they were my allies at Wudar, and through their absence with me their possessions were exposed to the attacks of these scoundrels. What misery!!! But the Higher than the Highest regardeth it, and can help them. I cannot. The sort of stupefied way in which they heard

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me go to the point about their doings, the pantomime of signs, the bad Arabic, &c., was quite absurd. Fancy, the son of Zebehr only three days ago took his pistol and fired three shots close to my cavass,* because the poor fellow, who was ill, did not get up when he came to him. . . . You should have seen his face when I told him all this, when he protested his fidelity. However, I said it was all forgiven." †

From Dara he went on to Shaka, the chosen retreat and stronghold of the slave-hunters, who, awed by his absolute contempt of danger, treated him with the reverence due to a superior being. Thence, by way of El Obeid, he returned to Khartoum, the celerity of his movements in the Soudan, as in China, producing a feeling of astonishment, and even of fear, which served him better than an armed force. In January 1878 the Khedive recalled him to Cairo to act as president of a Financial Commission; but the work lay outside the scope of his abilities, was thoroughly uncongenial, and he rejoiced when set at liberty to return to Khartoum. In his absence the old evil symptoms of anarchy and oppression had reappeared, and the ship was tossing in such stormy waters that a firm hand was needed at the helm. His vigour soon restored order and tranquillity in the capital; and he sent his able lieutenant, Gessi, into the Bahr Gazelle province, where Suleiman had again risen in rebellion, to re-establish the Khedive's authority. Meanwhile he advanced to Shaka, breaking up the slave-dealers' caravans wherever he fell in with them, releasing the slaves, and punishing their cruel captors. Between June 1878 and March 1879 he captured no fewer than three-and-sixty of these caravans, releasing fully 2000 slaves.

* A kind of orderly.

† Gordon in Central Africa, p. 272.

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While at Fozia, in June 1879, he was informed of Ismail's deposition, and ordered to proclaim Tewfik as Khedive throughout the Soudan. He then returned to Khartoum, and left that city at the end of July for Cairo, whence, on the 30th of August, he was dispatched on a mission to the King of Abyssinia. Johannes received him at his court with every mark of respect, but, from the nature of the claims he put forward, a satisfactory conclusion was impossible. Gordon, therefore, prepared to return to Cairo by way of Khartoum; but on reaching Char Amba, a mountain station on the frontier of the Soudan, he was arrested by a body of Abyssinian soldiery, and marched back to the village of the King's uncle. On the 17th of November he and his companions, still held as prisoners, marched on to Gondar, and reached Ras Garamudhiri. There the Abyssinians left them, and they pushed forward to the frontier, paying heavily by way of tolls and safe-conduct money. At Kya-Khu Gordon was again arrested, and secured his release only by heavy bribes. At last, on December 8th, he reached Massowah, where fortunately the *Seagull* gunboat was lying, and embarking on board of her, was enabled to enjoy the rest he needed after his arduous and perilous mission.

In reference to his imprisonment the following story is told, but its authenticity is, we believe, denied by General Gordon, and we give it simply as an illustration of the popular view of his character.

"When Gordon Pasha was taken prisoner by the Abyssinians, he completely checkmated King John. The King received his prisoner sitting on his throne, or whatever piece of furniture did duty for that exalted seat, a chair being placed for the prisoner considerably lower than the seat on which the King sat. The first thing the Pasha did was to seize this chair, place it alongside

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of his Majesty, and sit down in it; the next, to inform him that he met him as an equal, and would only treat him as such. This somewhat disconcerted his sable majesty, but on recovering himself he said, 'Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?' 'I am perfectly well aware of it, your Majesty,' said the Pasha. 'Do so at once if it is your royal pleasure. I am ready.' This disconcerted the King still more, and he exclaimed, 'What! ready to be killed?' 'Certainly,' replied the Pasha; 'I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you will confer a favour on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me.' This completely staggered King John, who gasped out in despair, 'Then my power has no terrors for you?' 'None whatever,' was the Pasha's laconic reply. His Majesty, it is needless to add, instantly collapsed."

Gordon, having resigned his governorship of the Soudan,* from inability to agree with the new Khedive and his advisers, returned to England early in 1880; and in the May of that year astonished everybody by accepting the appointment of private secretary to Lord Ripon, the newly-appointed Viceroy of India. That a man so accustomed to absolute authority, a man of so much originality and such independence of character, should accept a subordinate official position in which his best gifts could hardly be displayed, seemed anomalous and inconsistent; and many predicted, without any great exercise of sagacity, that he would soon weary of the

* It is worth noting that during his three years in the Soudan he had ridden 8490 miles on camels and mules.

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trammels he had unwisely assumed. As a matter of fact, he resigned as soon as Lord Ripon and himself arrived at Bombay (June 3d). He saw very clearly the mistake he had made, and promptly endeavoured to repair it. "Men at times," he wrote, "owing to the mysteries of Providence, form judgments which they afterwards repent of. This is my case in accepting the appointment Lord Ripon honoured me in offering me. I repented of my act as soon as I had accepted the appointment, and I deeply regret that I had not the moral courage to say so at that time. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and consideration with which Lord Ripon has treated me. I have never met any one with whom I could have felt greater sympathy in the arduous task he has undertaken."

His resignation was scarcely made public when he received an invitation to China, between which power and Russia a rupture seemed at that time almost inevitable. Arriving at Hong-Kong on the 2nd of July, he thence repaired to Canton with all possible speed, to take counsel with his old friend, the Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang. He went on to Tientsin and Pekin, and discussed with the highest Chinese authorities the most important questions of peace and war. In a valuable state paper, replete with statesmanlike foresight and clearness of judgment, he embodied his views on the reorganisation of the Chinese army and the conditions under which China, if attacked, should carry on hostilities. His counsels were at once adopted, and the present military system of the Chinese empire owes its existence to the genius of Gordon. It was due also to his sagacious advice that the threatened collision between China and Russia was happily averted.

He returned to England in the winter of 1881, and was received with the respectful welcome due to so

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conspicuous an Englishman. Neither years nor work had dulled his activity, and, after paying a visit to Ireland, and investigating the difficult problems involved in its morbid condition, he crossed over to Brussels to confer with the King of the Belgians upon the royal project of an international expedition to the Congo. Shortly afterwards he was appointed commanding Royal Engineer at the Mauritius. There he remained some nine or ten months. In March 1882 he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and on the 4th of April proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, having been engaged by the Cape Ministry, with the sanction of the Home Government, to assist in the settlement of Basutoland and the establishment of pacific relations between the Basutos and the Colony. On his arrival he proceeded, with his usual strong sense of justice, to inquire into all the circumstances attending the outbreak of the Basutos, and in this way was led to a conclusion which did not harmonise with the views of the Colonial Government. He asserted that a great mistake had been made in not consulting the Basutos before the transference of Basutoland from the Queen's Government to that of the Colony was effected, and advised that, in order to repair the error, the Basutos should be called together, and allowed to discuss the conditions of agreement with the Colonial authorities. We need barely say that this unpalatable suggestion was set aside. At a later date he drew up a memorandum providing for the semi-independence of the Basutos under a Resident; and when this, too, was disregarded, Gordon, after a fruitless journey into Basutoland, threw up his appointment, perceiving that the principles of his policy were diametrically opposed to those of his superiors. The reader will not fail to remember that the soundness of his advice was amply established by

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after events; that the Colonial Government has been compelled to relinquish its attempt to coerce the Basutos, who have been replaced under the direct administration of the Crown.

In the course of the following year Gordon was able to realise what had long been a cherished dream. He went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, after visiting some of the most hallowed spots associated with our Saviour's life upon earth, took up his residence in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and devoted himself to a close and careful survey of its sacred antiquities. He took also a profound interest in the project of opening a communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by means of a canal, of which the river Jordan should form part. But for a man like Gordon there is always work to do; and the rapid progress of the insurrection in the Soudan under the Madhi or False Prophet directed public attention to the one Englishman who, before all others, best understood the country and its people—whose name was still cherished by the natives of Equatorial Africa as synonymous with justice and mercy. The action of England in Egypt had involved us in some degree of responsibility for the Soudan as a province under Egyptian rule; and the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army (on the 4th of November 1883) compelled an active intervention. Knowing that the Soudanese had been cruelly oppressed by Turkish pashas and Bashi-Bazouks, and knowing that the Soudan was too heavy a burden for Egypt to sustain, the British Government declined to undertake its re-conquest, but felt bound in honour to attempt the safe deliverance of the Egyptian garrisons which were scattered over the face of the country. How was this to be effected?

On the 7th of January 1884, General Gordon, who

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had been summoned by the King of the Belgians to take charge of an anti-slavery expedition on the head-waters of the Congo, arrived in London. So it befell that the man best fitted to cope with this arduous problem and attempt its solution was brought within immediate reach of the Queen's Ministers. To some this would seem a happy coincidence; to General Gordon, as a Christian fatalist, it was but the outcome of pre-ordained Providential arrangements. The Cabinet at once invited him to proceed to Khartoum, with full powers, that he might effect the Egyptian evacuation of the Soudan. The task was not only difficult, but perilous; Gordon, however, accepted it immediately. He received his instructions from the Cabinet on Friday morning, January 18th, and in the evening of the same day started with Colonel Stewart, an able and experienced soldier, as his *adlatus*, on his memorable mission.

A contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* had an interview with the hero a day or two before his departure, of which he has recorded some very interesting particulars. He describes the General as slightly built and somewhat below the average height—like so many other leaders of men, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington. His most remarkable characteristic to one who saw him for the first time was "a childlike simplicity of speech and manners." Though upwards of fifty years old, his face retained an almost boyish youthfulness of look; his step was as light, and his movements were as agile, as the leopard's. "He is still excitable and vehement, but they who know him best say that he has under much firmer control those volcanic fires which blazed out with fiercest fury in his younger days; as, for instance, when he hunted Li-Hung-Chang, revolver in hand, from house to house, day after day,

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in order to slay the man who had dishonoured and massacred the prisoners whom he (Gordon) had pledged his word to save. But there is that in his face at times even now that contrasts strangely with the sweetness of his smile, or the radiance which lights up his face when discoursing on his favourite author and the choice texts of the 'Imitation,' which, for the present, seems to have superseded his old favourite 'Watson on Contentment.' In Gordon the tenderness of a woman, the gentleness of a child, the ready sympathy with all the sufferings and sorrows of others, are combined with an iron will and a certain 'hardness' which is indispensable to a ruler of men."

We have seen how, in the Soudan, he was "an incarnate terror" to slave-dealers, Egyptian pashas, Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, and evil-doers generally. From province to province, mounted on his fleet camel, which often broke down under its impetuous rider, and attended only by a single guide, he hurried like an angel of wrath charged with the thunderbolts of the Divine power. But while he raged with righteous indignation against the tyrant and the sensualist and the usurer, his soul expanded with loving sympathy towards the poor and helpless. The pity he felt for the unhappy victims of Egyptian misgovernment pervades all his letters:—"I would give my life for them. How *can* I help feeling for them? All the time I was there I used to pray that God would lay upon me the burden of their sins, and crush me with it instead of these poor sheep. A strange prayer, you may well think, for one who has sins enough of his own to answer for, but nevertheless a real one. I really wished it and longed for it; and now, having had the burden of their sufferings upon me for so many years, can you wonder that I wish to save them from being handed over to the Turks?" In General Gordon's

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eyes, as now, we suspect, in those of most Englishmen the native blacks of the Soudan are immeasurably superior to their Egyptian rulers, who stood quite as much in need of civilisation as those whom they professed a desire to civilise. In one of his letters he speaks in touching terms of his remorse for the share he had had in carrying the "blessings" of civilisation to the Moogie tribes in the country south of Gondokoro. "We do not want beads," they cried. "We do not want to see the Pasha; we want our own lands, and you to go away." A magician openly cursed the expedition; and as a disaster soon afterwards befell it, Gordon was inclined to believe that the prayer for protection had been heard. To the *Pall Mall Gazette* writer Gordon said: "The 'We do not want your beads; we do not want your cloth,' of the poor Moogies rings in my ears. 'We want you to go away.' They knew well enough the little benefits that ever accrue from occupation. I do believe that God may listen to the cries for help from the heathen who know Him not. These prayers were earnest prayers for celestial aid, in which the prayee knew he would need help from some unknown power to avert a danger. That the native knows not the true God is true, but God knows him, and moved him to prayer, and answered his prayer."

So much for Gordon himself. As for his action in the Soudan, "he believed that he would have no difficulty in making his way without an escort through the Bishareen Arabs, to whom he was well known; and when he was once in Khartoum, he did not believe he would have much difficulty in organising an 'ever-victorious army' out of the tribes, which would enable him to hold Khartoum until the forces of the Mahdi split to pieces. He entirely scouted the idea that the Madhi was the leader of a great religious move-

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ment.* The Mahdi, he believed, was a mere creature of Ilias, the great slave-proprietor at Obeid, and Zebehr Pasha, the king of the slave-traders at Cairo. . . . But beyond the widespread discontent occasioned by bad government, the support of these discontented leaders, and the prestige of success, he did not think the Mahdi had any other influence in the Soudan. As for his religious claims, it was natural enough that he should put them forward. 'It is convenient also, especially when the cloak of your religion allows you to steal your neighbour's cows.' He had personal friends, he said, in the Mahdi's camp, while all the natives knew his inflexible justice. . . . By well-directed diplomacy, a judicious expenditure of money, and an offer to recognise the legitimate claims of the revolted tribes to independence, he believed that the operation of the natural force of disunion might be greatly assisted, and the Mahdi's following would be reduced to manageable proportions. The Mahdi might disappear; but if, on the other hand, he showed sufficient capacity for rule to hold his followers together and establish a government at Kordofan, then, said General Gordon, with characteristic terseness of phrase, 'he will have earned a right to the crown of martyrdom, and may be left to reign in Obeid.'"

His avowed policy in the Soudan, as sanctioned by the British Government, may briefly be described as based on the restitution of native autonomy. In the Equatorial provinces he proposed to withdraw from the yoke of Egypt those tribes who there, in the heart of Africa, realise the ideal of some of our socialistic reformers. Each tribe, of from one to three hundred families, lives its own independent life, under the paternal rule of a sheikh, who has no ambition because he

* In this opinion, however, there can now be little doubt that Gordon was wrong.

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has no wants. The removal of the Egyptian pashas would allow these tribes to resume their old independence. Khartoum, as a great military, political, and commercial centre, and because there was no authority to whom it could be restored, he proposed to hold. It commanded both branches of the Nile, and could be held without difficulty by native levies. Of the region to the west, he would send back to Darfur the family and heir of the sultan of that country, which was once the best governed of all the Central African provinces. Kordofan might go to the Mahdi, or to his great supporter Ilias, if he was strong enough to hold it, on terms which would have hereafter to be defined. Fashoda and Bahr Gazelle would be left to themselves. The Soudan, thus truncated, would consist of the provinces of Dongola, Berber, Suakim, Khartoum, Kasala, and Massowah, from which he proposed to expel all the Turkish and Circassian officers of the corrupt and tyrannical Egyptian Government. "He would emancipate the Soudan as thoroughly as the Czar emancipated Bulgaria; and no Russian among all the invading hosts that crossed the Danube would be more anxious to sweep the Turks out of their oppressed provinces than is General Gordon to rid the Soudan of their desolating presence." "I believe," said General Gordon, "I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people;" and in this faith and for this purpose he undertook the mission to the Soudan. Unhappily his hopes were not to be realised, nor was his mission to be successful.

He left Southampton on Friday evening, January 18th, and arrived at Port Said on the 24th. After interviews with the Khedive and Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Resident, he quitted Cairo on the night of the 26th by train for Assouan, carrying with him £4000 for the payment of the Egyptian garrisons and largesses to

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the tribes. From Assouan he ascended the Nile to Wadi Halfa. From Korosko a four days' ride on a swift dromedary took him to Abu Hamed, which he reached on the 9th of February. Then he disappeared into the desert, and all England held its breath, as it were, while this one undaunted man and his gallant comrade, Colonel Stewart, passed through the waterless tracts occupied by the hostile Arabs. It was with a great sigh of relief that his countrymen received the news of their safe arrival at Khartoum.

He had sent before him an olive-branch in the shape of a proclamation, which met with some criticism at home, because it seemed to recognise that form of domestic slavery which, in the Soudan, is entwined with the social and religious ideas of the people. It ran as follows :—"Proclamation.—To all the inhabitants.—Your tranquillity is the object of our hope. And as I know that you are sorrowful on account of the slavery which existed among you, and the stringent orders on the part of the Government for the abolition of it, and the punishment of those who deal in them [the slaves], and the assurances given by the Government for its abolition, seizing upon and punishing those concerned in the trade, the punishment of those who trade in slaves, according to Imperial decrees, and the prisoners forwarded to you—all this is known to you. But henceforward nobody will interfere with you in the matter, but every one for himself may take a man into his service henceforth. No one will interfere with him, and he can do as he pleases in the matter, without interference on the part of anybody; and we have accordingly given this order. My compassion for you.

(Signed) GORDON PASHA." *

* Gordon's views on this question of domestic slavery were thus expressed in 1877 :—"You have little idea of the great difficulty and the

Taking up at once the position of supreme ruler, he deposed the pashas he met with as he ascended the river, superseding them by natives; reversed all oppressive sentences; dismissed the governor of Khartoum by letter, and appointed a Christian governor in his place; and, surrounded with all the authority and majesty of a king, if not with the pomp and circumstance of royalty, entered the capital amidst enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. Recognising that his mission was one

many questions involved in it, viz., in domestic slavery. First, I have to disband some 6000 Turks and Bashi-Bazouks, who are the frontier guards, and who must be replaced, for they let the caravans pass. You might as well order the sea to stop the caravans as these men! Now, think of disbanding suddenly 6000 men. You must do it neatly. You must see to replace them with trustworthy men. Let me ask, who that had not the Almighty with him could do that? I have the Almighty with me, and I will do it. Second, consider the effect of harsh measures among an essentially Mussulman population carried out brusquely by a Nazarene—measures which touch the pocket of every one. Who that had not the Almighty with him would dare to do that? I will do it; for I value my life as nought, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace. No man ever had a harder task than I, unaided, have before me, but it sits as a feather on me. As Solomon asked, I ask wisdom to govern this great people; and not only will He give it me, but all else besides. And why? Because I value not the 'all besides.' I am quite as averse to slavery, and even more so, than most people. I show it by sacrificing myself in these lands, which are no paradise. I have nought to gain in name or riches. I do not care what men may say. I do what I think is pleasing to my God; and as far as name goes, I need nothing from any one. The Khedive never had directly gained any revenue from slaves. I now hold his place here; and I, who am on the spot with unlimited power, am able to judge how impotent he, at Cairo, is to stop the slave-trade. I can do so with God's help, and I have the conviction that He has destined me to do it, for it was much against my will I came here again."—*Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, pp. 225, 226. As a matter of fact, however, Gordon did *not* put down the slave-trade. For two years (1877-79) he was in constant conflict with the slave-dealers, but his means were inadequate to the task, and he was not honestly supported at Cairo. It must be admitted, however, that he considerably limited the traffic, and punished some of those most largely engaged in it. In the Eastern Soudan he succeeded; it was in the west that he failed.

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of deliverance, the people joyfully illuminated their houses, and flinging themselves at his feet, hailed him as governor of the Soudan, while the Egyptian pashas and colonels slunk away, silent and overawed. Gordon at once proceeded to act with autocratic authority. He publicly burned all the official registers of debts and arrears of taxation, thus at once wiping out all claims of money-lenders and remitting all unpaid taxes—the two great pecuniary tribulations of the people. And that these might not again be created, he reduced the taxes one-half; by so doing fixing a limit which future rulers of Khartoum will be compelled to respect. He prohibited the use of the lash or of any other form of torture; and, to impress the public imagination, caused all the Government scourges to be burned in a huge bonfire. He cleared out and destroyed the prison, in which the most atrocious deeds of cruelty had been committed. And he appointed a Council of Soudanese Notables to govern Khartoum. Taking steps for the organisation of a military force, he placed in command a negro who distinguished himself in the French invasion of Mexico; he sent messengers to the Mahdi, acknowledging him as Emir of Kordofan in the name of Great Britain and Egypt; and he summoned all the sheikhs to confer with him on the measures necessary for restoring the independence of the Soudan.

Here, for the moment, we leave this extraordinary man, with the eyes of England and of Europe fixed upon him, and all men wondering whether his bold and brilliant policy would succeed, or whether he would fall, crushed beneath the weight of the enterprise he had in so heroic a spirit undertaken.

What is certain is, that Gordon was in his own person a remarkable example of that influence of the indivi-

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dual—of the one man—which, it was supposed, it would be the natural tendency of civilisation to diminish or even obliterate. A writer in the *Spectator* says, with equal accuracy and eloquence, that history hardly records such a testimony to the power which may live in the individual as the summons sent by a great Government to an Englishman, still little known to the body of his people, to go without soldiers or followers, or forces of any kind, into a mutinous city in the centre of Eastern Africa, and there, by his personal influence, release garrisons numbering thirty thousand men, imprisoned in cantonments scattered over a territory two thousand miles square by hordes of savages, wild with hatred, new-born hope of deliverance, and religious excitement. "Who ever heard of or would have conceived of the possibility of such a feat? Yet it has not only been attempted, but will, if it is ever wise to predict upon evidence, in all human probability succeed. A single man, by virtue of the influence of a man upon men, of the belief he excites and the awe he inspires, and the devotion he can elicit among men who detest his creed, dread his race, and distrust his colour, has changed the whole aspect of affairs throughout an African empire, has checked a native conqueror hitherto victorious, has calmed a fury which seemed unappeasable, and has, to all appearance, altered the entire complexion of internal politics. . . . No other man than General Gordon could, with the same means, have done what he has already accomplished, or, while still nearly invisible, have made himself in such a region so effectually felt. The strength, wherever it comes from, is in him—in a personality so potent that it lifts him of himself up to the level of kings."

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Before taking up the narrative of Gordon's last days, we shall extract a few passages from his African letters, which illustrate the nature of his work in the Soudan, as well as his remarkable individuality. It is essential that they should be given in his own words, or all that is most characteristic would be lost.

Mission-Work in Central Africa.

"There is little doubt in my mind that, if a man would sacrifice himself to a particular tribe, he would find that tribe would not molest him, and would treat him kindly. There is also no doubt but that he would find the life dull to a degree that death would be preferable to it, but I believe he would have his reward. The people are quite quiet and inoffensive, and a man of some intellect would soon gain an immense influence over them. Who will do this inglorious work and live and die unknown? . . . When He cometh will He find faith on the earth? With all our profession, I think not much. The true history of these people has got to be written. Livingstone, I think, more than any other writer, draws their character best. Poor people! However, they are happy in their way, perhaps more happy than those who have much more of the things of this world; and, I suppose, they are as valuable as we are in His sight who judges right. In these countries one sees more and more of the insufficiency of our religion to give peace. I speak of our religion as that professed and not acted up to. 'I will go with religion as far as I can without inconvenience, but no farther. I cannot go second-class. I must have change of air every year, &c. *There* my line is drawn. I am born in a certain sphere, and I must live in that sphere.' There is no

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doubt but that whosoever *acts* after the true precepts of our Lord will be considered a madman."

Himself.

"I ask God for the following things:—1. Not to be disturbed if the Khedive sent me away to-morrow. 2. Not to be disturbed if he keeps me. 3. Not to have anything of the world come between Him and me; and not to fear death, or to feel regret if it come before I completed what I may think my programme. Thank God! He gives me the most comforting assurance that nothing shall disturb me or come between Him and me."

The Ant-Lions.

"It is curious to watch the ant-lions. They are small insects with a flexible leg. They make a crater, and rest on the apex of it, throwing up with the flexible leg now and then a shower of sand. Ants walk on the edge and slip down. As they are getting up the slippery bank, the flexible leg throws up a shower of sand, and then another and another, till at last, as if in the cinders of Vesuvius, the ant gets smothered and falls to the bottom, where a pair of nippers takes him into an inner chamber, and dinner is ready. I have just dug a lion out with a spoon; it is the size of a bug, of a brown colour. It has no flexible leg, but two horns like a cow, with which he spirts up the sand. He always walks backwards. It is odd to see the spirts coming from three or four holes near one another. When first I saw it I thought it was an escape of some gas. They send the sand up fully an inch. They are difficult to catch, for the inner chamber is deep. Unless you push down a spoon quick after they

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have caught an ant, and their attention is occupied, they will get away."

Soudanese Curiosity.

"One of my petty trials is the way the black soldier will stand for hours, partly concealed, watching me, and the assiduous way in which he will prevent any one coming near me. Now, I like to see some people besides the, to me, hateful soldiers, and I like the natives to come to me. But no; they have passed a rule that, except themselves, I am to be kept in Coventry. How glad I shall be to see the last of them! Now there has been a boy watching me for hours. I hope I have interested him. The fact is that they have nothing to do, or else won't do it, and anything more amusing than themselves interests them. The least thing you do is watched from various points with the deepest interest, and supposing you are packing or unpacking a box, it will be known far and wide. I have often found the Doctor quite *au fait* with the slightest thing I may have done, such as mixing medicine, mending my trousers, &c. . . . I do not think it is love or care for me that causes my people to keep others off. I put it down to their feelings,—'We must let these natives know that we great people are alone allowed to approach when we like, not the common natives; we alone are privileged.' I sit under a fig-tree, and the wild figs fall on being pecked at by birds. Now I like to see a goat come and eat the figs with such gusto; but no, my friends dash out and drive off the goat, which makes me indignant. *They* can talk to one another, but I am to be boxed up, and no one and no thing is to come near me!"

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Religious Views.

"I would that all had the full assurance of future life. It is precisely because we are despicable and worthless that we are accepted. Till we throw over that idea that we are better than others, we can never have that assurance. I certainly think that women have much to do with the fostering of this idea; they are naturally jealous, and fight for appearances much more than men do. Appearances to them, perhaps, are a necessity, while they are not so much to men. We must give up keeping credit lists with God which are not true ones; they are all debtor lists. Do you know that verse, Ephesians ii. 10, which says that ye are ordained to bring forth good works? If certain good works are ordained to be brought forth by you, why should you glory in them? Do not flatter yourself that you are wanted—that God could not work without you; it is an honour if He employs you. No one is indispensable, either in this world's affairs or in spiritual work; you are a machine, though allowed to feel as if you had the power of action. When things turn out in a way we do not wish, we quarrel with God if we feel put out. Most difficult is this lesson, and only to be learnt by a continual thought of this world being only a temporary one—*i.e.*, by continually thinking of death as a release. What a calm life a man living thus would live! what services he would render! Nothing would move him, whether he were soldier, statesman, or what not."

Characteristics of the Country.

"I went out for a walk yesterday afternoon, and picked a sort of fig. I asked the black if it was good;

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he said 'Yes,' and I bit it and just tasted it. It had an astringent, disagreeable taste, so I spat it out. Soon after came on a violent sore-throat, which nearly prevented my breathing, and this continued all last night. Everything in this land is bitter or astringent, or thorny or prickly. The nice green waving grass has silicious delicate hairs on it like spoon grass, and quite as sharp. Nice-looking turf has a seed like a crow's foot in it. You walk along and think to pluck a tuft of grass, and you get your finger cut to the bone. Everything is tough and strong; and as for plucking a switch, you never can. You must use a knife. It is odd to see how granite becomes disintegrated in these lands. One can easily understand it being so in lands where there is frost; here there is the same principle at work, viz., unequal expansion and contraction. As in the north the decrease of temperature causes some parts to be colder and flake away, so the increase of temperature does the same out here."

The Future.

"The future world must be much more amusing, more enticing, more to be desired than this world, putting aside its absence of sorrow and sin. The future world has been somehow painted to our mind as a place of continuous praise; and, though we may not say it, yet we cannot help feeling that, if thus, it would prove monotonous. It cannot be thus. It must be a life of activity, for happiness is dependent on activity; death is cessation of movement; life is all movement."

Work.

"There is an immense amount of work to be done in this country: so many affairs which have never

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been brought to any conclusion. . . . The promotion of men, &c.—all these things come on me. I often think how small the office-work generally is with us in England in our great offices in comparison with the questions one has to decide here. In one case a few pounds are in dispute; in the other case the whole tenure and the destiny of human beings are in question. In reality both are equally important as far as the effects on ourselves are concerned. The procuring and boiling of potatoes is as much to a poor woman as the reorganising of the army is to Cardwell. We are all hens, and never were such eggs laid as our own! . . . I take my chair to sit outside in the evening, and up come three or four applicants with petitions. These have to be acted on; often in discussing them other things come to light which one has never heard of, and then these things have to be gone into, and one never finishes. I go on the principle that any decision is better than none."

Gordon's Mission.

"I feel that I have a mission here (not taken in its usual sense). The men and officers like my justice, candour, my outbursts of temper, and see that I am not a tyrant. Over two years we have lived intimately together, and they watch me closely. I am glad that they do so. My wish and desire is that all should be as happy as it rests with me to make them; and though I feel sure that I am unjust sometimes, it is not the rule with me to be so. I care for their marches, for their wants and food, and protect their women and boys if they ill-treat them. And I do nothing of this—I am a chisel which cuts the wood; the Carpenter directs

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it. If I lose my edge, He must sharpen me; if He puts me aside and takes another, it is His own good-will. None are indispensable to Him."

Camel-Riding.

"I have a splendid camel—none like it; it flies along, and quite astonishes even the Arabs. I came flying into this station in marshal's uniform, and before the men had had time to unpile their arms I had arrived, with only one man with me. I could not help it; the escort did not come in for an hour and a half afterwards. The Arab chief who came with me said it was the telegraph. The Gordons and the camels are of the same race—let them take an idea in their heads, and nothing will take it out. If my camel feels inclined to go in any particular direction, there he will go, pull as much as you like. The grand cordon was given to a man who guaranteed to give it to me as we approached the station; but, alas! it did not come for an hour afterwards. It is fearful to see the Governor-General, arrayed in gold clothes, flying along like a madman, with only a guide, as if he was pursued. The Mudir had not time to gather himself together before the enemy was on him. Some of the guards were down at a well drinking: it was no use; before they had got half-way to their arms the goal was won. Specks had been seen in the vast plain around the station, moving towards it (like Jehu's advance), but the specks were few—only two or three—and were supposed to be the advance-guard, and before the men of Fozia knew where they were, the station was taken. The artillerymen were the only ones ready."

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The Slave-Trade.

"This evening a party of seven slave-dealers with twenty-three slaves were captured and brought to me, together with two camels. Nothing could exceed the misery of these poor wretches—some were children of not more than three years old; they had come across that torrid zone from Shaha, a journey from which I on my camel shrink. I got the slave-dealers chained at once, and then decided about the slaves. The men and boys were put in the ranks; the women were told off to be wives of the soldiers; the children were to be sent to Obeid when the rains begin. Now the slave-dealers are to be put in prison till I am pleased to release them; for by the present state of the law the seizure is illegal. . . . When I had just begun this letter, another caravan, with two slave-dealers and seventeen slaves, was brought in, and I hear others are on the way. Some of the poor women were quite nude. I have disposed of them in the same way, for what else can I do? . . . These captures make the total of captured caravans since June 1878 sixty-three. I am not good at a description, but you can scarcely conceive the misery and suffering of these poor slaves. . . .

"When one thinks of the enormous number of slaves which have passed into Egypt from these parts in the last few years, one can scarcely conceive what has become of them. There must have been thousands on thousands of them—and then again, where do they all come from? for the lands of the natives which I have seen are not densely peopled. . . . We must have caught 2000 in less than nine months, and I expect we did not catch one-fifth of the caravans. Again, how many died *en route?* The slaves are most undemonstra-

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tive. They make no signs of joy at being released. I suppose the long marches have taken the life out of them.

"I have just made a calculation of the loss of life in Darfur during the years 1875–79. It comes to 16,000 Egyptians and some 54,000 natives of Darfur. Add to these the loss of life on the Bahr Gazelle, some 10,000, and you will have a fine total of 80,000; and this exclusive of the slave-trade, which one may put down for these years at from 80,000 to 100,000."

Such was the man—so sagacious yet so enthusiastic, so gentle yet so firm—who, leaving behind him the watchword "No panic," arrived at Khartoum on the 18th of February, bent on the establishing of an orderly and humane government in the Soudan, and hoping to achieve this result by his extraordinary personal influence. It was probably the most chivalrous enterprise which man ever undertook, and that it unhappily did not succeed is no reason why it should never have been undertaken; for, at all events, the world is the better for it—is the better and purer for so sublime an example of Christian self-sacrifice.

Gordon's first measures were necessarily directed to the establishment of a settled rule in Khartoum, to the improvement and extension of its defences, and the drill and discipline of troops to form its garrison. He was also busily engaged in sending down the Nile women and children, of whom 2000, besides 600 soldiers, reached Egypt safely. It was stated by Sir Evelyn Baring that there were 15,000 persons in Khartoum who ought to be removed—widows and orphans, Europeans and civil servants, and a garrison of 1000 Egyptians. But before so extensive a removal could be accomplished, Khartoum was invested by the forces of the Mahdi.

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At this juncture Gordon astonished England and Europe by a request addressed to the British Ministry for the appointment of Zebehr Pasha, his former enemy, and the great slave-hunter and slave-dealer, to the governorship of the Soudan. Moral considerations prompted a refusal of the request, and Gordon then addressed himself to the defence of Khartoum.

On the 12th of March 4000 of the Mahdi's troops made a sudden movement upon the Nile, and cut off from Khartoum a force of 800 men who formed a kind of advanced post at the village of Halfaya. Gordon determined to attempt their deliverance. He put 1200 men on board a couple of grain-barges, which were towed down the river by three steamers defended with boiler plates, and carrying mountain-guns protected by wooden mantlets; and, with the loss of only two men killed, they succeeded in extricating the 500 survivors of the Halfaya garrison, and in capturing seventy camels and eighteen horses, with which they returned to Khartoum. The rebels, however, still held Halfaya, and on the 16th Gordon endeavoured to expel them, but failed through the treachery of his black generals, Hassan and Said Pashas. Treachery, indeed, was the worst enemy Gordon had to contend with throughout his heroic defence of Khartoum. This first instance of it he met with due severity; the black pashas were tried by court-martial, found guilty, and shot.

The rebels next made a desperate attempt at the Salbukah Pass upon one of Gordon's steamers coming up from Bahr with supplies. His men, however, after a fierce contest, in which they fired no fewer than 10,000 rounds of ammunition, completely repulsed it, and their victory gave them great encouragement. Meanwhile, he had sent messengers to the Mahdi to negotiate conditions of peace. The Mahdi, in reply,

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KHARTOUM—LOOKING DOWN THE NILE.

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sent him a filthy patched dervish's coat, and invited him to become a Mussulman.

The next important incident was the departure from the beleaguered city of ten thousand Arabs and others who sympathised with the Mahdi; but this was a great advantage to Gordon, as it largely decreased the number for whom it was necessary to find supplies. He continued to strengthen the defensive works which he had erected; loopholed all the houses on the north side of the town; fortified the important position of Omdurman on the east, and of Buri on the west; and kept his steamers fully employed in skirmishing up and down both branches of the Nile. The Mahdi, on his part, harassed the garrison by an incessant musketry-fire and pressed his approaches nearer. On the 19th of April, still confident and cheerful, Gordon telegraphed that he had provisions for five months, and that with 2000 to 3000 Turkish troops he could soon smash the Mahdi. But the hot season had begun, and no troops could be sent; though already the British Government had come to see that an expedition for the rescue of Gordon would probably be necessary, and our military authorities were discussing the route by which it could most safely and rapidly advance.

"Anything more utterly absurd," says a competent critic, "than the accusation that Gordon forced fighting on the Mahdi cannot be conceived. He acted uniformly on the defensive, merely trying to clear his road of an attacking force, and failing because he had no fighting men to take the offensive. He found himself in a trap out of which he could not cut his way. If he had possessed a single regiment, the front of Khartoum might have been cleared with ease; but his impotence encouraged the rebels, and they clustered round in ever-increasing numbers, until at length they crushed

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his resistance. After the middle of April the rebels began to attack the palace in force"—the palace was Gordon's own post—"having apparently established themselves on the north bank" of the Nile. "The loss of life was chiefly occasioned by the explosion of mines devised by General Gordon, and so placed as to explode when trodden on by the enemy. Of all the expedients these mines were the most successful, and the least open to any accusation of offensive operations. The rebels closed in all round towards the end of April, and General Gordon surrounded himself with a triple barrier of land torpedoes, over which were strewn broken glass and crows'-feet. A wire entanglement and a formidable *chevaux de frise* enabled the garrison to feel somewhat secure."

A serious disaster, induced by treachery, occurred on the 27th of April, when Valeh Bey surrendered at Mesalimeh, and gave up to the enemy one steamer, seventy shiploads of provisions, and two thousand rifles. The investment of Khartoum was now complete, and General Gordon was shut off, as it were, from the outside world, compelled to rely entirely upon his own resources. It was only at rare intervals that any intelligence of what their hero was doing reached the English people, whose gaze was still fixed upon that sublime solitary figure, far away in the African wilderness, maintaining, almost single-handed, his long struggle against the forces of Mohammedanism. His inventive faculty was apparently inexhaustible. He sent out negroes to entice the slaves of the Mahdists to join him, promising them freedom and ample provisions. To meet the daily expenses of his administration he issued paper money, the amount of which by the 30th of July had risen to £25,000. He rewarded the courage and fidelity of his supporters by appropriate decorations—silver medals

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for officers and silver-gilt and pewter for private soldiers. These medals bore a crescent and a star, with some words from the Kúran, also the date, with an inscription, "Siege of Khartoum," and a hand-grenade in the centre. "School-children and women," he wrote, "also received medals; consequently I am very popular with the black ladies of Khartoum."

Early in May the rebels made a vehement attack on Buri, which was defeated with great loss of life, chiefly caused by the explosion of mines. On the 7th they delivered an assault in force from the north front, seizing the houses and holding them for three days, notwithstanding the explosion of nine mines, which cost them 115 lives. On the 9th, however, they were driven out, and this repulse seems so far to have discouraged them, that although they maintained an almost incessant fire, they made few attacks in force. On the 25th Colonel Stewart, Gordon's faithful and gallant *adlatus*, received a slight wound in the arm, while working a mitrailleuse near the palace. A gun was now mounted on the roof of the palace and on that of the Government House, and at a later stage of the siege Gordon built himself a tower, from which he watched, with sleepless vigilance and indefatigable energy, the system of defence and the movements of the Mahdi's troops. All through May and June his steamers made foraging expeditions up and down the Nile, shelling the rebels when they ventured to make their appearance, and bringing back considerable supplies of cattle. In July Gordon sustained a severe loss in the death of Saati Bey, a brave and faithful officer, who had had the management of the steamboat expeditions. He was killed on the 10th in an attack on the village of Gatamulb.

"Be assured," wrote Gordon on the 30th, "that these hostilities are far from being sought for, but we have no

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option. Retreat is impossible, unless we abandon the employés and their families, which the general feeling of the troops is against." Two days before, Mehemet Ali Pasha, with Gordon's Soudan regiments, was sent against the rebels from Buri, whose fire had greatly harassed the garrison. The result was signally successful, with a loss of only four killed. Mehemet Ali drove the rebels out, punishing them severely. The next day, the 29th, Gordon sent Mr. Power, the correspondent of the *Times* and British Consul, the only other European in Khartoum, up to Gareff, on the Blue Nile, with four armoured steamers and four armoured barges, on which Gordon had erected castles twenty feet high, so as to secure a double line of fire. Mr. Power cleared the rebels out of thirteen small forts with which they had lined the river banks between Gareff and Khartoum, and destroyed a couple of earthworks at Gareff. "You may rely on this," wrote Gordon, "that if there was any possible way of avoiding these wretched fights I should adopt it, for the whole war is hateful to me." Fortunately, though two of his steamers had received 970 and 800 hits on their hulls respectively, and his men had fired half a million cartridges in four months, the casualties sustained by his little force in upwards of four months had not exceeded thirty killed and sixty wounded.

Gordon seems to have been abundantly supplied with ammunition, and his chief difficulty lay in provisioning the garrison and the inhabitants of Khartoum. At the beginning of August food was thirty times its usual price, and the poor were furnished with daily rations. He had, however, other embarrassments. Khartoum was surrounded by a constantly increasing force, which could be kept at bay only by unremitting activity. The town was ill fortified; a large portion of the population at first was more or less secretly hostile; and the gar-

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rison were partially disaffected, or from superstitious reasons afraid of the Mahdi. It is a brilliant testimony to the hero's fertility of resource, strength of will, and chivalrous intrepidity, that, in spite of all these difficulties, he held Khartoum against the enemy for ten months, and at last was conquered only by treachery. It was a great gain to him when the Mahdi's sympathisers, some ten thousand in number, joined the besiegers, for then he had no longer to guard against an internal rising, and found himself in a comparatively secure position—the Arabs being afraid of his mines—while he was free to direct effective attacks along the whole course of the river, dispersing Arab concentrations, shelling the rebels out of their fortifications, and reducing the siege to "an almost harmless, though terribly long-continued, hail of bullets."

Mr. Power's journal, from which the foregoing particulars are gathered, terminates with the 31st of July, and from that date until recently the world had no other information than that supplied by Gordon's meagre and infrequent dispatches. It had to be content with the scraps of interesting intelligence which arrived at rare intervals through his own messengers or the emissaries of the Mudir of Dongola. These were mostly written on tissue paper no bigger than a postage-stamp, and either concealed in a quill thrust into the hair, or were sewn on the waistband of the natives employed. From these it became known that a vigorous and protracted attack was made upon Khartoum on the 12th of August by 5000 rebels, who, after some hours' fighting, were beaten back with a loss of 1800 and two sheikhs. During August and September, when the Nile was high, Gordon's activity was almost superhuman. He recovered possession of Halfaya. He dispatched an expedition under Colonel Stewart to

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recapture Bahr, and thence push forward on Dongola. He sent his steamers hurrying up and down the river on skirmishing errands, which were always successful. One of these steamers carried a rude image of himself at the prow, and this was specially successful. On the 26th of August he repeated that he had five months' provisions; but large additions were made to his stock by the raids he made along the valley of the Southern Nile, in one of which daring forays he took with him 6000 men in thirty-four boats towed by nine steamers.*

* On the 9th of September he wrote the following dispatch, which, however, did not reach Lord Wolseley until the 29th of November:—"There is money and provisions in Khartoum for four months, after which we shall be embarrassed. At Sennaar also there is 'doora' enough, and the Galabat garrison and neighbourhood continually fighting the inhabitants against the False Mahdi. Although we sent you message saying it was impossible to send Colonel Stewart to Berber, on account of the many things that have occurred here, yet we afterwards saw fit to send him and the French and English Consul in a small steamer to Dongola, to communicate concerning the Soudan. We detailed two large steamers to accompany them to Berber, so as to engage the enemy by commanding them, and to keep the way clear for them to pass by Berber towards Dongola. How many times have we written asking for reinforcements, calling your serious attention to the Soudan? No answer at all has come to us as to what has been decided in the matter, and the hearts of men have become weary of this delay. While you are eating, drinking, and resting on good beds, we, and those with us, both soldiers and servants, are watching by night and day, endeavouring to quell the movement of this False Mahdi. Of course, you take no interest for suppressing this rebellion, the serious consequences of which are the reverse of victorious for you, and the neglect thereof will not do. In two days' time Colonel Stewart, the Vice-Governor-General, and the two Consuls will start from here to Berber, and thence to Dongola. The reason why I have now sent Colonel Stewart is because you have been silent all this while, and have neglected us, and lost time without doing any good. If troops were sent, as soon as they reach Berber this rebellion will cease, and the inhabitants will return to their former occupations. It is therefore hoped that you will listen to all that is told you by Stewart and the Consuls, and look at it seriously, and send troops, as we have asked, without any delay. Sealed and signed, C. G. GORDON."

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The Mahdi himself now came upon the scene, and arriving before Omdurman about the beginning of November, he summoned Gordon to surrender. To a previous summons Gordon had characteristically replied, "If you are the true Mahdi, dry up the Nile and come and take me." His answer to the second summons was not less characteristic:—"Surrender Khartoum? Not for twelve years." Thereupon the Mahdi, who had with him some 30,000 foot and 2000 horse, attacked Omdurman—a post which dominated the town, and was the key of its defence. The struggle that ensued was desperately contested for eight hours, but ended in the defeat of the Mahdi, who was driven southward to El Margatt. It was then that the Mahdi, if rumour may be credited, made a remarkable prophecy. Having withdrawn into a cave for three days, he announced to his followers on his reappearance, as a revelation from Allah, that for sixty days there would be a rest, and that then blood would flow like water. Blood *did* flow like water at the battle of Abu Klea, which took place almost exactly two months afterwards.

Gordon at this time was alone, the only Englishman in Khartoum. Colonel Stewart, who had been of such high value to him, in descending the Nile from Bahr to Dongola, was unhappily wrecked; and being forced to land, was murdered, together with Mr. Power and their followers, by an Arab tribe who had promised him protection. More than ever Gordon thereafter apprehended treachery, and endeavoured to guard against it by an almost ubiquitous vigilance. All this while a relief expedition,* which the British Government

* For the conveyance of the soldiers and stores a large number of boats, drawing from 18 to 24 inches of water, and suitable for the passage of the shallow reaches and cataracts of the Nile, was specially constructed, and 500 *voyageurs* were imported from Canada to assist in navigating them.

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dispatched in September, was slowly making its way up the Nile—the route decided upon by the military authorities in preference to the Suakim-Berber route—and on the 16th of December Lord Wolseley arrived at Korti, a point beyond Ambukol, which he made his headquarters.

The last detailed message from Gordon, dated November 6, had reached Lord Wolseley on the 13th. It contained several directions as to the best course of procedure, and vehemently repudiated the idea that the approaching expedition was coming to rescue *him*. "You are coming," he wrote, "not to relieve *me*, but to rescue the garrisons which I was unable to withdraw." A subsequent message, dated 9th December, gave further news of his operations—that he was manufacturing gunpowder, repairing disabled steamers, and actually building two new ones. His admiral, Hasham Amoro, with five steamers and 500 men, had cleared the banks of the Nile as far as Shendy, and had brought in larger supplies of grain. The Nile, from Sennaar to Shendy, was patrolled by his steamers; and though the Mahdi had a large army around Khartoum, all was going well. Yet not all! For on the 14th of December a friend of Gordon's in Cairo received a letter from the General in which he said, "Farewell! You will never hear from me again. I fear that there will be treachery in the garrison, and all will be over by Christmas."

On the 16th of December, the day that Wolseley arrived at Korti, came the news that the Mahdi had made a second attack upon Omdurman, and been a second time baffled. Later on, however, he made a third attack, perhaps with a largely increased force, or assisted, perhaps, by traitors within the walls, and this time succeeded. The capture of Omdurman terribly enhanced the danger and difficulty of Gordon's position; yet on the 14th of

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December he wrote, "Khartoum all right"—a message received on the 1st of January; and on the 27th of December he wrote, "Khartoum all right; could hold out for years"—a message received by Lord Wolseley on the 21st.*

The English general, on his arrival at Korti, took instant measures to convey relief to the hero of Khartoum, and to save him if possible from the treachery which was evidently busy there. While a column, under General Earle, moved up the Nile to Abu Hamad, whence he could either sail on to Berber or open communication across the desert with Korosko, General Sir Herbert Stewart, a brilliant and capable commander, was ordered to strike across the Bayuda desert by way of Gakdul and Abu Klea, where the wells would furnish a sufficient supply of water, and touch the Nile at Metemmeh, where General Gordon's steamers were believed to be waiting. With the movements of General Earle's column we have no concern, but must refer in passing to the splendid victory which he won at Kerbekan, and his death in the hour of victorious battle. Sir Herbert Stewart started on the 8th of January with a force of about 1900 men, reached the Gakdul wells in safety, and established there a depôt and a fortified position, which he left in charge of 400 men. He then pushed forward with his little army, 1500 men all told, and on the 16th arrived at the head of the valley of Abu Klea, some twenty-three miles from Metemmeh. There his scouts reported that a force of 10,000 men had assembled to bar his progress. Stewart rested his men for the night, and early next morning, leaving his convoy of camels under guard, advanced with 1300 men

* The authenticity of this message has been denied, but it is repeated in one of Lord Wolseley's dispatches in the Blue Book on Egyptian Affairs issued by the Government on the 24th February 1885.

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in square to the attack. The Arabs came on in two great masses, one of which swept furiously down the valley, drove in the dragoons by the mere impetus of their charge, and broke like a storm-cloud upon the little square, which for some minutes yielded, but, rallying with true British tenacity, beat back their assailants with tremendous slaughter. Leaving the field strewn with their dead, the discomfited Mahdists rapidly retreated; and Sir Herbert Stewart, halting only for a few hours, resumed his march. Starting at two o'clock, he toiled on through the afternoon and the ensuing night, and, on the morning of the 19th, found the enemy, 5000 strong, drawn up at a point five miles east of Metemmeh. Here he rapidly raised an entrenchment, under cover of which his gallant soldiers breakfasted; but the Arabs threw in a continuous fire, and we lost many men. General Stewart himself received a wound in the groin, from which, a month afterwards, to the deep grief of his countrymen, he died. The command devolving upon Sir Charles Wilson, he constructed a redoubt for the shelter of the wounded and the baggage, and with less than a thousand men continued the advance to the river. The Arabs made a desperate attack, but the British received them with a cool intrepidity that never wavered, and with a withering fire which swept them away "in lines." Another victory crowned our arms; and before nightfall the British had entrenched themselves at Gubat, a village on the Nile, a little to the south of Metemmeh, and nearer Khartoum.

On the 22d, having been joined by four steamers from Khartoum, Sir Charles made a reconnaissance against Metemmeh, but found it too strongly fortified and too numerously garrisoned to be taken without a loss of life which there was no strategical advantage to

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counterbalance. He therefore started with a couple of steamers for Khartoum; but keen was his chagrin when, on approaching the town, he found the banners of the Mahdi waving from its walls. Yes! the object of the expedition—after so much heroic effort and chivalrous display of courage—had failed. Khartoum was in the hands of the enemy and Gordon was dead! On the 26th of December, ten days after Lord Wolseley's arrival at Korti, a traitor, named Fareg Pasha, opened the gates to the Mahdi's forces, who quickly poured in and took possession of the town. Gordon, hearing that something unusual was taking place, issued from his house, and, with some ten or twenty men, was crossing to the Austrian Consul's, when a volley from the rebel troops killed him on the spot *—a fate much

* Such is one of the most probable accounts of the hero's death; but a different version was communicated to the public, towards the end of June 1885, by a Dongola correspondent of the *Daily News*. He derived it from one Rosti Ponago, a Greek, who had kept a store for some years in Khartoum, had been forced to wear the Mahdi's uniform, but ultimately succeeded in effecting his escape. He thus describes the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon:—"And now the day arrived that was to separate husband from wife, brother from sister, and parent from child. The streets were soon to run with blood. I was not at my house. I was with some Greeks—eight in all—near the mosque, when we heard a hideous uproar as of men shouting and yelling, and of women wailing around about on all sides. Near and nearer did this long-continued roar approach, swelling as it were, and now bursting close on our ears. Men with frightful gashes on their faces and limbs came flying by, and towards us women with torn garments and dishevelled hair, shrieking, screaming, 'Jesu Christo!' I shall not forget that horrible din to the day of my death. 'We are lost! We are lost!' we cried. 'The place is taken!' But no one could tell us exactly what was the matter. We ran up to the top of the mosque, and saw that the town was given up to massacre and bloodshed. We ran to a house, barricaded the doors and windows, went upstairs, shut ourselves into a room, and determined never to surrender, but die like Greeks; for we, mindful of our ancestors, fight to the last. . . .

"Listen, I pray you. Have you not asked me where Gordon Pasha was slain? You say everybody has said he was either killed on the court-

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more welcome to him, we may be sure, than to have fallen a prisoner into the hands of the Mahdi. Such was the strange ending of the three hundred and twenty days' siege of Khartoum; and such the soldier's death of the great Christian hero who had conducted its defence with a vigour so untiring, a skill so masterly, and a patience so wonderful.

yard steps of the palace, or outside, going to the Austrian Consul's house. They all lie! If you choose to believe them you may; it matters not to me. I am a respectable Greek merchant, not an Arab. You want the truth; I tell it to you. True, I did not see Gordon slain; but everybody in Khartoum knows where the event happened. An Arab rushed upstairs and shot him with a gun as he was reading the Bible. Another Arab cut off his head and put it on a spear; and so went forth into the city, carrying it and brandishing it on high. The Copts in the palace in the rooms below were slaughtered at the same time.

"The Arabs came pouring in; they slew every man they could find; no mercy was shown to any one. There was no resistance. I don't think a hundred shots were fired by Egyptians or blacks. Men ran in and shut themselves up in houses; but doors were burst open, and spearing, cutting, and slashing went on bravely in the streets, in the market square, in the bazaars. It was a horrible scene this bazaar afterwards. I went through it. Gay curtains, crimson-coloured and orange-stripped, golden-edged satins, silks, and muslins, lay smeared and splashed with blood; everything was upset and strewed about and trampled on. Everywhere was the wildest disorder. You know how narrow it was and how it winds. One corner was so full of corpses and dying that we could not get by. I had my hands tied, and I fell several times in the road, slippery with blood. The havoc went on till eight o'clock. Then Mahomet Achmet (the Mahdi) sent over word from Omdurman that Allah had revealed to him that the slaughter must cease. We were told this. It was shouted about the streets, and those that were still hidden were bidden to come forth. Of forty-two Greeks only eight escaped. There were ten Jews; these were killed, I think.

"Gordon's head I saw on a spear. It was taken over to Omdurman, and shown to Mahomet Achmet. It was laid before him. A grim savage smile passed over his face. He gazed long at the countenance of his late enemy. 'God be praised!' he cried; 'can this be his?' He did not express anger at Gordon's death, as you say has been reported—he made merry at his death when it was told him. The head was then borne away, and men plucked the hairs out of his head and beard, and spat in his ace. His body was cut up into little pieces. This was his end!"

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When the sad news reached England, the whole country, so to speak, went into mourning. Men recognised that a pure and beautiful spirit had passed away—that England had lost one of her most remarkable and devoted sons. Not since Nelson's death has any calamity so deeply stirred the national heart. But Nelson died "under the wings of renown" and in the hour of victory, and with this thought came consolation in the midst of sorrow; while Gordon died in the shadow of failure, and his death marked the overthrow of our most sanguine hopes.

The recently published Journals kept by our hero at Khartoum are valuable, not only from the side-lights they throw on the condition of affairs in the besieged city, but from their pregnant illustrations of his temperament and character. His faith in the Divine government of the world, his unselfishness, his resolution to do his duty, his simple unaffected courage, his healthy humour and love of fun—all these are conspicuous enough in their interesting pages. With his mind strained every hour to maintain the defence against the Mahdi's overwhelming force, he can pause to notice the phases of the life around him—the people jesting and quarrelling in the streets, even the turkey-cock as it gobbles and struts among its harem. He sees all this with clear eyes that never seem weary. He is open to all that is amusing and natural; he tells us of the black soldiers who, for the first time, see themselves in a looking-glass, and are puzzled by the reflection—of the donkey whom the explosion of a mine under his feet so completely astonishes. On one occasion he writes:—"The school here is most interesting, as the scholars get a certain ration. It is always full, namely, two hundred. Each boy has a wooden board on which his lesson is written; and on visiting it, the object of each boy is to

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be called out to read his lesson, which they do with a swaying motion of body and in a singsong way, like the Jews do at the wailing-place at Jerusalem and in their synagogues, from which we may infer this was the ancient way of worship, for the lessons are always from the Koran. Little black doves, with no pretension to any nose, and not more than two feet high, push forward to say the first ten letters of the alphabet, which is all they know." He has time for a satirical reference to English dinner-parties—"I dwell on the joy of never seeing Great Britain again, with its horrid, wearisome dinner-parties and miseries. How we can put up with these things passes my imagination! It is a perfect bondage. At these dinner-parties we are all in masks, saying what we do not believe, eating and drinking things we do not want, and then abusing one another. I would sooner live like a dervish with the Mahdi than go out to dinner any night in London. I hope if any English general comes to Khartoum, he will not ask me to dinner. Why men cannot be friends without bringing their wretched stomachs in is astounding."

The allusions to the siege and to the relief expedition are numerous; but as most of them deal with moot-points of policy which cannot here be discussed, we can touch them but very lightly. Thus he writes:—"The news of the near approach of the Mahdi has not troubled me, for if he fails he is lost, and there will be no necessity for an expedition to Kordofan; if he succeeds, he may, by his presence, prevent any massacre. I have always felt we were doomed to come face to face ere the matter was ended.

"I toss up in my mind whether, if the place is taken, to blow up the palace and all in it, or else to be taken, and, with God's help, to maintain the faith, and if necessary to suffer for it (which is most probable). The

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blowing up of the palace is the simplest, while the other means long and weary suffering, and humiliation of all sorts. I think I shall elect for the last, not from fear of death, but because the former has more or less the taint of suicide."

On the 13th of December he writes:—"The steamers went up and attacked the Arabs at Bourré. (Certainly this day-after-day delay has a most disheartening effect on every one. To-day is the 276th day of our anxiety.) The Arabs appear, by all accounts, to have suffered to-day heavily at Bourré. We had none wounded by the Arabs; but one man, by the discharge of a bad cartridge, got a cut in the neck.... We are going to send down the Bordun [steamer] the day after to-morrow, and with her I shall send this journal. If some effort is not made before ten days' time, the town will fall. It is inexplicable, this delay. If the expeditionary forces have reached the river and met my steamers, one hundred men are all that we require, just to show themselves. I send this journal, for I have little hope of saving it if the town falls. . . . All that is absolutely necessary is for fifty of the expeditionary force to get on board a steamer and come up to Halfeyeh, and thus let their presence be felt; this is not asking much, but it must happen at once; or it will (as usual) be too late."

Gordon's life, it has been well said, had all the romance of Garibaldi's without its weaknesses. Garibaldi with his sword made Italy a kingdom; Gordon with his sword the Chinese Empire. But the best and noblest part of his work, we think, was that done in the Soudan, where he released the slave and chastised his oppressor. In the foregoing pages we have put before our readers the principal events of his career, and we have also sought to indicate the more conspicuous features of his beautiful character. He has left—to use Professor

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Jowett's fine language—a memory which in some, nay, let us hope in many, will be always and for ever prized, and will affect their lives. "We know that we cannot imitate the actions and characters of great men; we can only appreciate them. No effort of ours will place us on a level with them. Yet we pray also that some good influence will flow from them to us, which may raise us above the conventionalities of the world, above the fashion of political opinions, to dwell in the light of justice, in the constancy of truth." And so far as the example of Gordon is before us, let us hope and desire that we may gather from it "courage and firmness and wisdom and self-sacrifice in all the trials which the English people may have to undergo in generations to come."

The Rev. Dr. Butler, now Dean of Gloucester, in a sermon on the death of General Gordon which he preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on 15th February 1885, before the late Prime Minister, paid the following tribute to the memory of this great man. The sermon, since published by request, is "affectionately dedicated to the boys of Harrow School, in the hope that they may ever be drawn to 'things above' by the examples of heroic Christian souls, and follow them as they follow Christ." Dr. Butler took as his text the verse, "Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints" (Ps. cxvi. 15), and the following are extracts from his discourse:—"There ought to be a lesson from God in the death which the nation is to-day mourning. We are so made that when rare goodness and greatness are cut short on earth by a tragic death, all the nobler parts of our nature are moved. As we gaze on some great figure that puts to shame the average feebleness of man, we pass far beyond mere vulgar hero-worship—we lift our hearts to the God of the

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spirits of all flesh, and glorify Him 'who hath given such power unto men.' I suppose we may say with perfect truth that a mourning so world-wide, so peculiarly poignant, and so intensely personal as the present has not been known in our generation. Indeed, there have been but few periods in history when so many elements of love and pity and reverence combined to turn the mourning of a people into a solemn religious act. We are to-day full of the memory of one who was both a hero and a saint—the most soldier-like of saints, the most saintly of soldiers. So special a combination can never be common. Such occasions are, so to speak, the All Saints' Days of history, the time when goodness is doing its appointed work, drawing men to God by its very beauty and shaming evil out of sight. We are thinking of men who, by the rare nobleness of their character, have for a time, short or long, attracted in a high degree the love of mankind, and have then, as in a moment, fallen in fight. . . . Suddenly there flashed across deserts and seas the tidings of the lonely martyrdom of one who stood out before the world as the very symbol of unworldliness and self-sacrifice; a man who cared absolutely nothing for wealth, or honour, or comforts of any kind; who lived for others, prayed for others, and was at any moment ready to die for them—

> 'Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
> And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train,
> Turned his necessity to glorious gain;'

a man who was never so much in his element as when ministering, at home or abroad, to misery and want. . . . In an age of boundless self-indulgence, when comfort in every form and avoidance of effort, physical and intellectual, spread their snares so wide and so fatally,

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let us give thanks for this illustrious spectacle of heroic and saintly self-sacrifice.

> 'Let his great example stand,
> Colossal, seen of every land,
> And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure.'

Ay, his great example! What an example to the young, who have life before them and have not yet shaped the lines of their career! What an elevating guide to parents in their aspirations for their children!

> 'For where is he
> Who dares foreshadow for an only son
> A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his?'

What an example for the soldier! Surely among the many brave men over whom the flag of England waves somewhere to-day, in some portion of her world-wide empire, there must be not a few who are even now turning over the pages of a Bible, perhaps too long unopened, and saying to themselves in their hearts, 'This is the book which, under God, gave Gordon his heroism. This is the companion which never failed him. This is the friend which stood beside him "in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren." This is the book by whose rule he lived, and in whose spirit and power we doubt not he died.' Once more, what an example to us all! How clear a summons to set the house of our social life in order, and see if it bears any prints of the Holy Cross! The 'world is with us' everywhere, even in our religion. Even our modes of worship are a luxury. What a call from Khartoum to greater simplicity of life, greater dread of softness, greater thought for the poor and the suffering, greater

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longing for the mind of Christ! We have heard once again to-day those immortal words, 'Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.' And here we have a man, our own countryman, who possessed in the highest degree both these divine gifts, not only that boundless faith in God which made no task seem to him impossible, but even that rarer and purer treasure, the unfeigned love of his brother men."

We may fittingly conclude with the eloquent passage from Mr. Gladstone's speech in the House of Commons on the 23d of February 1885, in which he referred to General Gordon. "His life," said Mr. Gladstone, "was devoted to his sovereign, to his country, and to the world. General Gordon's sympathies were not limited by race or colour or religion, and in point of fact he seems to have deemed it his special honour to devote his energies and to risk his existence on behalf of those with whom he had no other tie than that of human sympathy. General Gordon was a hero, and, permit me to say, a little more. He was a hero among heroes. For there have been men who have attained and who have deserved the praise of heroism, whose heroism notwithstanding was manifested chiefly on the field of battle or of other contests, and who, when examined in the tenor of their personal life, were not in all respects heroic. But if you take the case of this man, pursue him into privacy, investigate his heart and his mind, you will find that he has not proposed to himself any ideal of wealth or power, or even fame, but that to do good is the object which he has proposed to himself in his whole life, and that for that object it is his one desire to spend and be spent. Such is the man we have lost. The loss is great indeed; but he is not all lost, for such examples are fruitful in the future, and I trust

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there will grow from the contemplation of his character and deeds other men who in future times may emulate his noble and most Christian example."

[AUTHORITIES.—T. Egmont Hake, *The Story of Chinese Gordon;* G. Birkbeck Hill, *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa;* Andrew Wilson, *The Ever-Victorious Army: a History of the Chinese Campaign under Lieut.-Col. C. G. Gordon; Life of Gordon*, by Archibald Forbes; *Daily News, Daily Chronicle, Pall Mall Gazette, The Spectator*, &c., &c.; *Journals of Major-General Gordon in Khartoum*, ed. by Hake.]

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